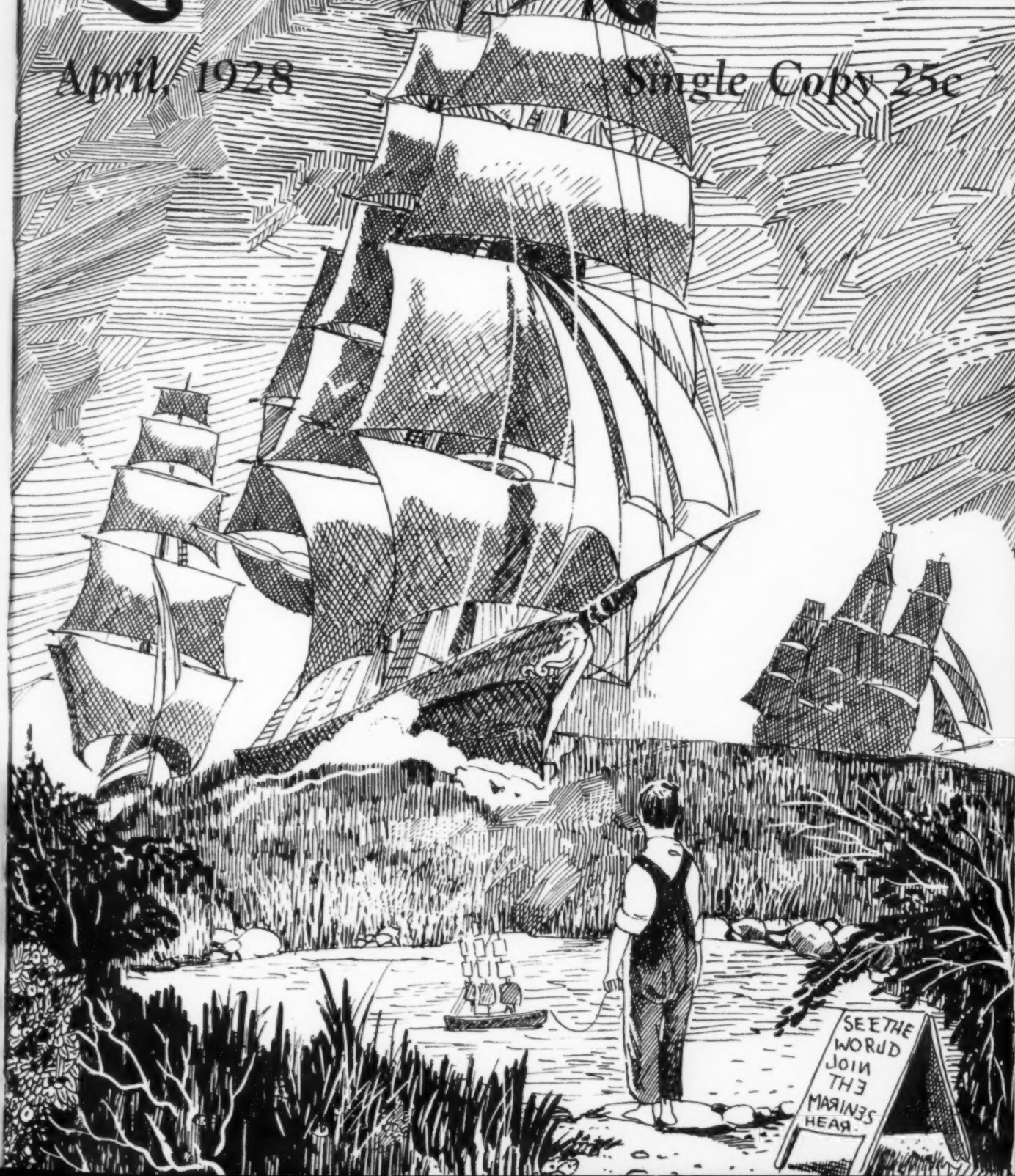


THE LEATHERNECK

April, 1928

Single Copy 25c





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"Sure, call it 'Thoroughbreds' and it would be perfect for Chesterfield!"



THEY'RE MILD
and yet **THEY SATISFY**

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VOLUME 11

WASHINGTON, D. C., April, 1928

NUMBER 4

THE YELLOW-BACK

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "The Alaskan," "The Flaming Forest," "The Valley of Silent Men," etc.



BOVE God's Lake, where the Bent Arrow runs red as pale blood under its crust of ice, Reese Beaudin heard of the dog auction that was to take place at Post Lac Bain three days later. It was in the cabin of Joe Delesse, a trapper, who lived at Lac Bain during the summer, and trapped the fox and the lynx sixty miles farther north in this month of February.

"Diantre, but I tell you it is to be the greatest sale of dogs that has ever happened at Lac Bain!" said Delesse. "To this Wakao they are coming from all the four directions. There will be a hundred dogs, huskies, and malamutes, and Mackenzie hounds, and mongrels from the south, and you should not wonder if some of these little black devils were brought from somewhere to be sold as breeders. Sure you never miss it, my friend?"

"I am going by way of Post Lac Bain," replied Reese Beaudin coolly.

But his mind was not on the sale of dogs. From his pipe he puffed out thick clouds of smoke, and his eyes narrowed until they seemed like coals peering out of cracks; and he said, in his quiet, soft voice:

"Do you know of a man named Jacques Dupont, m'sieu?"

Joe Delesse tried to peer through the cloud of smoke at Reese Beaudin's face.

"Yes, I know him. Does he happen to be a friend of yours?"

Reese laughed softly.

"I have heard of him. They say that he is a devil. To the west I was told that he can whip any man between Hudson's Bay and the Great Bear, that he is a beast in man-shape, and that he will surely be at the big sale at Lac Bain."

On his knees the huge hands of Joe Delesse clenched slowly, gripping in their clutch a hated thing.

"I know him," he said. "I know him. See!"

He thrust suddenly his two huge knotted hands through the smoke that drifted between him and the stranger who had sought the shelter of his cabin that night.

"See—I am a man full-grown, m'sieu—a man—and yet I am afraid of him! That is how much of a devil and a beast a man-shape he is."

Again Reese Beaudin laughed in his low, soft voice.

"And his wife, mon ami? Is she afraid of him?" The stranger's eyes made him look twice and think twice.

"You have known her—sometime?"

"Yes, a long time ago. We were children together. And I have heard all has not gone well with her. Is it so?"

"Does it go well when a dove is mated to a vulture, M'sieu?"

"I have also heard that she grew up to be very beautiful," said Reese Beaudin, "and that Jacques Dupont killed a man for her. If that is so—"

"It is not so," interrupted Delesse. "He drove another man away—no, not a man, but a yellow-livered coward who had no more fight in him than a porcupine without quills! And yet she says he was not a coward. She has always said, even to Dupont, that it was the way le Bon Dieu made him, and that because he was made that way he was greater than all other men in the north country. How do I know? Because, m'sieu, I am Elise Dupont's cousin."

Delesse wondered why Reese Beaudin's eyes were glowing like living coals.

"And yet—again, it is only rumor I have heard—they say this man, whoever he was, did actually run away, like a dog that had been whipped and was afraid to return to its kennel."

"Pst!" Joe Delesse flung his great arms wide. "Like that—he was gone. And no one ever saw him again, or heard of him again. But I know that

she knew—my cousin, Elise. What word it was he left for her at the last she has always kept in her own heart, mon Dieu, and what a wonderful thing he had to fight for! You knew the child. But the woman—non? She was like an angel. Her eyes, when you looked into them—what can I say, m'sieu? They made you forget. And I have seen her hair, unbound, black and glossy as the velvet side of a sable, covering her to the hips. And two years ago I saw Jacques Dupont's hands in that hair, and he was dragging her by it—"

Something snapped. It was a muscle in Reese Beaudin's arm. He had stiffened like iron.

"And you let him do that!"

Joe Delesse shrugged his shoulders. It was a shrug of hopelessness, of disgust.

"For the third time I interferred, and for the third time Jacques Dupont beat me until I was nearer dead than alive. And since then I have made it none of my business. It was, after all, the fault of the man who ran away. You see, m'sieu, it was like this: Dupont was mad for her, and this man who ran away—the Yellow-back—wanted her, and Elise loved the Yellow-back. This Yellow-back was twenty-three or four, and he read books, and played a fiddle and drew strange pictures—and was weak in the heart when it came to a fight. But Elise loved him. She loved him for those very things that made him a fool and a weakling, M'sieu, the books and the fiddle and the pictures; and she stood up with the courage for them both. And she would have married him, too, and would have fought for him with a club if it had come to that, when the thing happened that made him run away. It was at the mid-summer carnival, when all the trappers and their wives and children were at Lac Bain. And Dupont followed the Yellow-back about like a dog. He

taunted him, he insulted him, he got down on his knees and offered to fight him without getting on his feet; and there, before the very eyes of Elise, he washed the Yellow-back's face in the grease of one of the roasted caribou! And the Yellow-back was a man! Yes, a grown man! And it was then that Jacques Dupont shouted out his challenge to all that crowd. He would fight the Yellow-back. He would fight him with his right arm tied behind his back! And before Elise and the Yellow-back, and all that crowd, friends tied his arm so that it was like a piece of wood behind him, and it was his right arm, his fighting arm, the better half of him that was gone. And even then the Yellow-back was as white as the paper he drew pictures on. *Ventre saint gris*, but then was his chance to have killed Jacques Dupont! Half a man could have done it. Did he, m'sieu? No, he did not. With his one arm and his one hand Jacques Dupont whipped that Yellow-back, and he would have killed him if Elise had not rushed in to save the Yellow-back's purple face from going dead black. And that night the Yellow-back slunk away. Shame? Yes. From that night he was ashamed to show his face ever again at Lac Bain. And no one knows where he went. No one—except Elise. And her secret is in her own breast.

"And after that?" questioned Reese Beaudin, in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper.

"I cannot understand," said Joe Delesse. "It was strange, m'sieu, very strange. I know that Elise, even after that coward ran away, still loved him. And yet—well, something happened. I overheard a terrible quarrel one day between Jan Thiebout, father of Elise, and Jacques Dupont. After that Thiebout was very much afraid of Dupont. I have my own suspicion. Now that Thiebout is dead it is not wrong for me to say what it is. I think Thiebout killed the half-breed Bedore who was found dead on his trap line five years ago. There was a feud between them. And Dupont, discovering Thiebout's secret—well, you can understand how easy it would be after that, m'sieu. Thiebout's winter trapping was in that Burntwood country, fifty miles from neighbor to neighbor, and very soon after Bedore's death Jacques Dupont became Thiebout's partner. I know that Elise was forced to marry him. That was four years ago. The next year Thiebout died, and in all that time not once has Elise been to Post Lac Bain!"

"Like the Yellow-back—she never returned," breathed Reese Beaudin.

"Never, and now—it is strange—"

"What is strange, Joe Delesse?"

"That for the first time in all these years she is going to Lac Bain—to the dog sale."

Reese Beaudin's face was again hidden in the smoke of his pipe. Through it his voice came.

"It is a cold night, M'sieu Delesse. Hear the wind howl!"

"Yes, it is cold—so cold the foxes will not run. My traps and poison-baits will need no tending tomorrow."

"Unless you dig them out of the drifts."

"I will stay in the cabin."

"What! You are not going to Lac Bain?"

"I doubt it."

"Even though Elise, your cousin, is to be there?"

THE STORY OF THE COVER

By Ramon Josef Russell, X. U.S.M.C.

LURE OF THE SEA

When I was a kid on the dear old farm
I sailed fancies seven seas—in dreams,
I was master and mate of clipper ships,
And Major General of all Marines.

The breezes that blew o'er the broad grain fields
Made the waves where my ships were sailed;
And in my heart there grew a lust
Adventure alone curtailed.

I dreamed my dreams as all boys do—
Some of fame, some of fortune and gold.
And planned on the day that seemed far away
When I would grow up and be old.

Yet, when between before I grew old,
I would believe,
Seemed to pass as the dreams of my phantom ships,
For my dear had come to leave.

The dear old farm, with its memories
Was buried deep in my heart,
And alas I awoke from my childhood dream,
For my hour had come to part.

Bold as a country kid can be,
I swore by my childhood dreams
That I'd join those men that sail the seas,
Those men they call Marines.

Fate weaves some funny patterns
On the thing we call life's loom,
And amongst white threads of happiness
She weaves the black of gloom.

To make the finished product
A thing of beauty rare,
She weaves the black amongst the white,
And ends it with a prayer.

I've finished my tenth enlistment,
And I've sworn that I'd retire,
But the seven seas that I have sailed
Can't quench that great desire.

I guess I'm doomed to die here
Where the high seas cast their spell;
No, I can't go back on land to live,
I'd rather live in Hell.

The phantom ships of childhood
That sailed fancies seven seas
Could not compare to my journeys,
Or one half its realities.

No, there ain't no use in trying—
I was born so it would seem
Just to sail the seas of memory
As an old U. S. Marine.

"I have no stomach for it, m'sieu. Nor would you were you in my boots, and did you know why she is going? *Par les mille cornes du diable*, I cannot whip him, but I can kill him—and if I went—and the thing happens which I guess is going to happen—"

"Oui? Surely you will tell me—"

"Yes, I will tell you. Jacques Dupont knows that Elise has never stopped loving the Yellow-back. I do not believe she has ever tried to hide it from him. Why should she? And there is a rumor, m'sieu, that the Yellow-back will be at the Lac Bain dog sale."

Reese Beaudin rose slowly to his feet, and yawned in that smoke-filled cabin.

"And if the Yellow-back should turn the tables, Joe Delesse, think of what a fine thing you will miss," he said.

Joe Delesse also rose, with a contemptuous laugh.

"That fiddler, that picture-drawer, that book-reader—Pouff! You are tired, m'sieu, that is your bunk."

Reese Beaudin held out a hand. The bulk of the two stood out in the lamp-glow, and Joe Delesse was so much the

bigger man that his hand was half again the size of Reese Beaudin's. They gripped. And then a strange look went over the face of Joe Delesse. A cry came from out of his beard. His mouth grew twisted. His knees doubled slowly under him, and in the space of ten seconds his huge bulk was kneeling on the floor, while Reese Beaudin looked at him, smiling.

"Has Jacques Dupont a greater grip than that, Joe Delesse?" he asked in a voice that was so soft it was almost a woman's.

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped Delesse. He staggered to his feet, clutching his crushed hand. "M'sieu—"

Reese Beaudin put his hands to the other's shoulders, smiling, friendly.

"I will apologize, I will explain, *mon ami*," he said. "But first, you must tell me the name of that Yellow-back who ran away years ago. Do you remember it?"

"Oui, but what has that to do with my crushed hand? The Yellow-back's name was Reese Beaudin—"

"And I am Reese Beaudin," laughed the other gently.

On that day—the day of Waterloo—the dog sale—seven fat caribou were roasting on great spits at Post Lac Bain, and under them were seven fires burning red and hot of seasoned birch, and around the seven fires were seven groups of men who slowly turned the roasting caribou.

It was the Big Day of the winter festival, and Post Lac Bain, with a population of twenty in times of quiet, was a seething wilderness metropolis of two hundred excited souls and twice as many dogs. From all directions they had come, from north and south and east and west; from north and from

far from the Barrens, from the Swamps, from the farther forests, from river and lake and hidden trail—a few white men, mostly French; half-breeds and breeds, Chippewans, and Crees, and here and there a strange, dark-visaged little interloper from the north with his strain of Eskimo blood. Foregathered were all the breeds and creeds and fashions of the wilderness.

Over all this pervading the air like an incense, stirring the desire of man and beast, floated the aroma of the roasted caribou. The feast-hour was at hand. With cries that rose above the din of the

(Continued on page 86)

The Marines Discover San Diego's Service Possibilities

By COL. C. H. LYMAN

Commanding the Marine Corps Operating Base



COLONEL LYMAN

WHILE the Marines do not claim to have discovered San Diego, they do claim to have discovered the wonderful Service possibilities presented by this city. The first Service activity of importance in this city was the establishment of the Marine Corps Base, since which time the advantages presented by this city in the way of climate, geographic location, harbor, and last, but not least, the hospitality of the citizens, have caused the great Service developments now found here.

The Marine Corps activities found their beginning here in the summer of 1914, when the 4th Regiment of Marines under Major General Joseph H. Pendleton (then a colonel) came to North Island, and there went into camp for a respite from their arduous task of awaiting action aboard ship off the West Coast

of Mexico. This regiment was ultimately split, Headquarters and Second Battalion remaining here on duty with the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Diego, while the First Battalion occupied a similar status at the Pan-American Exposition in San Francisco.

It was not long before General Pendleton and the Marine Corps authorities came to the conclusion that, as a Base for the

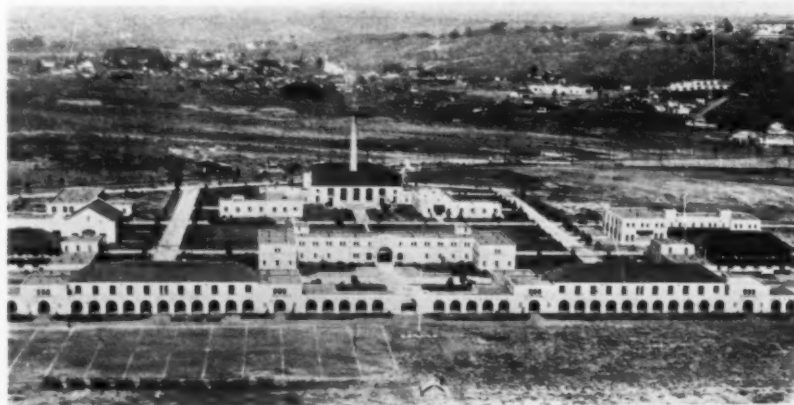
vided the location for the Marine Corps Base, on what was then known as Dutch Flats.

William Kettner, who was then Congressman from this District, placed his enthusiastic shoulder to the wheel, and secured the legislation which enabled us to accept the land from the citizens, and pushed through Congress the appropriations for the buildings.

It will be observed from the above that a happy combination of the ideas of General Pendleton, the generosity of the citizens of San Diego, and the powerful influence of Congressman Kettner, served to place here the Marine Corps Base. Too frequently, governmental institutions are of political birth; it should be here made clear that the Marine Corps Base is in San Diego because San Diego is the best place on this Coast for the Marine Corps Base.

The area occupied by the Base is approximately eighty-eight hundred feet in length and forty-five hundred feet in depth extending south and north from the short line of the Base to Barnett Avenue, the thoroughfare to Loma Portal, Point Loma, Mission Beach, etc. At present, this area is covered with sand pumped up from the Bay to raise the level of Dutch Flats. It will be a long time before this sand is completely covered with vegetation, but work is going steadily forward so that ultimately the Marine Corps Base will be made one of the beauty spots of San Diego.

West Coast Expeditionary Forces, San Diego stood alone. The citizens of San Diego came nobly to the front and pro-



MARINE CORPS OPERATING BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

AMBUSH

By CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, Jr., U. S. M. C.

DEEP in the Nicaraguan jungle between Rama on the Escondido River and La Cruz on the Rio Grande, two columns approached each other. It was about Christmas, toward the end of the rains, and the country was a morass like a nightmare. In normal times no man ventures overland in Nicaragua while the rainy season holds; life goes by the rivers. It is only eighty miles on the air-line from Rama northwest to La Cruz, but it is easier and quicker to travel sixty miles down the Escondido to Bluefields, take passage up the Mosquito Gulf to Rio Grande Bar—ninety miles or so—and then go a hundred and ten miles by river-craft again, than to attempt the cross-country trail.

General Don Elisio Montero, commanding the Federal Army of the Caribbean, now based on Rama, would have preferred the water-route, but the North American admiral had declared the sea-ports neutral and forbidden to war, and the admiral's cruisers and Marines lay off the river-mouths to keep them so. After that, the war turned inland, and Federal and Revolutionist fumbled for each other across lagoon and swamp, in a blind and matted terrain that was the friend and foe of both. Don Elisio, ordered to crush the Revolutionary garrison at La Cruz, had no choice but to proceed by the trail that connects the two places. He set out with a column numbering 500 rifles, besides his Lewis guns, and, since he expected to establish himself permanently in La Cruz, the women were along.—Your Latin-American soldier does not go far without his women.—There were also some cattle, rations on the hoof, and there was a long line of oxen, loaded with ammunition and sacks of rice and beans. The unwieldy column, brave with the blue hatbands of the Federal forces and a large blue-and-white Nicaraguan flag, covered no more than ten miles a day. Before Don Elisio had finished three days' marching, in continued rain, the Revolutionary general in La Cruz had heard that he was coming. Such news travels fast and unaccountably in the back-countries. They have an Indian word for it that means about the same thing as "grape-vine telegraph"; it cannot be explained; the reasonable man will shrug his shoulders and take advantage of it. In another day Klaus Weber, sometime staff-officer of Von Mackensen on the Eastern Front, now commanding the La

Cruz area for the Sarmiento faction, had exact and detailed information as to how La Cruz was going to be crushed. It did not fall in with his plans, and he was not pleased. He sat in his comandancia above the Rio Grande at La Cruz, and smoked infinite cigarettes, and considered the matter.

"Dear God, a country such as a sensible man does not imagine!" he reflected. "Some bright fellow should invent a machine for waging war in such a country . . . a thing like a U-boat, it would be, and like a tank, but mostly like a U-boat. . . . Why could not that little Don Elisio remain tranquil in Rama, where his men die peaceably of fever, until the rains finish and the country

his machine-gunners. He had introduced an innovation among the Nicaraguan armies. That innovation was target-practice. Two days later he entered the jungle with a hundred riflemen and a Vickers machine gun. He was informed that Don Elisio was having difficulties on the trail, and that the Matagalpa Indians of his force, unaccustomed to these low lands between the rivers, were suffering with fever.

Between the rivers, the jungle rolls like a sea. It is a monotonous land of even contour. The fruit companies have cleared the river-banks for bananas, but outside these narrow cultivated strips you enter the freehold of the monkey and the parrot, the wild pig and the

tiger, as it was before the Conquistadores came. Narrow trails, passable at best for men on horseback, twist through the jungle from river-settlement; they are used only in necessity, and by Indians. Where they are good, you sink to the calf of the leg. Where they are bad, and they are mostly bad, you go in to the waist. Careful people on these trails wear their pistols in shoulder-holsters. You do not leave the trail, however. To do so is to flounder through root-floored morasses, into tangles where you must cut your way with a

machete to get forward at all, and lagoons of black water that have no bottom. Bamboo, low scrubby palms, trailing vines, and thorn-bushes choke the spaces between the great trees, and the great trees shut out the sun. Orchids depend surprisingly from high places, and bright curious blooms hang in clusters, and you may see a boa with a head like a wolf and the length of him as thick as a man's thigh, looped from an arching branch and watching you with cold lidless eyes. You hear the shrilling of the parrots and the conversation of the monkey people, thin noises in the upper air, for they live in the tree-tops against the sun. Below, you move always to the drone of myriad insects, in a green gloom, and a poisonous smell of decaying things. Nights, there will rise the sudden chorus of unnumbered frogs, swelling to a mighty orchestration. Then the frogs will fall quiet all at once, and the jungle holds its breath, and the yell of a hunting jaguar comes from infinite distance across the dark.

General Klaus Weber, travelling light, made sixteen miles the first day. His column was compact and business-like. His Mozos with the red hatbands of the



Where the trails are good, you sink to the calf of the leg.

dries off a little? And I would have liked more drill for these monkeys of mine. . . . But Don Elisio must not get too close to us here, or my Indians will be alarmed. . . . Now: let us look at the map—let us consider the problem—"

The general closed his eyes and considered the map he carried in his head, which was the only map available, for somehow, nobody has yet gotten around to mapping Nicaragua for military purposes. "This Don Elisio, he is not, I think, a good soldier . . . he is a general because that old Presidente admired his mother . . . so they say. . . . Fighting in this country is exactly like two fellows meeting on a little path between two walls. . . . You must know when you are going to meet him . . . to deploy—to find a front to fire from—He is four days on the trail. I will let him come two more—it will be the longer walk back. . . . And there is a place I remember, beyond Cuncun creek—" he shut his eyes again, and looked at that place. "Yes—there—in the middle of the day—" He opened his eyes and nodded vigorously. Then he went out to observe the practice of

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Revolution carried each a bit of jerked beef and a hatful of beans in their sacks, and you observed that their rifles were cleaned and polished. Tough chaps with machetes went ahead, clearing the trail where it was overgrown, and the heavy machine gun was passed from man to man as the day wore on. The general himself, hard and thick-set and burned to an even brown under his sun-helmet, went on foot before them, close behind his scouts. That night they slung their hammocks by the Cuncun creek, making very small fires, and they were afoot again in the rain before dawn. Late in the forenoon, an extremely muddy Indian materialized from under a bush by the trail. He had some loot; a Krag rifle, such as the Federals carried, and the rag of a blue hatband, and a pair of shoes slung around his neck. To him the general spoke apart, in the twittering dialect of the Karata Indians, while the column waited, sweating, but unconcerned. Then the general went forward, stepping delicately, his adjutants with him.

Years before, a tall ceiba-tree had fallen across the trail, which now turned at right angles to clear the mass of its roots. A fantastic broad-leaved vine with flowers like jets of blood had smothered it, and scrub-palms and creepers were grown up around it. Beyond it the trail ran straight and fairly open for a hundred yards or so. To the left, the feathery tops of the swamp-palm, rising out of the undergrowth, indicated standing water. On the other hand, vine and scrub and thorn were as solid as an English hedge, and tall trees laced their branches overhead. The general halted here, taking care not to step around the fallen ceiba on the trail. He sent his adjutants sloshing back on the run, and presently the column came up.

Picked machete-men, long-armed fellows from the plantations below Guadeloupe, opened a way off the trail behind the ceiba, where the general indicated. They tracked straight in for fifteen or twenty yards, then turned and cut parallel to the trail at that distance. They worked fast, and the result was a sort of green tunnel flanking the straight reach that the general had selected. When it was done, the column slipped in behind them, unwrapping the rags that kept the mud from the bolts of their rifles, and hitching their cartridge sacks forward. Hill Indians, river Indians, and lanky negroes from the Mosquito coast and the bananals of the rivers, they had played this game before, and they were grinning.

The general watched them file by. "Quickly, now, muchachos—make yourselves ready—then let no man move! No cigarillos, either! If you itch there in the bosque, the girls in La Cruz will

scratch you tomorrow night! No noise at all—these little nacionales are as sly as pigs—" There was a little thrashing and rustling while the riflemen settled themselves in the mud, across the roots of trees, anywhere a man might lie with his rifle pointed at the trail. Adjutants wormed along the line, making sure of their direction. The rifles would not see what they fired on, except in spots, but the machine gun would.

The general himself laid the machine gun. He found a place by the ceiba-trunk, where the blunt ugly weapon could be snuggled in the bush, covering the straight reach of the trail, yet securely masked by drooping fronds. Sweating and grunting, the crew worked it into position. The general saw that no leaf or branch was disturbed in front. He himself tried the firing-mechanism, adjusted the sights, and clamped the elevating-gear rigid, with a limited arc for traversing. The crew placed them-



The general saw that no leaf or branch was disturbed in front.

selves, and lay like a coil of snakes. The general gave instructions:—"and fire when you hear my whistle, Juan," he concluded—"and remember: fire not continuously, but in short bursts, as I have schooled you—" One detail remained; the general posted a tall lean negro just around the turn of the trail, behind the ceiba. The black man was unarmed. For there would be a point, all alone, and a man hit with a machete might cry out. But if you squeeze his neck, he does not utter. . . . Then the general and an adjutant placed themselves near the gun, where they could watch the trail, and waited, motionless as alligators where the pigs come down to drink. It was near noon; the sun was out, and the jungle was a steaming silence.

A confused murmur came up the trail, growing louder. There was a muffled sound of many feet in the mud, and a jingle of equipment. One sang a Spanish song of love and absence, a thing of wailing cadences. The general, immobile, alert, listened. . . . have they no scouts, the monkeys, they go singing—if they march so, there will be no flankers either. . . . not even those poor Russians would come on—this Don Elisio is worse than a Roumanian brigadier! Pfui. . . . So!

A soldier appeared at the turn of the trail. He plodded carelessly, for La Cruz was several days distant; advance-guard was better walking and not unpleasant, with the enemy so far away. Every one knew that those drunken rascals at La Cruz would not venture off the river—eh, but they would shortly receive a pill. . . . Those red flowers yonder, the point considered, would look uncommonly well in Concha's hair. . . . Concha in Managua, beyond the lake. . . . He was a Spaniard of the West coast, and he took up his song again. . . . He passed around the ceiba, his eyes on the red flowers; Klaus Weber could have touched him through the brush. There was an obscure choking noise; no more. Two soldiers were in sight now, Indians with leaden faces. Behind them came the advance-guard, huddled here and strung out there as men picked the easiest walking. An officer rode a mule and smoked a cigar. His men, rifles slung, came on without concern.

The general waited until the reach of the trail was full of men — perhaps eighty; all the guard company. The main body, with the women and the animals, would be straggling a mile behind. The leading files were very near him when he blew his whistle. One he shot with his pistol; the machine gun cut the legs from under the other, while he stared with a frozen foolish face. Then that narrow way filled with sound. The staccato drumming of the Vickers gun, ordered and inexorable, beat against the jungle walls, magnified to thunder. The rifles down the flank, firing blind, added a note of shrill, angry hysteria, and the cries of men pierced through all of it. The hidden riflemen raised tigerish yells. The head of the column crumpled first into the mud; the machine gun, firing as low as the knee, cut men down, struck them as they fell, flattened them into a screaming, writhing confusion. There was no way out; hardly a shot was fired from the trail. Then the outcry and the plunging abated, and the machine gun stopped with terrible finality, for there was nothing more to fire at. You heard the hoarse shouts of the adjutants and the officers, silencing the riflemen. Their fire died in a cracking string, and they burst into the trail with knives and machetes, to finish any detail the machine gun might have left, to forage for shoes and shirts and trousers better than their own.

The general emerged from his cover and refreshed himself with a cigarette. He picked his way down the trail, counting absently—perhaps a few had escaped from the rear of the company; he hoped so. Survivors to spread the terror—highly desirable. He noted that the mule

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WILLIAM WARD BURROWS

First Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps

(With a Short Account of the Career of William W. Burrows, Lt., U. S. N.)

By LEW FELDMAN

N ONE side of the ocean an impassioned orator had cried, "Give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH!" On the other side, a silver-tongued defender of the rights of man had exclaimed, "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." The Colonies were smouldering beneath the injustices heaped upon them, the lash of tyranny biting into open wounds. George III persisted in his obsession, his judgment marred by passion.

William Ward Burrows had the good fortune of being choicely seated when the drama approached its climax. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, on January 16, 1758, he had been weaned on oratory. His father, William Burrows, was a distinguished jurist in Colonial circles. Slow of speech, deliberate in action, he was a well known figure to professional Charleston. Young Burrows could scarcely toddle before his apprenticeship in the Law had begun. The family library was not confined to musty law tomes as the elder Burrows was well known for his scholarly tastes and Catholic reading. (In 1743 he had become a charter member of the Charleston Library Society.) It is doubtful whether the youngster ever had recourse beyond the family circle for his early tutelage. His teaching was thorough, for at the precocious age of fourteen he was admitted as a matriculate student to the Inns of Court, London. The list that bears the name William Ward Burrows shows the name of forty-five other Carolinians. The great number of Southerners in this list is significant as indicating how much closer were the relations of the people of the Southern colonies to England than those of the Northern, especially so in the case of South Carolina. Each of the young men on the list had to find security in London upon his bond for dues to the Society of the Inn in which he studied. This, in itself, implied a close correspondence between the colony and the mother country. At this point it is interesting to note how much their education cost them. It was said "a young Templar expected his father to allow him one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and with little encouragement would spend twice that amount in the same time."

We have here, then, no youthful Napoleon of sixteen who would secure a sub-lieutenancy in the army, who would trek the road to his first station with his nose buried in a book of artillery, and his sword trailing behind him. Rather, we find here a youth who delighted in the spoken word, who would secure his "sub-lieutenancy in the law" at the age of seventeen, and would hasten to his first



station with his ears tingling to the resounding words of never-to-be-forgotten speeches.

Through the patronage of the Whig lords and a few of the guineas which their fathers' rice and indigo (and returns from the practice of law) afforded, such young men had crowded the galleries to hear the Stamp Act, "the folly of England and the ruin of America," discussed by the eloquent Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield. To be sure, he was there when Pitt made his famous reply to Grenville. He was there when Chatham, wrapped in flannel and supported on crutches, had himself carried to the House of Lords and made his last and actually dying speech against the withdrawal of the English forces by land and sea from the revolting colonies, and with the ebbing flame of his old fire protest "against the dismemberment of

some of worse than questionable character, to the exclusion of natives of the province. It is indeed probable that the stripling, not yet out of his teens, had a vision of leading the intellectual youth of the Carolinas into legal battle against the King's array of luminaries. He never realized the fulfillment of such a dream. A few months after his return home, war had become an actual fact. Here was the opportunity he had longed for; to battle for the ideals that the past years had instilled in him; to fight for the maintenance of the rights and liberties that were his lawful heritage. It is well nigh impossible to think that Burrows took any other than an extremely active part in the Revolution. We cannot reconcile the man's past and future conduct with the abysmal quiet that distinguishes the succeeding years. We know full well that he fought with the rest in the lean years to follow, but assiduous research fails to find any trace of his deeds or whereabouts until a much later date.

We hope that some day the veil will be drawn from these years, so that we will be able to accord him the additional honor and adulation that we feel is rightfully his.



The Burrows Coat-of-Arms

this ancient and most noble monarchy." He was being constantly informed by the fiery Pitt and the sagacious Burke of the wrongs inflicted upon him and his. He had these two to thank for an awakening colonial consciousness that cut him like a knife whenever a member of Parliament arose to defend the King's monomania. It was this feeling of wanting to do something for his compatriots that curtailed his studies in London, and sent him hurrying back to Charleston in 1775.

His hopes of obtaining a position in which he could work ardently and passionately for the cause that had become so dear to him were dashed to the ground by the lamentable injustice of appointments. All places of distinction and honor were filled by favorites of the Board of Trade or Secretary for the Colonies. Office was held by

A new nation had been conceived; it was in the throes of all the complaints and annoyances, maladies and difficulties, that confront the new-born upon this earth. George Washington had served two terms as President of the United States, and was now living a secluded life at Mount Vernon. John Adams, the Puritan New Englander, had become the second President. The years had dealt kindly with Burrows, who was now residing in Philadelphia, the seat of the Government. Three children had blessed his union with Mary Bond, whom he had married in 1783. He had waxed exceedingly prosperous in his pursuit of the law and had achieved a prominence in the city, comparable to that which his father had enjoyed in Charleston. He had a host of friends and intimates, among whom the most prominent were John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris and Charles Pinckney. At this period in his life it is doubtful whether he thought he would ever be anything other than a lawyer. He was forty years old, at the height of his mental powers, polished, accomplished, a brilliant conversationalist, and an indefatigable worker.

On the 3rd of April, 1798, the Secretary of the Navy's portfolio was added to the Presidential Cabinet, Benjamin Stoddard of Georgetown, D. C., being the first to hold office. The temporary Marine Corps, organized during the Revolution, became extinct, as did the Navy, at the close of that bitter struggle. On July 11, 1798, a

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The "Ever-Faithfuls" on "Old Ironsides" (1807)

By REAR ADMIRAL ELLIOT SNOW, U. S. Navy

APPILY for us our seamen have never been driven to mutiny, nor does it seem possible that such a deplorable condition of affairs could be brought about as would cause an absolute antagonism between them and the Marines" is stated in the introduction to a book (*The History of the Marine Corps*, by J. S. Collum, 1890) dedicated "to the Citizens of the United States with the desire that the services of the United States Marine Corps may be intelligently appreciated, and that the nation may recognize the debt it owes to the Officers and Enlisted Men who in all trying times in our Country's history have nobly done their duty."

The motto of the Marine Corps—*Semper Fidelis*—was well chosen, and has been most honorably sustained on every occasion. This was shown, at least once on the deck of "Old Ironsides," one hundred and twenty years ago. The incident is probably not known, or at best not easily recalled, by the vast majority of the officers and men of the Marine Corps, whose forbears, centuries before Christ, were known as *epibatae*. Now that the fifth rebuilding (1833-4, at Boston; 1858 at Portsmouth; 1873-6, Philadelphia; 1906-7, Boston; 1927-?, Boston, inaugurated by the docking of the vessel June 16, 1927) of the U. S. Frigate "Constitution" is well under way and that grand naval monument afloat is so much in the public eye, officially, educationally, and historically, (the film "Old Ironsides," produced by the Famous Players Lasky Corporation, was first shown in New York on December 6th, 1926, at the Rivoli Theater), one episode enacted on her decks in 1807—even though it be a most regrettable one, which refutes in a measure the statement made in the opening paragraph—is here brought to light again as additional evidence (if such were needed) of the reliance placed upon the "Ever-Faithful Corps" of the Navy.

After the opening statement there follows several instances of mutiny of Seamen in the British Navy. In one case Lord Hood, in general orders, commended the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the Marines for their services in quelling a mutiny on H. M. S. "Excellent" in 1802. Also, the value of the Royal Marines was prominently shown in a series of mutinies in the British service, over a period of five years from 1797-1802. Two of these, the mutiny at Spithead and the one at Nore shook the Navy of Great Britain to its very foundation. To an absence of sympathy between the British seamen and Royal Marines may be attributed—largely at any rate—the steadfast loyalty of the latter on those fateful occasions. Doubtless the early example thus set (considering the high esprit-de-corps maintained in that branch of the service) carried over and was handed

down to the Marine Guard of "Old Ironsides" when her crew mutinied in Malaga Roads, August, 1807.

The refusal of the crew of the "Constitution" to repair to their stations, and their failure to ship and man the capstan bars when "All Hands up Anchor" were called at 8 a. m., on August 15th, 1807, were directly attributable to the long, long delay and non-appearance of a ship to relieve the "Constitution." In part this was due to the Chesapeake-Leopard affairs off the Delaware Capes two months earlier. (The Chesapeake sailed from Norfolk for the Mediterranean on June 22, 1807, as relief for the Constitution. The Chesapeake was attacked and had men taken from her by the Leopard. This necessitated the return of the Chesapeake to Hampton Roads and her European cruise was abandoned.)

In 1807, the excitement of war with



U. S. S. Constitution—"Old Ironsides"

the Barbary pirates had subsided—peace had been established the year before. (The treaty of peace with Tripoli was signed June 4, 1805, and was ratified by the Senate of the United States, April 12, 1806.) The terms of enlistment of most of the crew of "Old Ironsides" had long since expired; the men were restless and discontented at being kept so long over time, muttered curses were heard amongst the crew—directed at the heads of the Navy Department, and there prevailed a general spirit of intense dissatisfaction. The putting off from month to month of the fitting out and dispatching a relief ship was indeed deplorable. Some months before the final outbreak came, several isolated instances of mutinous conduct were dealt with. The first serious manifestation of it, on May 30th, led Fourth Lieutenant W. Lewis to make the following

report to the Captain of the ship—Hugh W. Campbell.

"While in the harbor of Syracuse, on the 30th of May, being my day of duty, the officer (Mr. Wilmer) who had been with a party of men at the arsenal all day, on returning at sunset reported two or three of the crew for having run away from the arsenal into town, where, after a long search, he found them drunk. William Jones was one of them. On examination I found him very drunk and inclined to be insolent which provoked me to strike him. He was then exceedingly insolent and as I thought mutinous, saying repeatedly 'that his time was up' and I had 'no right to punish him' and said he was 'a true Englishman' and I think threatened to demand English protection. The Endymion (English frigate) was lying in the harbor.

"I ordered him to be put in irons. While the Master-at-Arms was doing this, he continued to use the expressions I have mentioned and others equally improper and was so riotous that I was obliged to go down myself and use force to quiet him. Messrs. Wilmer and Shields are witnesses to the particulars of the above statement. Mr. Woolsey also saw a great deal of his riotous conduct after he was confined."

Scarcely ten days ran their course before First Lieutenant Charles Ludlow, reported another incident to the Captain. (The Constitution was still at Syracuse on June 8th when this second incident occurred, whilst the Captain was ashore. The outbreak was reported by Lieutenant Ludlow on the morning of June 9th, 1807.)

"Yesterday, between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, I gave permission for the ship's company to bathe. Shortly after, I came on deck and saw two men swimming ahead of the ship, towards an English frigate. I immediately informed the officer-of-the-deck (Lt. Burrows) of their being further from the ship than allowed. He went forward and called a number of times before they came back, and as soon as they got on board, took them forward to flog (there being company on the quarter-deck at the time).

"A few minutes after I perceived a number of men rushing forward on the fore-castle who gave three cheers before I could get forward to know the cause of the noise. At the same time I saw Mr. Burrows on one of the guns surrounded by the men; after clearing them away he gave me the following report:

"That John Smith, one of the above mentioned men, refused to take his jacket off or stand and receive the ropes end he intended giving him, for not attending to his orders; and the boatswain's mate (George Prince) had hove his rope's end down and refused to flog him. But previous to the boatswain's mate refusing to flog him, John Hughland came forward and told John Smith that he was a damned fool



Marine, 1775



Marine, 1807

if he pulled his jacket off. At the same time he told Mr. Burrows the man should not be flogged."

"It was also reported to me that William Pinkney, boatswain's mate, had taken up a crow bar near Mr. Burrows, while the men were cheering. After this report, believing their conduct very mutinous, I had Prince, Pinkney, Smith and Hughland put in irons (the guard during this time was under arms). A few moments after the ship's company gave three cheers again, as if displeased at what had been done. I immediately armed myself and desired the officers to do the same. Mr. Amory, (there appears here to be a misspelling of the name; it is probable the name was intended to be William Amory. He was entered as a Second Lieutenant July 25, 1798. The date of his resignation is not known but it must have been some time after this incident. Probably soon after the return of the frigate to the United States) Marine officer, with all his detachment was under arms. But while arming, the men broke out again with three cheers and a general cry among them 'On the forecable! On the forecable!' where they were all rushing as fast as possible.

"I then had the drum beat to quarters which silenced them and they all went except James Thompson, who was seen on the fore-castle (by Mr. Chauncey and Mr. Willmore) pulling back a man from his quarters and crying out 'On the forecable!' very loudly after the drum had beaten to quarters. I had Thompson put in irons and all the prisoners brought from their usual places of confinement, aft to the cabin door with two sentinels placed over them, after which I mustered the men at their quarters; beat the retreat and gave them their hammocks.

"At eight o'clock, I had the starboard watch called and the officers put in two watches. The officers and the marines of the watch were armed. The boat that went for you left the ship at the time I desired the officers to arm themselves. All peaceable and answered as usual in the watch until shortly after you came aboard."

A few days afterward, the arrival of a mail brought news of the *Leopard's* attack on the *Chesapeake*. This made it increasingly evident that no relief ship would soon put in an appearance. Although there was a suppressed hum of excitement as the news spread through the ship, disappointment bordering on despair was seen in the faces of the crew on all sides—even in those of the old and tried hands who had grown gray in the service. An old quarter-gunner,

representing a body of the petty officers came to the mast and respectfully presented the views of the crew and asked what were the prospects of early release.

Lieutenant Ludlow, who was justly popular with the crew, listened sympathetically and patiently to the grievance and spoke kind and soothing words to the group and appealed to their patriotism but to no avail.

Lieutenant Ludlow's report of the interview after he had repaired to the Captain's cabin was this:—"There is no disguising the fact, Captain Campbell, the men are in an ugly frame of mind; and this affair of the *Chesapeake*, cutting off as it does, all lingering hopes they have been clinging to, looking for a speedy recall and run on shore, after their long absence from home, has added fuel to the seditious sentiments smoldering in their breasts." The Captain

of the British lion) for further information by Post and shall take the liberty of sending home the *Enterprise* with every particular respecting the squadron. I am prompted to this measure in consequence of the term of her crew having expired likewise that of this ship's company, which has occasioned some discord and disturbance among them."

This was a very mild (and misleading) way of describing a tense and most serious situation—the crisis came the very next day. "Old Ironsides" on that memorable day presented a scene of order, scrupulous neatness, and perfection of detail which ever characterized this famous frigate of our Navy.

At eight bells, as the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to the roll of the drum and commenced to flutter aloft, a signal was made to the Hornet—"Prepare to get under way," which was followed by the call "All hands unmoor ship." Not a man of the crew of "Old Ironsides" stirred, nor moved to ship and man the capstan bars. Captain Campbell, who was standing well aft on the quarter deck, took in the situation at once and directed the officers to assemble on the quarterdeck with all their side arms. Quickly, but quietly and calmly, came Captain Campbell's order to Lieutenant Ludlow:

"Inform Mr. Amory that it is my order for him to parade the full Marine guard on the quarterdeck and to have them provided with ball and cartridge. Have the two twelve-pounders cleared

away. Place them in a position to sweep the spar deck to port. Detail midshipmen for both pieces and see that a round or two of grape and canister is placed at hand for each. I believe that is all, sir!"

The order was quickly given and as quickly executed. Soon the tread of the armed Marines was heard approaching their post, with Lieutenant Amory at their head. The guard was posted on the starboard side of the quarterdeck, facing to port. Two senior midshipmen were put in charge of the twelve-pounders. As soon as the Executive officer (i. e., "first luff") and the Marine officer reported "All present or accounted for," the order was given: "Pipe all hands aft to muster!"

Four hundred stalwart, bronze-visaged seamen tramped aft in column of fours and ranged themselves on the port side of the quarterdeck. What must have been the emotions of Captain Campbell, as he looked into the eyes of the crew—brave but misguided he well knew—and glanced from one to the other, realizing

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A scene from the movie production of "Old Ironsides."

listened gravely and then said only a few words to the effect that he had decided to get under way and to go to sea the next morning.

The Captain's report to the Navy Department (written August 15th, 1807 to the Secretary of the Navy while the *Constitution* was lying in Malaga Roads) of the situation read thus:—"Sir:—I left Syracuse the 12th of June and anchored here on the 2nd instant (the Hornet in company) where I intended to fill up our water and proceed immediately to Gibraltar in the expectation of meeting the frigate *Chesapeake*, which vessel I have frequently been informed, was fitting out for this station; but to my great disappointment and surprise, I find, upon perusal of a Boston paper, that she had been attacked by the British fifty-gun ship 'Leopard' and obliged to return to port. In consequence of which I have determined to wait here (by remaining in Malaga Roads, Spanish waters, and not going to Gibraltar, which was under the British flag, Captain Campbell avoided the possibility of placing 'Old Ironsides' under the paw

Medal of Honor Awarded Lieut. Schilt

Evacuation of Wounded from Quilali Saves Lives of Three

AWARD of the Congressional Medal of Honor to Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt, Marine Corps flier, for heroism in battle and saving the lives of three comrades at the risk of his own beyond call of duty at Quilali, Nicaragua, January 6-8, was approved recently by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. The citation for Lieutenant Schilt, now on duty with Squadron Seven M, Second Marine Brigade, Nicaragua, reads as follows:

"For extraordinary heroism in the face of the enemy, distinguished by conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. On January 6, 7, 8, 1928, at Quilali, Nicaragua, during the progress of an insurrection in that country, Lieut. Schilt, then a member of a Marine expedition which had suffered severe losses in killed and wounded, volunteered under almost impossible conditions to evacuate the wounded by air, and transport a relief commanding officer to assume charge of a very serious situation.

"Lieut. Schilt bravely undertook this dangerous and vitally important task, and by taking off a total of ten times in the rough rolling street of the partially burned village, under hostile infantry fire on each occasion, succeeded by almost superhuman skill, combined with personal courage of the highest order, in accomplishing his mission, thereby actually saving three lives and bringing supplies and succor to others in desperate need."

The details of Lieutenant Schilt's heroic acts will be recalled by those who have read the news article appearing in a previous issue of *The Leatherneck*. It will be remembered that a column of Marines were winding their way to San Albino via Quilali—a very difficult jungle route in the almost impassable Yeluga Mountain district on the northern border of Nicaragua. All along the line of

march this column was spasmodically fired upon from ambush by overwhelming numbers of Sandino's bandits, who were afforded excellent cover and means of escape by the heavy growth of underbrush.

This little column of Marines, with the officer in command seriously wounded, and encumbered by many wounded men

three big bounces among obstacles and stop within two hundred yards. He made ten trips. On the eighth landing he wrecked the tail skid assembly but took off with two men and landed on the home airdrome. On the ninth trip the center section struts bent under the strain, but he again brought in two men. In addition to performing the vitally important task of relieving the column of the burdensome wounded, three of whom would have died if not evacuated by air, he carried in a relief commander for the column and fourteen hundred pounds of emergency medical supplies and provisions. On every take-off the plane had to pass through hostile fire. This feat required skill and courage far beyond the ordinary.

Lieut. Schilt, who won second place in the 1926 Schneider International Cup races at Hampton Roads, Va., is one of the foremost pilots of the Marine Corps, flying since 1919, and being specially efficient in pursuit aviation.

He was born in Richland County, Ill., March 18, 1895, was graduated from graded and high schools at Olney, Ill., and had two years in mechanical engineering at Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Ind.

He enlisted in the Marine Corps June 23, 1917, and served as a private until June 9, 1919. After this date he was a cadet student naval aviator and received his pilot's license September 18, 1919. He was commissioned as second lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserve, June 10, 1919, and served in this capacity until October 10, 1919, when he was given a temporary rank of second lieutenant in the active Marine Corps and held this until April 13, 1921, when he was given a permanent rank. He graduated in aerology at Pensacola in 1923, and as a naval photographer at Chanute Field, Ill., May 2, 1925.

Lieut. Schilt received a letter of commendation from the Major General Com-

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LIEUTENANT CHRISTIAN F. SCHILT

who received citation for bravery under fire at Quilali, Nicaragua, January 6-8

and long pack trains, found itself at Quilali in a most crucial situation. It was at this time that Lieutenant Schilt, flying a Corsair plane equipped with DH wheels, volunteered to undertake the almost impossible task of evacuating eighteen wounded officers and men from this remote front line village. To do this he was obliged to land in the rough rolling street of the partially burned Quilali. It was a task for a super-pilot, but Lt. Schilt proved equal to the emergency. In order to land he had to drop the plane about ten feet and then make

his pilot's license September 18, 1919. He was commissioned as second lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserve, June 10, 1919, and served in this capacity until October 10, 1919, when he was given a temporary rank of second lieutenant in the active Marine Corps and held this until April 13, 1921, when he was given a permanent rank. He graduated in aerology at Pensacola in 1923, and as a naval photographer at Chanute Field, Ill., May 2, 1925.

Lieut. Schilt received a letter of commendation from the Major General Com-

THE SITUATION IN NICARAGUA

By The Major General Commandant



THE SECOND BRIGADE in Nicaragua is organized into two regiments, with an additional company on the East coast, and when I left there the Marine detachments from the "Rochester" and "Tulsa" were also ashore. The "Galveston" detachment had been ashore, but was reembarked while I was there. The "Rochester" detachment was distributed along the railway at various points, and the "Tulsa" detachment was at Somotillo doing guard duty near the Honduran border. The general plan of operations in Nicaragua with reference to the two regiments is to gradually reassemble the 5th Regiment in what is called the southern area and to substitute the units of the 11th Regiment for it in the northern area. Colonel Dunlap's headquarters is at Ocotal. At the present time he has the West Coast Battalion in Neuva Segovia Province and vicinity, and the East Coast Battalion in the general vicinity of Matagalpa. Probably all know of the events down there since the latter part of December, but at any rate a brief summary may be of interest.

Livingston's column and Richal's column, which were in Quilali, moved over to San Albino, where Mr. Butters' mine is located, and where there are good buildings for occupancy and storehouses available. It is also better located with reference to an advance against El Chipote than Quilali. El Chipote was bombed from the air on January 14th, at which time it was very strongly occupied. The mountain was full of troops and was strongly fortified. Many trenches had been constructed, fields of fire had been cleared, machine gun positions had been well placed with reference to supporting each other, shelters had been built at the trenches, and about 40 or 50 shacks had been built on the top of the mountain. These positions and preparations for defense were easily visible from our planes flying over the mountain. On January 14th four planes swept down from a great altitude at high speed, dropped bombs on the shacks on top of the mountain and, as the outlaws ran out, they bombed the groups of men and strafed them with machine guns. Evidently they inflicted heavy casualties, although the exact number is not known. The strafing continued down the slope of the mountain against the different groups and entrenched positions. The attack of the planes was carried out through a hail of bullets, and the planes were struck many times, but without injury to them or to their occupants. One observer had a narrow escape as the position of the bullet holes indicated that the bullet must have passed within an inch of his body.

An air reconnaissance was made two days after the bombing and showed no evidence of occupation on the mountain. The houses were vacant and although the planes flew all around the place they were not fired on. Several later reconnaissances were made with the same result. Finally, on January 20th, they

were fired on from a place near the foot of the mountain called Machones. They saw some evidence of outlaws in the woods and flew very low and were fired on from a machine gun, Major Rowell's plane being hit a number of times. Evidently, therefore, part of Sandino's force was still in the general vicinity that day.



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE

On the day of the bombing, Major Young, who was in command of the reinforced detachment at San Albino, attacked and took the outpost on San Gerónimo mountain. That was a mountain about one or two miles from San Albino and commanded that place and the river gorge. He then concentrated his forces there, fortified the place and made it his base for future operations. On January 21st he sent out patrols in all directions, had contact with several small outlaw groups, and attacked and took Santa Rosa, another outpost on the trail to El Chipote, which commanded the crossings of the Murra River. When he took Santa Rosa, he captured a personal letter from Sandino to the chief in command of the outpost there enclosing an estimate of the situation as far as Santa Rosa was concerned. The enclosure was typewritten, but the letter was in Sandino's own hand. He stated in his letter that he was sending copies of his estimate of the situation to a number of other chiefs, which he named, and they were all asked for their views on the subject. His own opinion was that Santa Rosa should, if attacked, be evacuated without making serious resistance and that a rear guard action should be fought, and that is what was done when Major Young attacked. Sandino's letter was headed "El Chipote," so evidently he was there at that time. The day following the Santa Rosa attack, Major Young's battalion advanced across the Murra River and very carefully and cautiously moved forward, reconnoitering every possible location of the outlaw forces, and, after three or four days, occupied the mountain. His progress was watched daily by the planes

which flew around and above the mountain. After reaching the top, Major Young's men thoroughly demolished all they found in the way of defense and the shacks too were destroyed. On January 26th his force was seen on the top of the mountain.

During that time and afterwards it was evident that a considerable part of Sandino's force, probably a thousand or more men, had disintegrated or was disintegrating. We got word that two or three hundred went over into Honduras and we heard of the appearance of other groups in various parts of the country. Then they would disappear, probably to their homes. Just what force Sandino has left, we do not know, but fully half of his original force, and probably more, has disintegrated. It was reported here that Sandino himself had gone to Honduras, but this undoubtedly was a mistake. The most important thing is that he has lost his hold on Neuva Segovia Province; that is, no section of that country is any longer his, and the only part he holds is where he actually is. He has no control over any section of that country, as he once did have, and he and his followers are all in the position of guerrillas. He has no fortified base. Our mission now is to break up his bands and scatter and suppress them. Undoubtedly they will divide up into a number of small bands. We learn from the newspapers here that Sandino was in the vicinity of Matagalpa, but at the present time they do not seem to know exactly where he is.

The Guardia Nacional is about 600 strong at present and it is a very creditable organization. They have been very careful in their selection of men for the Guardia. As a result, they are a very good looking lot of men and practically all of them are educated, at least to the extent of being able to read and write. However, it will probably not be practicable to keep up the educational requirement, owing to the difficulty of getting men. The Guardia is strictly non-political. The Nicaraguans are all interested in politics, and it is a violent interest. Colonel Beadle has impressed upon the Guardia the importance of its members being absolutely non-partisan in the matter of politics; in other words, the importance of their serving Nicaragua rather than any particular party in Nicaragua, and he has been quite successful in this regard. The only case of disaffection in the Guardia was the mutiny at Somotillo. In that affair, one of the native corporals evidently was disgruntled, and he induced eight of the little detachment at that place to mutiny. The others (about one-half) remained steadfast. The mutineers got the machine guns and other weapons and chose a time when the officers were at mess. When the latter came out of mess, they found all the streets commanded by riflemen and a machine gun. They got into the barracks, but the machine gun put a belt of fire across the building so that they were unable to get

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TEN DOLLAR PRIZE CONTEST No. 5

Well, Leathernecks, here is the fifth of our OLD TIMER contests. Everyone knows that no matter what kind of a yarn you tell and no matter how far you stretch the truth from its narrow channels, the OLD TIMER in the service will go you one better and tell one about the "Old Marine Corps" that will knock your story into a cocked hat. So here we are giving you what a NEW Marine has to say and we want you to tell us what the OLD TIMER would tell him happened in the "Old Marine Corps."

Now get your imagination working and let us know what you think the OLD TIMER answered. This contest is open to old ones, young ones, police sergeants, M. C. I. students, musics, and company clerks. The biggest liar gets the ten dollars.

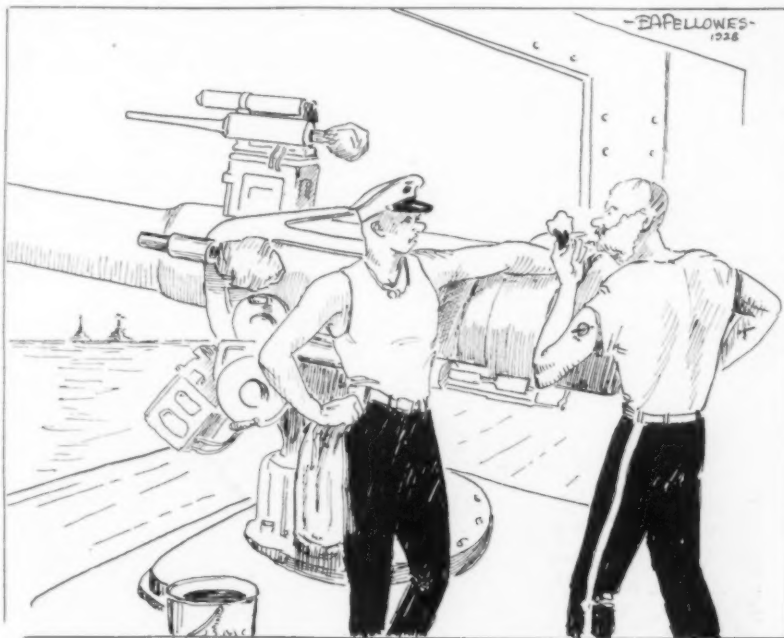
Use the blank at the bottom of this page, or write your answer out on a

sheet of paper. You may send in any number of answers. Address them to the Contest Editor, The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C. Contest closes May 20, 1928. The winner will be announced in the June issue.

Important Notice

In order to show appreciation to our regular readers for their loyal support we are offering the ten dollars for answers submitted on the following blank. If the winning answer is sent in on a separate sheet of paper, the contestant will receive five dollars only.

This is the fifth of a series of 12 OLD TIMER contests. If you are not a subscriber to The Leatherneck or a purchaser of a copy, send us your subscription today or reserve a copy from our agent. This may be worth \$5.00 to you.



Marine on first cruise: "I hear they're goin' to give us rookie's a duckin' when we cross the equator; did that ever happen to you?"

Old Timer: "Boy, a duckin' ain't nothin'! Back in the OLD M'rine Corps they used to....."

WINNER OF CONTEST NO. 3

The ten dollar prize for the best answer to our Old Timer's contest number three must go to C. M. Perkins, retired, U. S. M. C. His poem, "The Sperit of '76," just about reaches the heights of fabrication. It is a gem of its kind and one that you will get a big kick out of reading. If you do not keep a file of your magazine clip this poem out and paste it in your scrap book. If you are not an old-timer now you will enjoy this poem when you do become an old-timer. "The Sperit of '76" will be found on another page of this issue.

There were a hundred or two other fine answers sent in—a few of them follow:

OLD TIMER: "Great balls of smoke! Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps

when we done four-on an' stayed on! The only time ye got off bein' when ya was packin' yer knapsack an' p'licin' up 'fore troop inspection an' guard mountin'. Fer stayin' on post, we had th' "Boy on th' Burnin' Deck" backed clean off th' boards—he wasn't there when his ship blowed up, but—look at Bill Anthony of th' "Maine." Ya never heard of him quittin' or bein' relieved, didja? Th' only one in hist'ry t' ever beat us fer stayin' on guard was th' sentry at th' Gates of Pompeii an' Herculanum—he's there yet!

"Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps when we mounted guard 's soon as we were turned over from recruit squad an' never come off durin' th' whole enlistment, 'cept long enough to be paid off an' be sworn in ag'in f'r another hitch? Tha't why they put th' extra day

in February, so's we c'ud get one day off'n every four year enlistment! D'ya get that, buddy?"

"Member back in the OLD M'rine corps when th' guard roster was printed permanent, an' framed, an' a copy filed with each bozo's descriptive list; bein' made a part o' his service record, so's when he died on watch there'd be no mistake about th' pension for his next o' kin, in th' line o' duty? We never come off atall, till our hitch was served out—d'ya get me? Shucks, buddy! Ya don't know nuthin'. Three days off'n nuthin' to do! Ya gotta snap, along wit' what we had to do in th' old M'rine Corps. Now snap inter it!—Get busy an' stan' by fer essembly o' guard details, or ye'll die of p'ralysis from settin' down! What ya think ya are—an idol of Buddha?"

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No. 5

OLD TIMER: "Boy, a duckin' ain't nothin'! Back in the OLD M'rine Corps they used to....."

Name.....

Address.....

THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

WITH THE FLAGSHIP, MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "TEXAS"

By S. T. Clark

As this goes to press the whaleboat crew is outside at a breakfast of steak, onions and toast and other non-regulation chow, finished up with one of the Top's cigars, after the first whaleboat race of the season. A challenge race between the "Wyoming" and the "Texas"—just for the fun of it. Barton, Triplett, Rairden, Ruch, Troublefield, Gullette, Perdue, Nalevanko, Anderson, Kelsey, Rayburn and Renstrom with First Sergeant Rasmussen as cox'n and Peters, Hearn, Kolbert, Ziegler, Schultz and Nelson for extra men are the crew who won a good, close mile race by about two yards. More power to them at Honolulu with the battle fleet. And while we are on the subject of this race, we want to pass on a vote of thanks to the ship's band and the crew of the "Texas." The band and as many of the crew as could get into the boat with the Marines, went along with the rooting party. The old spirit, Navy, and the "Texas" Marines appreciate it.

And this paragraph will serve to introduce to you the "IRON MAN," now crouching in Gene Tunney style on his pedestal in the office. Ever since we left San Diego and until the night before we arrived at New Orleans, the "Texas" has been holding a series of "Happy Hours," interdivisional boxing and wrestling contests in all weights. The Marine Corps came out on top, of course, with a total of three hundred and twelve points. The nearest sailor division had two hundred and seventeen. Three of the winners' medals went to Marines—Pvt. Hagen, in the welterweight division; Pfc. Ellison, in the featherweight, and Pfc. Sawyer, in the welterweight boxing. The others who did their best and brought in the points are Ziegler, heavyweight boxing; Hearn, light-heavyweight boxing; Kolbert, middleweight boxing; Clark, lightweight boxing; Leonard, bantamweight boxing, and the wrestlers in like order: Dankleff, Render, Friday, Walton, Babb and Ellison.

The editorial "we" had to go on leave while the "Texas" rested at New Orleans, so we can't tell much of the festivities there except by report. From the number of those bidding sad good-byes on the dock in the early morning

of the twenty-third and from the talk in general it seems that little could be desired to add to the good time the bunch had in the Crescent City. Mardi Gras was in full swing, the Hotel Roosevelt dance was a good time to get acquainted and dances on the river boats were excellent opportunities to follow through. Pvts. Cullman and Powell are among those who seem to have joined the ranks of the woe-begone. And whether it is

strict, Kansas City, Mo. This is Captain Kendrick's first tour of sea-duty, but after looking everything over, he says he thinks he will like everything fine. We certainly hope he does, and that everything will go well, as before.

The first of the month of February saw Cpl. Ruch promoted to Sergeant, Pfc. Anderson to corporal, and Pvts. Leonard, Richardson, Sawyer, Welsh, and Ziegler to privates first class. Congratulations to these men.

See you in Honolulu.

FROM MARINES ON U. S. S. "SOUTHERY" RECEIVING SHIP AT BOSTON

Well, gang, here is a broadside from the GOOD SHIP U. S. S. "Southery." We're only seventeen strong up in this part of the world at the present census, but have hopes of getting a few more head of balmy LEATHERNECKS before long. We've not had a column in The Leatherneck for so long that those that do know us will think that we have sunk at the pier, but with a little help from our gang I will try to keep up a column in every issue. Since I've been aboard this ship I have heard plenty of stories about the wild-eyed gang that were on here before the China draft were sent out, but how come we never hear

from them telling us how they are. We will always be glad to hear from any of the old gang and will give the addresses of any of the fellows that they wish to trace up. It may interest some of you readers to know that our old Top Kick, R. R. Stock, was transferred to the U. S. S. "Cleveland" last month and from the last reports he claims that it is a great life in its way (but it doesn't weigh enough). 1st Sgt. E. W. Beck is now holding the reins hereabouts.

The other day (OUR OWN) TINY BRANDT was feeling kind of playful so we managed to chain him up and lead his out to the ZOO where we let him play with the elephant for a couple of hours; finally, the aforesaid elephant tuckered out and we had to lead tiny back to the ship for fear that he would get peeved at his little playmate for quitting on him. TINY is O. K. at times, but now and then he gets so playful that we send him to the chain locker so he can chew on the links and enjoy himself as befits a young mountain of humanity. Why, the other day when he asked why



Admiral Mark L. Bristol, Commander in Chief, Asiatic Fleet, inspects Fourth Regiment. Left to right: Lt. Holdah, Lt. Carlson, Lt. Col. F. D. Kilgore, Admiral Bristol, Capt. Clement, Cmdr. Wheeler, Capt. Shepherd, Capt. Castleman, Col. Davis.

in sorrow or what-not is not known, but the fact remains that Cullman has had his head shaved along with several others.

The 23rd we steamed down the Mississippi, and out into the Gulf, then on to Guantanamo, where we have just fired long range spotting and battle practices, with results pleasing to all. Tomorrow, the fifth of March, we get under way for St. Thomas, Virgin Isles.

While we were in New Orleans our commanding officer, Captain Clyde P. Matteson, was detached and ordered to Nicaragua. The best wishes of the whole detachment go with Captain Matteson, who had been with us for over a year and had always stuck by, with, and for the Marines in everything that came up. As a token of their appreciation for his work as commanding officer, the men presented him with a traveling bag just before he left us. The best of luck to him in Nicaragua! To relieve Captain Matteson, we have as a new commanding officer Captain Thomas E. Kendrick, formerly at headquarters recruiting dis-

he never took up fighting for a living he replied that he had promised his mother that he would never harm a hair of anyone's head and he was afraid that if he did take up fighting he would get sore at some one and bite their ear or something else as terrible.

Then we also have REBEL MINTON (OLD GATOR BAIT) you can hear his familiar (Heah I is), at any time of the day or night. Minton claims it is a bum statement that he is GATOR BAIT as the GATORS always die before they can get within a hundred yards of him. Then there is OUR LITTLE snuffle hound, Storme, who is a very shy and retiring young man (retiring to the bunk and shy about getting up), but he is due to get paid off in a few days. Doc Clifford visited us for a short while today and he is looking as hale and hearty as ever. Well, gang, I guess that I will have to knock off this little pack of nonsense for the time being, as I don't know how the editor is going to take this bum line, but for the first attempt I guess he will have to be satisfied.

The Rhinacerrhossiss.

ASIATIC VAGABONDS DELIGHT AUDI- ENCE AT AFTER- NOON TEA

The Marine troupe known as the Asiatic Vagabonds gave a thoroughly enjoyable performance yesterday afternoon at the Gordon Hall, when they were the featured entertainers at the Mothers' and Children's tea of Tientsin Woman's Club's Department of Home and Children.

Zusseman and Spurling gave a monologue and some jazz songs in an act entitled "Partners in Crime." Stoughton provided a musical interm with his melodies from a saw, accompanied by Murphy, of the Asiatic Mandarins. The Asiatic Nightingale, Brey, then gave a few whistling numbers. The song and dance act of Ferdinand, Schwed and Bayliss, with Spurling at the piano, proved a decided hit. The two Asiatic Blackbirds, McNeill and Lane, in an act concerning a negro porter and a lazy negro were next on the program, and they kept the audience in convulsions. The Asiatic Mandarins, under the direction of "Dodo" Gordone, gave a number of latest jazz hits from the States. Their interpretation of these numbers was received with applause.

The hostesses for the tea included Mesdames Barber, Ainsworth, Wallis, R. E. McCann, Norman and Poliakoff, in addition to the members of the Executive Committee of the Department of Home and Children who were on hand to welcome both large and tiny guests. The Committee includes Mrs. Serginian, chairman, and Mesdames Paul Young, Enright, Lindberg, Harrison, Capstick, Hall. Mrs. Benedict presided at the meeting. Mrs. Greenland was the chief hostess.

"WING DOPE FROM OBSERVATION SQUADRON NINE-M," PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By C. M. Tyner

Gunnery Sergeant Ralph A. Dahlstrom was transferred to the United States Thursday, January 26, 1928, via the Panama Steamship "Cristobal," for duty as an instructor at the Naval Aviation Pilots' School at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. We were all very sorry to lose Dahlstrom, but we feel that he will like his new position very much and we know that if he is as good an instructor as he is a pilot he will get along fine.

That same "Cristobal" brought us three visitors: Major Louis M. Bourne, Jr., First Lieutenant Jacob F. Plachta

on his way to Cuba. During the time that "The Spirit of St. Louis" was at this field, a crew of Marine mechanics were detailed to look after it and see that it was in proper condition when it came time for it to leave. "Lindy" expressed himself as being highly pleased with the efficiency with which these men handled his plane and the general condition of the "Spirit of St. Louis" when he was ready for it. Just prior to Colonel Lindbergh's departure the photographer, Corporal Harrison, took a picture of the command with Colonel Lindbergh, the American High Commissioner, the Haitian President and officials of the American occupation. We are all so proud of this picture that it is being sent in for publication in "The Leatherneck."



"Spirit of St. Louis" and crew of mechanics from Obs. Squadron 9M who took care of it during its visit at the Marine Flying Field, Port au Prince, Haiti. Front row, left to right: Bobin, Burns, Gooding, Wilson, Wood. Back row, sitting: Witt, Steele, Housel. Standing: Coder and Kyle. Photo by Cpl. W. E. Harrison.

and Master Technical Sergeant Ben Belcher, they were on their way from Managua, Nicaragua, to the United States and stopped in here for a few hours while their boat was docked.

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh arrived at this field at 2:00 p. m. Monday, February 6, 1928, in his "Spirit of St. Louis" from San Domingo City, D. R., and was met by a reception committee headed by Brigadier General John H. Russell, the American High Commissioner, Colonel P. M. Rixey, the brigade commander, and Captain R. A. Presley, the commanding officer, Observation Squadron Nine-M. The reception committee introduced Colonel Lindbergh to President Borno, of the Republic of Haiti, who greeted him, and decorated him with the Haitian Order of Merit. Colonel Lindbergh then, accompanied by the reception committee, proceeded to the various rounds of entertainment that had been arranged for him and was kept busily entertained until his departure from Port au Prince at 6:35 a. m., Wednesday, February 8, 1928, for Havana, Cuba. A composite formation of six planes escorted Colonel Lindbergh on his departure from the Marine flying field to Mole St. Nicholas

On Jan. 30, 1928, Aircraft O2B1 No. 6903, with 2nd Lt. Robert H. Rhoads, pilot, and Cpl. Robert V. Burns, observer, was wrecked at this field. This plane was participating in 6000 feet preliminary bombing practice, and while making a shallow turn in approach for the target, the pilot noticed that the control stick had sheared loose near the lower end of the stick. With Burns operating the ailerons and elevators from the rear cockpit by means of the small socket placed there for an extra control stick when the plane is being used as a "dual control" and Lieutenant Rhoads giving directions and working the throttle and rudder, they managed to bring the ship into the field, but as there was not sufficient leverage on the controls to get the tail down and make a normal landing, the plane landed in a

dive and was wrecked beyond repair. Neither the pilot nor the observer sustained any injuries. The way this very difficult situation was handled showed rare presence of mind on the part of both the pilot and the observer. Ordinarily, the impulse would have been to leave the plane via "the parachute route," but, had they done this, the plane would have probably crashed somewhere in the city of Port au Prince with an almost certainty of fatal results to some of the inhabitants of that city.

With the time nearing for the arrival of the March "Kittery," replacements are now very much in order. Some of the "short timers" are already "breaking in" new men to fill their places when they leave here for the good old U. S. A. Corporal Bowman is taking the responsibility of the test stand from the shoulders of "Goose" Gosney, Private Emanuel is going to drive the nice, new, shiny Chevrolet ration truck upon the departure of Sarko, Private "Zip" Corney is being relieved of his duties as engineering clerk by Joe Kearney, of "A. B. U." fame, and Corporal Masters is leaving his place at the typewriter.

The battle for the baseball cup is get-

ting closer now that our boys have lost two games. We have three more games to play and by winning them we will be able to bring in the much coveted cup and place it on Captain Presley's desk and dare anyone to take it from us. The Second Regiment team have hopes of taking the trophy this year, but I think they are doomed to disappointment.

This "everlasting" sun is certainly having some queer effects on a few of the gang. Here are some of them: One of the "short timers" took a pack of Chesterfields down to the wash-room the other morning and tried to use it for soap; Bobin, O'Hey, Skotz, Naida and Gayon have had their heads shaved; Abraham has shaved off his moustache and La Due has started to wear his laundry bag instead of underwear. It's hard to tell what they'll do next. If you don't believe this tropical climate will "get" you, just come down and try it.

A CHIRP FROM THE 83rd COMPANY 12th REGIMENT, TIENSIN

By Ben-It

We have been a bit close-mouthed concerning our personal and company affairs since we organized in China last August, so will take this opportunity to lift the lid for you. We began the business of soldiering with the Provisional Regiment, later called the Twelfth, at the well known camp "Woodrow Wilson." Our company consisted of men who arrived on the S. S. "President Pierce" and some later arrivals on the "President Taft." Most of our rated men came directly from sea duty, while a majority of the privates were fresh from "Ye auld boat camp."

We have fared well together, with divers changes of conditions, quarters, personnel, etc. The sea-going men are standing on their land well while the newer bucks are taking their Corps life seriously and with no small success.

These winter days of forced inclosure have served for much heated argument among our former "men in blue" concerning the differences and advantages of the high seas and land duty. Cpls. Toney and Goodman, along with Pfc. Larson and Pvt. Hall, uphold the sea and ships when, strangely enough, they favored the sinking of all pig iron five months ago. But, that is the way of all good Marines. Where e're they be, they would give their right arms to be elsewhere.

Gy. Sgt. Bennington returned from the hospital recently where he underwent a long illness. We were glad to see him back again, and gave him a room by his lonesome in the compound with which we think he is well pleased. This Chinese winter is a hard one, so we all look to our respective corners with a considering eye.

One of the backbones of the company is Pfc. Fell, a seasoned Marine, who has seen much of China. He is the only man in the Corps who can wrap both legs

around a bucket of water on the deck and shave in comfort.

In the recent "blanket pressing" contest held by the company, Cpl. Guthrie took first place, Pvt. Wagner, second, and Pvt. Coffman, third.

We have a talented company, insofar as the arts are concerned. Sgt. Mattie is staying in for the winter, and improving his wind upon a saxophone. He has the makings of a good musician, but we think him a better sergeant. In addition we have two fiddlers and a uke artist. All in all we are a witty bunch, and biding our time for the summer season, wherein the Marines are lords of the open. We set here some remarks and witticisms by some of the company with which we try to keep up our spirits on these cold days:



General Butler and Officers directing the fire fighting of 2800 Marines at the Standard Oil fire, Tientsin, China.

"We want war," Sergeant Pierce.

"Never seen such an outfit in my life," Pfc. McCallister (this remark applies to any division McCallister is in).

"Loan me four BITS," Tpr. Casle.

"Deal me down," Pfc. Larson.

"Blank you must be dumb," Sgt. Yonker.

"Hang it up to dry," anyone to Sgt. Mattie and his sax.

"No jawbone, you no pay me for last pint," Company Chinaman.

Pfc. De Silva: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

Cpl. Dunn: "That was no lady, that was my Russian cabaret girl."

Stop, I see an M. P.!

11TH REGT., HORSE MARINES, NOW AT EL SAUCE, NICARAGUA

By The Whole Gang

As all stories must originate from somewhere, this one starts at a certain spot in Virginia, called Quantico, well known to all Marines, no doubt.

Marines were drifting in from all points of the compass to form what is now the famous Eleventh Regiment, to be scattered throughout Nicaragua. Old time buddies were thrown together again. Men who had been together in many other places, were going to catch a few more watches and patrols, and make more liberties with one another. The many different companies were formed

before going aboard ship for transportation south. They were later reformed again and again. The ship that was to carry us to Nicaragua was the U. S. S. "Oglala," and she sailed from Hampton Roads on the morning of the 10th of January, 1928.

After plowing the briny deep for three days, we made a short stop at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to transfer a sick man to the U. S. S. "Mercy." We then continued our trip for a few more days, arriving at the Canal on the fifteenth. The remainder of the day was spent going through to Balboa. We stopped at Balboa for the night, leaving early the next morning for Corinto. At the end of eight sailing days we arrived at our destination. Then began the heavy work that is most generally assigned the Marines in unloading a ship. Our outfit drew its share, since it was the largest company.

Of course, all felt a lot better, knowing they were at the end of their journey, so they turned to and soon had the ship unloaded and were all set to start for the interior to take part in the hunt for Sandino.

We finally were assigned a train to go to the small town, Chinandega, which we had drawn out of the shuffle. Not a very pretty spot, but it was something. The place had been almost blown to pieces before we got there, and as we could not do much more damage than was already done, we had a nice, peaceful little rest. The majority of us had been over most of the world, but we have yet to find a place that can throw

more dust in your face and in your "chow" than the winds of Chinandega. We believe that Chinandega means Dusty City, and if it does not, then someone made a mistake, a very sad one, in not naming it such.

Nothing much happened in Chinandega and our stay was short. We then boarded a train for Leon. Now, Leon is a little more pleasant than Chinandega, but we were kept quite busy with different little details that had to be attended to, "as most usually is the way," so the time passed much faster. We had thought we were settled for a while, but again we were mistaken. This time the bottom of things seemed to drop out. The Second Machine Gun Company was ordered to various points and this outfit, the Second Platoon, which is now a mounted outfit, was ordered to a little burg up in the hills called El Sauce, or, as we call it, "Applesauce." The rest of the outfit was sent to a very nice place called Matagalpa, and they had the good fortune of having a railroad and trucks to get there in. We were not so lucky. We were given eight bull-carts loaded down with supplies and six horses to be used as a mounted point. The rest of the men had to hike the seventy-two miles that we had to make. Now, a lot of the readers of this story will understand our situation, but for the benefit of the ones who do not, I

will give them an idea of what we went through. We left Leon on the eleventh and went about eight miles into the hills. There we camped over Sunday, because these people will not work on that day. Monday afternoon at 2:00 p. m. we got under way, and at 7:00 a. m. Wednesday morning we arrived in El Sauce. Now, if you can mention anything that is as bad as bull-cart roads and mountains to hike over, I would like to know about it. It was a man killing job, but we made it, for we have a fine bunch of men. We had to hike from 2:00 p. m. to 11:00 p. m. and from 4:00 a. m. to 9:00 a. m., until we had made the seventy-two miles it required to get here. Now that we are here, we are trying to establish ourselves as kings of the town, but so far have made little progress. Our main duty is to form liaison with other Marines at San Juan de la Limay, which is about 45 miles away. There is a small town between us and each of us send mounted patrols that meet at this place, Achuapa, to exchange small town talk and other little secrets that Marines usually do exchange when they meet. So far everything is running along fine, but we don't know just how long that is going to last.

Well, adios, friends, this is all for this time. You will probably hear from us later on.

NEWS OF THE LEATHERNECKS AT AIR STATION, PEN-SACOLA

Our new 1st Sgt., Tivey, is now on the job. Seems to be a fine man for the barracks. Top Tivey is married and has two children; so he will probably stay in the barracks more than our former top, "Shiek" Dessau.

We are very glad to notice that the Navy, as represented by Corry Field, has come to the knowledge that Marines are good for something if only to fight fire. Thanks for the implied compliment.

Quartermaster Sergeant Woods is experimenting on something or other. He left his motor running for two hours the other morning and then tried to blame a cook for using up his gas.

Lieutenant Becker is strutting a new Chrysler. These flyers just have to get something to move fast in when they aren't flying.

The Marines finally won the three game series from the High School—two to one. Reckon we were lucky in that a couple of High School's star players were out of the game.

Word has been received that Gunnery Sergeants Davey and Greer, with Corporals Herron and Woolsey, are to be transferred from the West Coast to this station for flight training.

McCord, the short time clerk, is getting ready to shove off for a colder climate. He is working on the radio still tho' and every now and then we have music in the air around the barracks.

Last Friday night the basketball team won very handily from Newport 51 to 22.

Thursday night they won from Barancas Juniors.

CHANGES IN REGULATIONS ON FIRING OF PISTOL COURSE

Article 5-11 (2), Marine Corps Manual, relative to the firing of the pistol course by officers and enlisted men has been amended by circular letter No. 46 to read as follows:

The course prescribed in Army Training Regulations for the pistol shall be fired each year by all officers of the line of the Marine Corps of and below the rank of major, all enlisted men above the rank of sergeant and all field musics. Other officers are authorized but not required to fire the pistol course. All other enlisted men (except members of the



U. S. Marines guarding installation at the Standard Oil Company's fire, Tientsin, China.

Marine Band, and messengers and clerks stationed in offices at Headquarters, at depots of supplies, and of other staff offices) shall fire the pistol course once during an enlistment; and after firing the regular pistol course once shall fire a modified pistol course once each year thereafter in accordance with instructions published in Marine Corps Orders.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN CHINA FOR CPL. RICHARD T. NEWLANDS

The funeral of Corporal Richard Taylor Newlands took place at the Waller Billet 10th Regiment on Monday afternoon at 2:30. Chaplain Dr. Gotschall of the 3rd Brigade U. S. M. C., officiated at the services. The pallbearers, honorary pallbearers and firing squad were from the deceased's own battery, the 13th Battery 10th Regiment.

The deceased was 40 years of age; he succumbed at the Brigade Hospital on January 21 at 8:55 a. m., the cause being double pneumonia. He was born February 20, 1888, in Kingston, Ont., Canada, and joined the Marine Corps in May, 1916. For the last three years he has served with the Tenth Regiment.

Among the many wreaths were two from the 13th Battery, one each from the Service Battery, Headquarters Battery, 6th Battery, 1st Battery, Sgt. Majors office and one from the Century of Cornelius.

GY. SGT. J. HENNESSEY DIES IN TIENSIN OF PNEUMONIA

The funeral service over Gunnery Sergeant J. Hennessey of the Marine Expeditionary Force in Tientsin, better known among his friends as "Spike," who died at the Marine hospital following an attack of pneumonia which he contracted during the fire fight at the Socony premises, was performed at the Recreation Billet on Taku Road, members of the various Marine contingents attending. The cortege of the deceased is to be taken back to his home in San Francisco on the first available steamer.

The pall bearers were: 1st St. D. W. Brosan, 1st Sgt. A. H. Steele, Acting 1st Sgt. I. M. Ward, G. Y. Sgt. J. E. Buckley, G. Y. Sgt. E. J. Kaminski, G. Y. Sgt. F. Robinson.

Deceased was formerly a member of the 84th Company, 1st Battalion, 12th Regiment. He had been in the U. S. Marine Corps for 12 years, and had also served in the Army. He is survived by his wife in San Francisco, whom he married shortly before he came to China.

It is believed that the disease of Sgt. Hennessey was contracted during the fire at the Socony premises, when he was detailed to keep watch. Despite advice of his friends to retire from duty in view of his illness, he continued patrolling until late in the night. He was later removed to the Marine hospital on Woodrow Wilson Road, where, after several days, he succumbed.

Wreaths were presented by various marine groups.

The 12th Regiment band played during the ceremony.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS By "TaBob"

Private Tom Atkinson, Jr., joined the Adjutant and Inspector's Department from the West Coast, and is assigned to the records division on adjusted compensation work.

The personnel of Headquarters was shocked at the death of Private First Class Charles Arthur Burton, who died at Garfield Hospital, Washington, on February 28, 1928, of glioma prefrontal cerebral lobe. He had 14 years of service, in the Marine Corps, 10 years at Headquarters and was assigned to duty in the file division. He is survived by a widow, Mrs. Isabel I. Burton, 1926 New Hampshire Avenue, Northwest, Apartment 44, Washington, D. C. Interment was at Arlington National Cemetery and practically every member of the Adjutant and Inspector's Department attended to pay their last respects.

Mackey, the "honey boy," is strutting around these days. It's a boy (or girl), and Mackey's proud of himself.

"Sprig is cobig"—Noble Wilson is shining up his massies, niblicks, etc.—Larimore and Chris Bartley have given Ledous and Edith Brown a "reducing"

lesson on the concrete courts. Jane Blakeney is learning to drive the Chevrolet, Fay Morgenstein is saying how much she is going to bowl "next year," and so on and etc., several times more.

Major Thacher says he lost eight pounds in less than that many weeks in Nicaragua. Edith Brown was figuring that with about four years down there she could—

Yes, Ken Hyatt is still married—and he also seems to have lost that aptness for poetry—a brilliant mind ruined. Such is life.

The bowling season is on its last legs. With Bob O'Toole back again the "Lanes," named after our popular "A&I," are out for blood; they've been in a slump, and aim to make up for it in a last-minute upward sprint. The bowling dope follows:

Team Standing.	Pct.	H.G.	H.S.
Richards650	528	1553
Lejeune614	559	1577
Neville614	523	1532
Lane547	574	1546
McCawley-Fuller412	520	1499
Williams-Butler380	540	1516

LEAGUE RECORDS

1st high team game—Lane.....	574
2nd high team game—Lejeune.....	559
1st high team set—Lejeune.....	1577
2nd high team set—Richards.....	1553
1st high individual game—Duffy.....	163
2nd high individual game—Roes.....	149
1st high individual set—Richardson.....	374
2nd high individual set—Brigham.....	362

The Girls' Marine team in the Federal League has won its last six games, and is putting up a game fight to be in the money. For a first year team they have done well. The members and their averages follow:

Edith Brown	92
Fay Morgenstein	89
Mary Edenton	88
Irene Scott	88
Kitty Kinnear	84
Anna McGoldrick	81

"Radio Giles" is back—full of pep—radio energy—electrons—induction—heterodynes—frequency—and what not. As the official radio doctor of Headquarters he was welcomed back to duty.

William H. Thompson, of the Division of Operations and Training, was retired on March 15, with the rank of Staff Sergeant, having a total of over thirty years' service, all in the U. S. Marine Corps.

Mark J. Abribat, of the target practice section, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant, vice Sergeant Thompson, retired. Now we know he can afford to buy that home he's been dickering for out in Woodridge. Congratulations.

OLD TIMERS NOTICE!

Who Knows the Original Words of the Marine Corps Hymn?

The Major General Commandant is anxious to secure the original words of the Marine Corps Hymn. The original hymn verses were composed around 1900 in the Philippines and China by members of Major Waller's command. If any of our readers have the original version we would be very glad to have them forward it to the Editor of The Leatherneck, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

CHARLIE SHULTZ, MARINES' FRIEND, DIES IN PEKING

A Chinese who, in his own humble way had adopted the United States Marines in Peking as his special friends, is being mourned in Peking today. For Charlie Shultz died the 12th of February at about four o'clock in the afternoon. He had been in very bad health for the last two years or so, and for most of that time his well known place of business had been closed, though with the assistance of his brothers he conducted a flourishing garage at what former Pekingites will remember as the New Republic Hotel.

He is survived by his father, five brothers and one son. He will be buried



CHARLIE SHULTZ
Well-known to Marines who have
served in Peking

in the family cemetery at Tientsin, the 3rd of March.

Charlie Shultz, whose Chinese name probably was a mystery to all of his occidental friends, was for many years in the restaurant business here, and maintained an establishment on Chuan Pan hutung, and it was at No. 44 on that street that he passed away. Right up to the day of his death he was constantly visited by the older school of the Legation guard. His passing was marked by sincere sorrow among those to whose comfort he had catered since 1905.

Charlie never waxed rich at his trade, but he won the esteem of his uniformed clientele because of "square dealing" and likeable personality.

Old timers among the non-coms transferred to other depots, who occasionally returned to Peking, never failed to look up Charlie, and they declare that many a man in a higher walk of life would be proud of the great capacity for friendship enjoyed by him. Among the wreaths at the funeral of this obscure innkeeper undoubtedly will be at least one from his blue-coated admirers.

PEARL HARBOR PUBLICITY

By Allyn H. Wright, U. S. M. C.

The Marine rifle range for the Pearl Harbor Leathernecks, located at Puuloa Point, is now equipped with electric light and power. Heretofore it has been necessary to use lanterns, but now the

men can enjoy another one of the comforts of life.

A power plant was recently put up at the range, under the direction of Corporal George Mitchell. The new building, which was designed by Quartermaster Sergeant Frank Harris, is 14x18 feet in size and contains General Electric equipment.

The Pearl Harbor Marine Dance Orchestra, under the leadership of First Sergeant Leland L. Brigham, recently presented a fine program over the Honolulu broadcasting station of KGU. This was the first time that many of the boys had ever faced a microphone, and now, they want to go again. Their program included fourteen numbers.

The following men took part in the broadcasted program: 1st Sergeant L. L. Brigham, leader and sax; V. D. King, sax and clarinet; R. A. Hess, first trumpet; E. L. Williford, second trumpet; L. M. Parkinson, bass; W. G. Krumpholtz, trombone; L. L. Helcl, banjo; T. J. Dooley, piano; and E. C. Redding, traps.

One of the most popular non-coms at the Pearl Harbor Marine barracks, and none other than Mail Sergeant John C. Puce, has had his technical sergeant's warrant changed to a regular warrant. (We failed to get a cigar, however.)

The band at Pearl Harbor is improving in popularity. Every other Friday evening they play a concert at the Navy yard Y. M. C. A. A fine variety of musical numbers is always offered by First Sergeant Leland L. Brigham, their bandmaster, who deserves much commendation for the manner in which he has improved the band. Many of the men now in the band were just beginners when they entered, and they can now perform remarkably well, due to the coaching of friend Brigham.

Many members of the band qualified as sharpshooters and expert riflemen when they shot the range at Puuloa Point in March. On record days, when men from the Pearl Harbor barracks fired for record the bandsman would work in the butts pulling targets.

LEATHERNECK HEADS COMMUNITY DRIVE

The Saginaw Board of Commerce in preparation for considerable industrial expansion faced by the city of Saginaw, Michigan, prepared a budget of activities that requires an increase in income from thirty thousand to forty-five thousand dollars annually. A team organization composed of 187 young business men secured the desired goal. Beginning at an early-bird breakfast at seven-thirty o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, March 6th, the army advanced until Friday evening, March 9th, when they reported a total of over forty-six thousand dollars subscribed.

The army was in command of Colonel Chester L. Fordney, a former Marine officer, and was organized in six divisions each headed by a major, many of whom are ex-service men serving their community in time of peace as loyally as they served their country during the war. Colonel Fordney designated his divisions as follows: Machine Gunners, Tanks, Dough Boys, One Pounders, Grenadiers and Moppers Up. The prize for the greatest total was won by the Moppers

Up, whose ranks included James A. Spence, also a former Marine.

In addition to securing funds necessary to carry out a large civic program, the work of the army was instrumental in increasing local civic pride to an extent never before attained. Much credit for this splendid achievement is due to the efficient manner in which Colonel Fordney conducted his campaign.

MAJOR McCLELLAN MAKES MANY SPEECHES

In the interests of Marine Corps publicity in general, Major Edwin North McClellan, in charge of the Recruiting District of Portland, Oregon, made many addresses and speeches since he reported at Portland on February 7, 1928. Among them were the following:

February 16th he addressed the Portland Army Reserve Officers' Association on the subject of "Foreign Policies and National Defense," at the Multnomah Hotel, Portland, Oregon.

February 17th he said a few words at the regular meeting of the Sojourners' Club at the Hotel Nortonia, Portland, Oregon.

February 27th he addressed Roosevelt Lodge, A. F. & A. M., at Portland, giving the history of the Marines in the State of Oregon.

March 1st he spoke before the Salem (Oregon) Advertising Club on "Marine Corps Publicity and the lack of adequate publicity for Oregon," at Hotel Marion, Salem.

March 7th he addressed the Albert Lincoln Harlow Detachment, Marine Corps League, on the subject of the "Marine Corps and the Monroe Doctrine."

March 7th he said a few words at the monthly meeting of the Portland Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association on Marine Corps Reserve matters, at the dining room at the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

March 9th he made a speech before the Walla Walla (Washington) Ad Club on the subject of "The Coming Ad Club's Convention at Honolulu and Publicity for Pacific Coast States and Cities."

MARINE CORPS CRACK SHOTS RECEIVE AWARDS

On April 1, 1928, the following members of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol teams received coat sweaters as awards.

Major Marion B. Humphrey, U. S. M. C.; Captain Joseph Jackson, U. S. M. C.; Captain Jacob Lienhard, U. S. M. C.; First Lieutenant Raymond T. Presnell, U. S. M. C.; First Lieutenant William J. Whaling, U. S. M. C.; First Lieutenant Lewis A. Hohn, U. S. M. C.; Second Lieutenant Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C.; Second Lieutenant Alan T. Hunt, U. S. M. C.; Gunnery Sergeant Morris Fisher, U. S. M. C.; Gunnery Sergeant Henry M. Bailey, U. S. M. C.; Gunnery Sergeant John Bayley, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant August W. Carlson, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant Henry P. Crowe, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant Joseph F. Hankins, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant James R. Tucker, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant Harry L. Nason, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant Oren J. Tobey, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant Russell F. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C.; Sergeant John W. Thomas, U. S. M. C.

STATION "AIRS" BROADCASTING

Sgt. I. Schneider, U. S. M. C.

At the "Mike."

Good evening, everybody!

We weren't on the air for last month's broadcast, but we hope to more than make up for this by giving you, in detail, the events and interesting sidelights comprising the activities of our aviators who participated in an aerial demonstration at the dedication ceremonies at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, on Washington's birthday.

On the 20th six Curtiss Hawks, under command of Major Louis M. Bourne, Jr., left this station enroute to Tampa, Florida, to participate in the dedication of the airport of that city. Beside Major Bourne, the following officers made the trip: Lieutenants Lawson H. Sanderson,



LIEUT L. H. M. SANDERSON

Called "The Mad Marine" in stunt flying at Tampa.

son, Horace D. Palmer, Horace D. Busbey, William O. Brice and William W. Conway. The trip South was made without incident and with two stops for servicing, one at Fayetteville, N. C., and the other at Jacksonville, Florida, all the ships made their destination the same day.

Colonel William C. Harlee flew down from Washington with Captain Ford O. Rogers in an OC-1. Clarence Chamberlain, George Haldeman, and other civilian entrants were present as were also observation and pursuit planes from Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama, and torpedo and bombing planes from the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida.

The pilots were cordially received and enthusiastically entertained by the citizens of Tampa. In return the citizens received aerial entertainment that they never will forget.

Four of our Hawks entered a pursuit race and Lieutenant William W. (Pop) Conway came out with flying colors. Did the other three try hard, Pop?

Entering his OC-1 in a race for observation type planes, Captain Ford O. Rogers took first place.

Major Bourne and Lieutenant Sanderson made several interesting talks on aviation before various civic clubs. Lieu-

tenant Sanderson remarked that after the first couple of talks he was able to make a "spiel" without any difficulty and in such manner as though it were an every-day occurrence.

It was at this meet that the ever alert Sandy gained the sobriquet of "The Mad Marine." While we will not tell you in our own words how he won the plaudits of the Tampa citizenry (we are modest and he happens to be our squadron commander) we leave it to you to cast your eyes on this bit of poetry written by a citizen of Tampa while witnessing the performance of Sandy in his red-nosed Hawk:

"The Mad Marine"

Tampa—To Lieutenant L. H. Sanderson, U. S. M. C.

Silver winged wonder of the air, flying in sunset's glow,
Holder of a trophy fair, with admiring crowds below;
You conquer all in sight, with miraculous feats,
You thrill when almost night, those who gather at the meets;
You hurtle your metal steed down, till spectators catch their breath,
Then gathering speed you pull around, and race from the jaws of death;
You toss your plane in a barrel roll, to pull out in harmless glide,
You turn loops in a manner droll, then race along madly on your side;
You make the Immelman seem like play, yet 'tis the height of a pilot's art,
You gather the honors of the day, in your two-wheeled, two-winged cart.
You to the four winds throw your life, just for the sake of a name;
Or isn't it true you fly as you do, just for the love of the game?
You need not bother, "Mad Marine," we know about what you will do,
You'll put a "yes" to the question last, now answer us—isn't that true?
—R. EUGENE LAMSON.

And as if that were not enough, the newspapers of Tampa were loud in their unstinted praise of our hero and here we quote an editorial of the "Tampa Tribune":

"The Acrobat of The Air."

"Lieutenant L. H. Sanderson, U. S. M. C., does not believe in the law of gravitation. For him it does not exist. Newton's falling apple was all right in its way and demonstrated a principle which has been generally accepted ever since—but that was before the Wright brothers proved that a thing heavier than the air could stay in the air. It was before man's genius and daring had qualified Sir Isaac's law by showing that it could not be defied.

"This Lieutenant Sanderson gave tens of thousands of neck-twisting groundlings the thrill of their lives Wednesday afternoon, when he 'performed' as a part of the program of the airport opening. IF LINDBERGH IS THE LONE EAGLE OF THE AIR, SANDERSON IS ITS PREMIER ACROBAT. With only a bit of framework and mechanism to sustain him, this Quantic daredevil executed feats in the ambient atmosphere which 999,999 out of a million human beings could not attempt on a solid foundation of terra-firma without breaking a limb or a neck.

"We have seen the loops and turns and dives with which aviators are accus-

tomed to entertaining the stunt-loving public—but the performance of Lieutenant Sanderson was far beyond anything we believed possible. Almost directly beneath the aerial 'ring' in which he was exhibiting, we were tempted, more than once, to 'run for cover.' There is something almost superhuman in the skill by which a mere man can shoot himself and his fragile craft earthward at two or more miles a minute and, touching the tree tops, just as we are nerving ourselves to see and hear the inevitable crash, amazingly swerve out of the jaws of death and again climb up, up and up, until the mechanical bird becomes a speck in the heavens. And this was only one feature of the startling 'act' which the Lieutenant presented for gaping, incredulous spectators.

"Only 'stunts,' you say—exhibition—no practical use. But, somehow, we are glad that there are Sandersons who can show ordinary mortals something of that same type of courage and daring which pushed the prows of the early discoverers into unknown seas, which first penetrated the unmapped wilds and climbed the forbidding mountains. As long as humankind can be thrilled, the heroic spirit of adventure and discovery is not dead and greater achievements are possible."

After all, it is the people who saw Sandy "do his stuff" who are making up this part of the "Broadcast" and one can readily see how and why the intrepid ace won the immense cup for the most popular plane and pilot at the meet.

Upon the completion of the Tampa meet, and after a day or two or rest, the planes flew to St. Petersburg, Florida, where on the 27th and 28th another meet was held. Although there were no races for military planes at this meet the Marine planes were highly popular and here again "The Mad Marine" did his stuff to the delight of the spectators.

The return flight was made on the 29th with a stop at Jacksonville, Florida, for servicing. While enroute from Jacksonville to Fayetteville, N. C., Lieutenant Conway was forced down by a broken water pump about ten miles out of Charleston, S. C. The other planes made the trip to Fayetteville without incident. On the following day these planes returned to this station. Lieutenant Conway, after repairing his water pump was able to continue his flight from Charleston on the 2nd, arriving in Quantico the same day. As a matter of recording, the first "crack out of the box" he made on landing and taxiing over to the hangar was, "God, but I'm glad to be back." And then the band struck up the tunes of "Home, Sweet Home," AIN'T THAT RIGHT, POP?

Several officers have joined this station receiving instructions preliminary to their attendance at the next class at Pensacola. Several of the enlisted men are also receiving this preliminary instruction.

The boys turned out in their best blues to participate in Washington's Birthday celebration in Alexandria, Virginia, on the 22nd.

Machine guns and bomb racks are being mounted on all the Hawks and it won't be long before the gunnery practices will be under way.

The basketball league of the post came to an abrupt end and the schedule never was completed. Of the two aviation teams, Aviation "A" had a chance to tie for first place. As it was the First Regiment quintet was on top when the league ceased as such and as long as they didn't win anything in the line of a trophy or such, just who the Post champions were remains a mystery.

Upon the breaking up of the Post League, one team to represent the field was organized and games were scheduled and played with various "outside" teams. Of all the games played, the one played at Fort Humphries on the eve of March 1st was the most thrilling. Our team came out second best and was on the short end of a 22-20 score. But that does not half tell the story. Both teams played steady, consistent, and hard basketball. The referee was the fairest, squarest, and most impartial official we have ever seen in that capacity. And with not a single "boo" from the crowd, the entire atmosphere of the game in all its aspects, was the cleanest we have ever witnessed. We take our hats off to the Fort Humphries boys and in another game we have scheduled with them on our own courts we trust to turn the tables. After the game, the players enjoyed a service dance held in the Service Club. "Red" Fischer, "Bull" Siever and Jess Steele played basketball like we never saw before and "Hal" Vincent, "Chick" Harmon and Snyder gave of their best, too.

Oh, yes, of course the boys remember "Salty" May. The folks of Observation Squadron Nine-M surely should. Well then, "Salty" is a benedict and since his better half has been addressing him as "Salty," he claims that he is going to instruct her to stop using that soubriquet and that from now on she will have to address him as "Mr. May." Tell us how it works, will you, Salty?

We have one on the sergeant-major, too. But we won't tell it all, Lang. Is the rubber dater set for "1928" now? We noticed "1927" on some of the correspondence.

We missed Jordan's dope on the doings in Nicaragua and hope that like ourselves he has found time to tell us a few things. We may have told too much, in which event we will hear about it, eventually.

Now we sign off, awaiting the opening of the baseball season, and, by the way, we will have to try some new ones so that we can get away to see some of the games.

Good night, everybody!

INCREASED RANK FOR U. S. M. C. COMMANDANT SUGGESTED

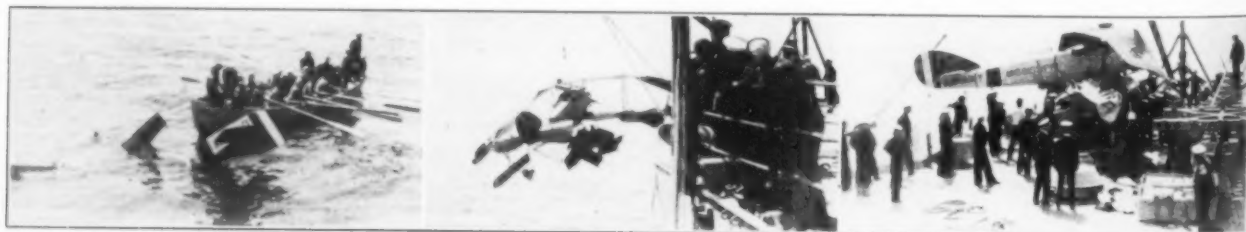
In conjunction with the discussion for increased rank for the Chief of Staff of the Army and the Commanding Generals of the Departments, recommendations will be submitted to the House Naval Affairs Committee to accord the Major General Commandant the rank of Lieutenant General. The matter has been informally considered and it is felt that in the event of favorable action on the Army measure this rank should be given to General Lejeune as head of a separate military organization. Advocates of the plan point out that the duties and responsibilities of the Major General Commandant are commensurate with those of the highest commands in the Army, as he has command of 18,000 men on duty in all parts of the globe and is called upon to coordinate widely varied activities. In addition, the fact that the Marines are utilized to protect American life and property in foreign countries are given as an additional argument for the increased rank.

It is felt that the proposal will meet with much favor on the Hill, not only on its merits, but in view of the personal equation involved. General Lejeune has won an enviable position as a soldier and administrator which is universally recognized. Both in the House and Senate he has many friends and admirers who would like to see real recognition given him for his war services.

—Army-Navy Journal.

VACANCIES IN CLASS III RESERVE

Due to discharges from Class III, Fleet Marine Corps Reserves, there will be a number of vacancies in this class to be filled prior to the end of the fiscal year, July 1, 1928. Headquarters desires Commanding Officers to make every effort to get desirable men of the first six pay grades, Private First Class and above, whose enlistments expire prior to the above mentioned date, to apply for assignment to this class of the Reserve.



Result of a shot from an air catapult; due, it is believed, to a faulty rudder.

MARINES OF U. S. S. "WEST VIRGINIA" CHAMPIONS OF BATTLE FLEET

Whaleboat Crew Takes First Place in Races Feb. 25; Gains 40 Points Toward Iron Man.

The Marine whaleboat crew of the U. S. S. "West Virginia" took the Battle Fleet by surprise and trooped across the line a winner in the annual races held at San Pedro. The winning crew just nosed out the U. S. S. "Maryland" aggregation, thereby bringing the Marine Challenge Cup to the "West Virginia's" athletic museum and garnering a total of forty points toward the Iron Man Trophy.

Sergeants Beaird and Newcomer of the Marine detachment had the crew under their wings, and after many weeks of hitting the weights and pulling the oars the champs were set to make a good showing.

The race itself was as close and exciting as could be desired. The weather was made to order, and could not have been better. There was little or no sea running, with a slight breeze that cooled off the atmosphere. The "Idaho" got the lead at the start, with the "California" and "Pennsylvania" close behind her in second and third places. The "California," however, by taking a short fast stroke crawled into the lead, over the "Idaho's" long stroke. All the boats were so closely massed at the end of the first quarter mile that it was hard to pick the leaders. One writer picked the "West Virginia" as holding third place over the "Pennsylvania" at this point.

Then, by a spurt consisting of a short, hard stroke, the "West Virginia" crept ahead and soon had open water behind her and second place, and at the same time the "Maryland" spurted up to fourth place and then slowly crawled in to second place. The "California" was by this time worn down by their fast pace and dropped back; leaving the "West Virginia" in the lead with the "Maryland" and "Idaho" fighting for second place. And in this way they crossed the finish line, but with the "Maryland" carrying the edge.

Order of finish for Marine Whaleboat race: "West Virginia," "Maryland," "Idaho," "California" and "New Mexico" tied for fourth place, "Pennsylvania," "New York," "Tennessee," "Colorado." Unofficial time: 16 minutes, 45 seconds.

The winning Marine crew were as follows: G. Sgt. E. F. Beaird, coxswain; Sgt. J. C. Newcomer, Pfc. F. B. Manzer, Pfc. L. G. Sanders, Pfc. C. H. Scoonover, Pfc. A. T. Wicks, Pfc. W. H. Coker, Pfc. H. O. Standley, Pfc. C. E. Reece, Pfc. J. W. Millard, Cpl. O. Venohr, Pfc. A. H. Thorson; Pfc. C. G. Fredericks.

Perhaps most readers will recall that the Marine crew of this same detachment won the challenge cup last year. In presenting the trophy the Commander in Chief, Battle Fleet, remarked that he was always glad to present a trophy to a ship that has not been winning, because that showed a turn for the better, but that he was particularly glad to present one to a ship that had been holding it, because that showed that it was continuing to maintain the high spirit that it had taken originally to gain it.

Successful Contestant Appreciates Signal Honor Conferred on Him by Winning Our Prize Contest No. 2

7 March, 1928.

My Dear Editor:

Thanks for the check for ten dollars (\$10.00) and the championship. Having been designated the "Champion Liar" of the U. S. Marine Corps for February, 1928, as per your notification of the 28th ult., I presume the proper thing would be to rest upon my laurels and give the many other good liars in the Marine Corps a chance. However, I have always preferred a "fighting champion" and hereby serve notice that I am more than willing to defend my crown monthly, so long as the Leatherneck cares to continue these contests. And may the best "Liar" win every time.

Yours truly,

MURL CORBETT,
Captain, U. S. Marine Corps.

"PORT-AU-PRINCE"

By Frenchy S.

Spilling the latest dope on Port au Prince, Haiti, it goes something like this:

Our Service Baseball League is still battling to see who's going to grab the famous Howat Trophy, which is well worth fighting for, and believe me, if the Headquarters boys ever get their mitts on it, and to hear what some of them have to say, well, "Dardanus may have drank from a golden cup on his being the Son of Jupiter of Arcadia, and Mythical ancestor of the Royal Family of Troy," but he won't have anything on our mythical boys here. As it is, it now seems as if the flying Nine "M" won't let anybody step on their toes, and for all that, they've got the goods on us, because, as they say, there's no walking around once up.

Mr. J. S. Howat, a British commercial agent, residing in Port au Prince, Haiti, wishing to show his appreciation of ath-

letics in the service, has presented the First Brigade, U. S. Marine Corps, with this loving cup to be in eternal competition for baseball. The following is the standing of the teams up to January 30, 1928, with ten games to go.

Aviation—Played 10, won 8, lost 1, tied 1. Regiment—Played 10, won 7, lost 2, tied 1. Brigade—Played 10, won 5, lost 5, tied 0. Gendarmerie—Played 12, won 6, lost 6, tied 0. M. Transport—Played 9, won 4, lost 5, tied 0.

The league leading team lost their one game to the 2nd Regiment in a most spectacular ball game witnessed so far—three hits, one error and the game was won.

Another tournament in Haiti, which is very interesting for both spectators and players, altho the enlisted men are not taking part, the old saying goes on: "The Marines have the situation well in hand," is the polo tournament for the High Commissioner's Trophy, now held by the Gendarmerie. The tournament opened up on Sunday, 22 January, 1928, and is composed of three teams, viz: Gendarmerie, Civilians and Brigade, the tournament being of six matches, each team playing the other team twice.

Coming to theater stuff, Port au Prince is getting on the map on that side, and if some of you "side-kicks" are second "Thomas," well, you should have been here to see the vaudeville show given on the 26 and 27 of January. It was for the benefit of the American Schools where a fund is being established to assist in the education of the children of the enlisted men. Few more shows like it and everyone down here will be wishing they could go to school. Anyway, we saw real talent performing, all of it under the able direction of Mrs. John H. Russell. The programme was a "corker," our little Nelli of the Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters would make Sbyko and Geroux eat their ties when it comes to lifting and barring, and, by the way, our little Nelli, I believe, is getting a bit over the 290-pound mark. (Yes, Lieutenant Eldridge.) "Oh, pork, beware, beware." And like a leader, Nelli had his helpers, in Zowie Phillips and little Laura, and the half-ton, I mean the half-pint pesee doesn't worry Zowie and Laura a bit.

Then we had Sweet Kitty Glockner (fresh from her triumph at the Pont Beudet Hippodrome), umph, talent? She has got barrels of it.

No use to depict every number of the show, but one thing is, that every member of the occupation in Haiti extend their sincere thanks to all members of the "BIZOTON FOLLIES" and to Mrs. Russell, personally, for entertaining us with such a good show and everyone is hoping for more like it soon.



Col. Lindbergh, American High Commissioner, President of Haiti, Officials of American Military Occupation, and Personnel of Observation Squadron 9M. Taken by Cpl. W. E. Harrison during Col. Lindbergh's recent good will tour.

THE FIGHTING SIXTH REGIMENT HOLD INTERESTING EXHIBIT

It is now one year since the Third Brigade took the field in North China. And perhaps the greatest difficulties we have experienced have been those of becoming acclimated and adjusted.

We arrived at Tientsin with 3000 men during the hottest time of the year and, to add to that, Tientsin experienced the hottest summer it has known for years. Our men suffered most I believe as we had just spent a month at sea and came from our own native climate in Spring. Though it was hot at sea, we always had plenty of fresh air and a breeze which afforded a great relief. Too, we were suddenly put ashore in the hottest time of the year during an unusually hot summer and I do not exaggerate when I say that I have never seen, nor has anybody, I am sure, seen a greater display of patience and morale. Naturally our hardest work existed right after we landed. Having to house 3000 men, feed them, be always on the alert for trouble, and always busy checking back and checking up to collect and inventory property which had been loaded, unloaded, and reloaded a dozen times and on the move for six weeks.

It seemed indeed like a hell of a war. I mention all this because the Brigade indeed deserves great credit for the way it "put out," from the General and his Staff right down to the No. 4 rear rank Private in the last squad of the last platoon of the last company of the last Battalion of the last Regiment of the Brigade.

The end of November found all men well housed in billets for the winter and, of course, by that time we all felt more settled and things were in good running order.

But all this time all these matters had by no means been taken up with a mad house scurrying about, for in the first month we were here we got right down to business and each day was routine by a rigid, intensive training schedule specially prepared by the staff of the Brigade. Each regiment to take care of the training of all units from the everlasting and essential training of infantry to the minutest detail of special units, and so the personal comfort of the men, their living conditions, and the routine of equipment and care of property was all an additional issue and was done and done well, aside from daily training period.

Such intensive training and work will readily call out the worth and value of any organization. And of course, if the organization is worth a tinker's cuss it will soon display a high standard of efficiency and its members will be in an excellent state of morale. Do you think anyone will doubt that the 3rd Brigade is worth a tinker's cuss? If

you find any such doubter just inform him that the Commanding General of the 3rd Brigade has as always led his men and organized them very soundly and efficiently and that today the 3rd Brigade stands known as the largest, most complete and most efficient body of Marines since the World War and the highest state of morale is its foundation.

All this is perhaps the biggest reason for having held our exhibition. It was soon found a keen and intense competitive spirit amongst each unit of the Brigade. It became so intensive and was such a constant source of argument and disagreement among members of different units that, rather than have blows struck between friends, the General advised a display of each unit's efficiency and the most complete and interesting military exhibit was the result.

First in importance is the visit of our American Minister, the Honorable Mr. MacMurray, who inspected us January 24th and 25th. Mr. MacMurray made a detailed inspection of the New Recreation on Taku Road on the 24th.



Reviewing stand at Brigade Exhibition, China—(1) Colonel Davis, (2) Charge d'Affaires, (3) General Butler, (4) Lt. Col. Miller, (5) wife of Charge d'Affaires, (6) Lt. Col. Archer.

The winners of the competition inspection on the day before acted as the Guard of Honor. These included Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 6th Regiment and Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 6th Regiment.

Every company in the Brigade had an exhibit except the Infantry companies. They had a combined Infantry Equipment exhibit from all the companies in the Sixth.

The exhibits from the entire Brigade included everything from plane equipment to field guns. An especially good exhibit was a camouflaged "75" and caisson. Another was a dugout depicting the P. C. 6th Regiment's war-time quarters. The canteen exhibit from the 12th Regiment made a big hit also. The "Hot Dogs" and "Java" they furnished gratis sure hit the right spot. The four Machine Gun Companies, 73rd, 81st, 29th

and 15th were undoubtedly outstanding. Civilian and military men of all ranks and nationality admitted that they were the most beautiful guns they had ever had the pleasure of seeing. Gun muzzles, dials, trunnion blocks, ammunition, hub caps and other parts were shined enough to "shame the sun." Green, black, red and yellow paints were used in alluring combinations on carts, ammunition boxes, water cans and tripods.

An interesting attraction in the 73rd section were two beautiful sea and landscape scenes painted on the wall by Private Burton, assisted by Private First Class Wentworth. The scenes were of Marines in action. The seascape, of a 37 M.M. repelling a landing party. The landscape showed a trench mortar or 3-inch Stokes in action against entrenched troops.

The awarding of first place was no easy task but it was finally given to the 73rd Machine Gun Company of the First Battalion, Sixth, on the basis of strictly "military uniformity and readiness for action." The 73rd is commanded by Captain R. L. Montague, an expert machine gunner and well liked, not only by his own men, but by the entire Battalion.

After the inspection of the recreation center, Mr. MacMurray inspected the men of the Brigade in a parade and review. The men were marched directly from the parade to the recreation center, where the Minister was formally introduced by General Butler.

Mr. MacMurray particularly complimented the Marines on their exemplary conduct and military efficiency as shown during a trying expedition and often under unfavorable handicaps.

The Battalion taking most honors was the First Battalion of the Sixth Regiment, Captain Leroy P. Hunt commanding.

The Sixth Regiment took first place in competition with the Twelfth Regiment Band. The winning band is directed by Sergeant "Charlie" Davis, one of the most popular "Non Coms" in the Brigade.

On Wednesday, the 25th, we had an entrucking problem. The call to arms went about 10:30 a. m. By 10:45 we had our blanket rolls rolled and combat packs made up and had fallen out. By 11:00 the trucks were loaded and ready to start for the scene of action.

The prize winning organizations were as follows: Regimental Headquarters Company, 12th Regt.; Regimental Bands, 6th Regt.; Infantry Company, 12th Regt.; Automatic Riflemen, 6th Regt.; Rifle Company—Weapons, 6th Regt.; Battalion Headquarters Company, 6th Regt.; Battalion Communication Platoon, 12th Regt.; Liberty Party, 10th Regt.; Original Display (Tie), 12th

Regt. (Decided by Major Randall); Best Machine Gun Company, 81st Co., 6th Regt.; Best Headquarters Platoon (Mach. Gun.) 15th Co., 12th Regt.; Best Howitzer Platoon, 81st Co., 6th Regt.; Best Machine Gun Platoon, 15th Co., 12th Regt.; Best Machine Gun, 81st Co., 6th Regt., 4th Squad, 2nd Platoon; 1st Prize—Artillery (Sweet Adeline), 10th Regt.; 1st Prize—Aviation—Aerial display, Aircraft Squad. As an entire company, the appearance of the 73rd Company (MG) was adjudged the best.

The "Sixth" announces with deep regret the recent death of two more buddies, Privates Caetta of the Second Battalion and Titus of the 75th Company, First Battalion.

Pvt. Caetta was originally from the City of Brotherly Love. He was Scotch and many of us will long remember his "Highland" quips that often broke through a disposition of shy reserve when alone with his friends. He was an amateur boxer of more than passing skill as well as an eager devotee of other sports.

Pvt. Titus is an ex-Iona Island boy. He was well liked in the 75th Company of which he has been a member since it was formed last March. One of the greatest tributes a man could receive was given him by 1st Lieutenant Grayson, 74th Company. "He was a soldier and a man."

A STREET IN CHINA By Pfc. W. C. MacDowell

"The streets of China are hard to describe but beautiful to behold. They are lined by small stores of every variety and each store has a bright colored flag in front of it on which is written some Chinese. You stand at one end of the street and look down at the colorful street with the rickshaws traveling up and down and the street venders wandering around with their wares and singing to the public what they have for sale in a shrill monotonous tone. At the corner of the street stands an imposing looking policeman. He is a Moroccan and has the long hair and the long beard which, with his almost black face, is typical of the land he is from. For headgear he has a turban, and he is armed with a 'scimitar' which is a short, curved, and wicked-looking saber. You start walking on one of the streets and the feeling comes over you that you are passing from one exhibition of fancy work and carved curios to another. One store will have the most exquisite things made of silk. There will be silk kimonas, negligees, pajamas, shirts, scarfs, dresses and all manner of silk underlings, in not one but 100 beautiful shades. The beauty of the things make a man stop and admire; and to a woman, takes her breath away. The next shop will have furnishings for the home, made from ivory, brass, bamboo,

teak wood, mahogany, and are made with the most delicate and fine hand carving imaginable. They are made into articles ranging from cigarette holders and watch chain charms to tea tables and cigar stands. Each piece of work will make you stop and wonder how such carving and hand-work is possible. Each article stimulates in you a new interest and a new desire to have such a priceless possession for your own.

"Then you will see a jewelry store which will enchant you with its beauty. Jade, coral, ruby, crystal, and diamonds look forth at you from settings of platinum and gold which are made in the most unusual and amazing designs. There is no end to the varieties of the designs used and each one seems prettier than the other. Rings of all sorts are plentiful. The most famous and the most novel are the 'Dragon Rings.' They range in size from half inch spread to an inch and a half spread and have a jade stone and a ruby stone in the setting which is the shape of a dragon's head. They are wondrous.

"And so it goes on. Every shop has



Major Doxey, Commanding Officer, Second Battalion, 12th Regiment, showing English Army Officers some Marine equipment during the Third Brigade Marine Exhibit in China.

something new, something different, something cheaper, something more expensive, until a tour of the shops will be so interesting to you that the time flies and you are quite apt to postpone lunch so as to linger among the 'Curios of the Orient'."

UNITED STATES SERVICE OF THE THIRD BRIGADE CHURCH

With the arrival of Chaplain Lewis D. Gottschall, from the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, the Brigade Church has taken a new lease on life. After reorganization, held its church service at the Recreation Center, Sunday, Jan. 29, 1928.

Service began at 10:00 a. m. There were many present at the opening of the service. The Twelfth Regiment Orchestra furnished the music. Church was

over at 11:00 a. m. and the Chaplain was very much pleased with the way the people attended.

We are hoping that we shall have a much larger congregation next Sunday and that it will continue to grow. Everybody is welcome.

CLARENCE E. SMITH, Tpr.,
3rd Brigade Church Historian,
Tientsin, China.

GUNNERY SERGEANTS MUST BE ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

Article 6-23 (13), Marine Corps Manual, has been amended to read as follows:

(13) Qualifications for Gunnery Sergeant: A gunnery sergeant must have qualifications in one or more of the following technical subjects:

- (a) Aviation.
- (b) Communications.
- (c) Engineer and Post Maintenance.
- (d) Motor Transportation.

(e) Ordnance (covering qualifications in either infantry weapons, Marine Corps artillery or naval ordnance).

Gunnery sergeants shall not be detailed as clerks, orderlies or chauffeurs, or for duty connected with messes, commissaries, post exchanges, guards or police.

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD FOR PRIVATE PRATHER, U. S. M. C.

The funeral of W. A. Prather, 1st class private of the 29th Machine Gun Company, 2nd Battalion 12th Regiment U. S. Marines, took place at 10 a. m. yesterday.

Capt. Luther D. Miller, chaplain to the United States Army Forces in China, officiated at the services. The pall-bearers were from the deceased own squad, and the funeral arrangements were in charge of Platoon Commander Silard.

The deceased was 23 years of age; he succumbed at the Brigade Hospital on Jan. 13 at 11:37 a. m., the cause being "meningitis cerebrospinal." He was born Dec. 7, 1905, in Indiana, and joined the Marine Corps Sept. 10, 1924. He was made a 1st class private Feb. 10, 1925, six months after he enlisted. He served very faithfully, his character was good, and he was never once reprimanded for a misdeed.

Among the many wreaths were the following: From the Sergeants Club, 2nd Battalion 12th Marines, Commanding Officer and Officers 12th Regiment, Century of Cornelius.

The body is being kept in the 15th Infantry morgue, and it will be sent by the next available transport to his next-of-kin, Wm. C. Prather, 294 North Front Street, Mounds, Ill.—North China Star.

What Did The Old Timer Say?

An answer to Old Timer Contest No. 2, February issue of "The Leatherneck," submitted by C. M. Perkins, The Fairfax, 2100 Mass. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. (With apologies for giving his version in verse.)

INTRODUCTION

If you "boots" your ears will lend,
Here, a tale I shall append
Of the powers of the Corps
Back a hundred years and more—
Back unto the epoch when
There was need of Minute men,
When the Colonies, at war,
Forced the founding of the Corps.
Tradition, legendary lore,
Handed down from days of yore,
Of the Leathernecks of old,
Though the odds were manifold,
Mendacious Old Timers told—
And the custom still doth hold.
We, who stumble in by chance,
Feel the surge of old romance,
And we listen, rapt, enthralled,
By the scenes they have recalled,
For our glory we depend
On the stories without end,
Fabricated with the spell
And the glamour, as they tell,
Of great deeds—men of the ranks,
Grizzled, old, yet full of pranks,—
Veterans of every Post
From Quantico to China's Coast,
Yarns spun 'neath the magic thrall
Of the hush when shadows fall,
While Old Timers reminisce,
Such a tale they tell as this.
Deeds of daring battle scenes,
Which they tell to young Marines;
From such stories as here read,
Credulous Marines are bred.
There's a sequel to their tales
And it's moral never fails:
Readers, ye who chance to dwell
Near Leathernecks who tell
Yarns such as the one here spun—
Moral: He who reads may run.
So, the tale of Corp'l Quinn;
But, it's his, let him begin!

WHAT THE OLD TIMER SAID

Boot (reading the Guard Roster of the day, and finding his name on it for the guard detail tomorrow): "Ogosh! on watch again, and I just come off day before yestiddy!"

Old Timer (loquitor): "Th' Sperit o' Sivinty Six."

Grreat balls of smoke! Gee, but that's a joke!

Why, back in th' old M'rine Corps,

It wasn't so harrrd f' a guy to stand gyarrd

Wan day out o' ivery four:

In th' very same year Private Paul Revere

Galloped up Bunker Hill,

Oi remimber well that me dad used to tell

Of a Britisher he had t' kill.

Would ye like me to tell o' th' fate that befell

This "Limex" who passed in his chips?

Well, Son, this is it: he'd shtrutted his bit

On th' deck o' th' burnin' ships;

On t' Lexington th' "Limeys" had run

Where th' farmers, in battle array,

With their ol' flint-locks, stood stiddy as rocks,

But that sinthry decided t' stay!

Like th' boy on th' deck o' th' burnin' wreck.

Whince all but him had fled,

Where there wasn't a gob that stuck t' his job,

That sinthry stayed there—so dad said:

An' though badly hurt, he wouldn't desert

His post where he stood on gyarrd,

Till th' Minute Men—I fergit jest when—

Had capthured th' Navy Yarrd.



Thim Hessian swabs had gone wit' th' gobs,

But, that sinthry, there, held th' deck

Till thim Boston Micks, like a thousand o' bricks,

Fell onto that Britisher's neck!

Whin they come through th' gate, 'twus a thrifle too late,

He found his-self, thin, in a fix,—

Thin, he shortened his grip, wit' a stiff upper lip,

An' he done for th' foist foive or six.

But, whin he saw dad, he yelled, "Kamarade!"

F' he knowed he was thin good as dead:

He wint out on sthrikes in a minute, belikes—

Me dad had bashed in his head!

As brave a M'rine as iver was seen,

He stuck to his juty on Post;

An', iver since thin our boast has been—

"Don't iver ye give up th' ghost!"

Phelim O'Toole w's the name o' thot fool—

He w's wan o' thim North Country Micks;

A KilKenny lad, Pat Quinn, w's me dad,—

An' that was in 'Sivinty Six:

Ye may brag, 'f y' wish, av th' Sperit an' push

Av' th' Army an' Navy betchume

But, an Oirshman's fist will top off th' list—

An' that, be th' powers,—a M'rine!

'Twus th' sperit that druv 'im—me father, God love 'im!—

T' foight f'r th' old U. S. A.

He w's only a foifer, but ready t' die fer

Th' Flag—an' bedad, he could play!

His pict're w's taken wit' two others, makin'

A hike—an' all three av 'em Mick's—

D'ye moind th' promise'us cut av his chin whiskers

In—"Th' Sperit o' Sivinty Six?"

Whin th' British attacks th' cap'tal an' sacks

Th' White House, we makes our last Stand;

Th' M'lsh broke an' run 'fore th' fightin' begun,

But, we keeps th' red-coats f' th' band!

Whin their solid phalanx chargges down on th' Yanks,

As th' red-coated British deploy,

We hails 'em, "Great Scott! Is them musics, or not?—

Th' Army's behind 'em, Oh, boy!"

We're takin' no chances as th' British advances

Wit' th' Grinadiers marrrchin' abreast;
"Gee, lookit! Here comes th' foifes an' th' dhrums!"

Oi guess we won't wait f' th' rest!"

Our music has led in their tunics of red,

Which they kept as their uniform son;

They march at th' fore wit' their Dhrum an' Foife Corps—

An' that is th' way it begun!

In th' old M'rine Corps we niver had more

Than wan day off in a year:

An' now y' are kickin'! A Saint it w'd sickn—

Ye pets that are sp'ilin'—look here!

A lot o' dumb "boots"—yes' no 'count recruits—

What more d'ye ask fer, ye sap?

Wit' t'ree days off y're havin' it soft—

We niver had no sich snap!

In th' Army they boast of goin' on Post

Jes' oncet in a coupla weeks;

An' here y're fussin', an' kickin' an' cussin'—

D'ye think y're wan o' thim sheiks?

If y' know what Oi mean, th' ol' toime M'rine

Niver rested fr'm marrnin' till taps:

We wore a thick crust o' tan, muck an' dust

That we got in our Spiggoty scraps.

Jes' "twelve eighty," net, w's all that we'd get—

That amount th' Post Thrader took,—

For, lessen M'rines had dough in their jeans,

What ye got would go down in th' book.

We filled up our thraps wit' stale ginger snaps

An' lager-beer drawn fr'm a keg:

I'm tellin' ye, parrd, that thim snaps was harrd—

There wan't no soft-snaps, nor "boot-leg!"

Ye think it is harrd to be must'ed on gyarrd

Oncet in th' coarse av a week?

An' ye use a tooth-brush! If ye had any push,

A man y'd be,—not a freak!

An' lissen here, Bo!—th' older I grow

Th' sicker I git o' y'r gall:

"Wan on outa four! In th' Old M'rine Corps

We niver come off gyarrd at all!

No p'jimmies, nor slips, nor sheets ('cept on ships—

An' they was bent onto th' sails)—

It wasn't no slouch; so, pipe down y'r grouch

An' jine y'r gyarrd details!

Y'r in luck to be, Bo, here at Quantico,

Fer, takin' it by an' larrge,

It ain't so damned harrd; whin we mounted gyarrd,

We stayed on till our discharg!

A box o' harrd-tack, a straw stuffed bed-sack,—

F' a piller, y'r over-coat rolled;

In a double-decked bunk, instid o' this junk

Y've got,—an' we done what we're told!

So stow all y'r guff an' choke off y'r huff,—

I'm tired o' hearin' ye yap—

Wan gyarrd outa four!—in th' Ol' M'rine Corps!!—

Y'd better thank Gawd f'r y'r snap!

An' b'lieve me, Bo, Oi sure oughter know,

Fr'm the toimes that Oi've answered th' call:

Whin it comes t' a show-down, ye boots better slow-down,

Fer Oi'm th' grand-daddy of all!

Oi've soived in the Corps forty years—an' more,

Since, as Music, Oi foist beat a dhrum—

As boy an' as man, Oi've followed it, an'

Oi'm th' Original Old-Timer—then Some!

Th' Old Timers arre gone, an' Oi'm gittin' on,—

Some day Oi'll be laid on th' shelf;

But, now, in me prime, Oi'll acknowledge that Oi'm

Somewhat of a liar meself.

An' while Oi'm aloive, me frind, Oi desoive

Th' rispict av y' flannel-mouth Micks:

Whin yez soived on post forty years, y' can boast

Av "Th' Sperit o' Sivinty Six!"

Whin yez shwabs h've t' worruk f'm mornin' till dark,

Y' c'n gas if a moind to, mayhap;

But yez gassoons, ye growl,—yes do, b' me soul!—

Till Oi'm toired an' sick o' y' yap.

What yez're up against is a picnic, ferrinst

Th' juty av ould-toime m'rines:

Oi'd not give two hoots f'r th' loikes o' y' "boots"—

Jes' a bunch av ould-counthry shpalpeens!

Oi'm sorry, Och worra! t' shpake so, Begorra,

T'a gintlem'n ready t' foight—

(Say, Bo! c'n Oi borry, th' price till t'morry,

Av a plug o' thim "Devil Dog's D'light?"—

Oi'm busted—flat broke,—an' in nade av a shmoke;

Jes' copped off me last "Lucky Shtrike"—

Y' won't nade it, parrd—yez goin' on gyarrd,

While Oi'm shtartin' out on a hike.)

On th' Post Exchange shlate Oi'm "Purse-honor-none-greater"

(Which is Frinch f'r "no good"—What t' hell!)

An' th' pay Oi expected, th' paymaster checked it

F'r bein' "A. W. O. L."

Thot motto may do f'r Andy Mellon, or Hoover,

Whose forrchunes is greater th'n ours;

But me purse is impt'ed an' so Oi'm ixmpted

F'm shmokin' tin-tag, b' th' Powers!

I'm a foine, illeg'nt gint av ould Oirish discint—

Mayhap even Brian Born—

In th' maddle o' Lint, wit' me money all spint,

Oi'll accipt it—as bein' it's you!

An' av coarse if y' lind me foive plunks or tin,

It's all th' more grrateful Oi'll be;

'Tis a privilege, shure, t' lind money whin you're

A frind o' Tim Quinn's—an' that's me!

Oi haven't a cint t' me name, but a gint

Thot Oi'm chummy wit' is me frind,

An' on'y wan shmacker would buy me t'backer—

Say, buddy, arre yez willin' t' lind?

Oi'll retoin it pay-day. An' this Oi will say—

Y're a a loikely young rookie, shure Mike!

Whin four years y've soived, wit' yez dischargge arroived,

Y'll thin be a Sojer, beloike.

Wit' th' toime y've done, yez c'n boast y're wan

Av th' foineest young "boots" in th' shquad:

Yez c'n grumble a bit—but niver fergit

Thot's a mushket instid av a hod!

Forty years in th' Coorps w'll open th' dhorre

F' pr'motion—if yez th' roight mon;

But—wan gyrrd in foor, wit' t'ree off!—why, shure

It's a cinch that y' oughta h've wan!

Mayhap, whin yez soive tin enlistmints, as Oi've,

Yez may shpoort a Lance Corrp'r'l's shtroipe,

If t'bacey yez shtakin', or yez finish th' makin'

T' Corrp'l Quinn f'r his poipe!

Whiniver yez shtroike me, or anny wan loike me

Wit' a Kilkenny phiz f'r a mug,

Jes' shtep up bhind 'im an' gintly r'mind 'im

Thot he's owin' yez still f'r that plug!

Thin, too, if, beloikes, there's no "Lucky Shtroikes"

An' th' Corrp'l is shmokin' a snipe,

Oi'll thank yez kindly if some "boots" 'll find me

A "Devil Dog" plug f'r me poipe.

An' another thing, Bo, afoore yez must go,

Whin th' gyarrd details bugle has blew,—

Y're a very foine mon, but—instid o' yez' wan,

Would yez moind 'f Oi as'd yez f' two?

Yez see, it's this way: Wan might last me t'day,

But, while yez're shtandin' y' gyarrd,

Yez might be on post whin Oi nade it th' most,

An' Oi might not be in th' Yarrd!

An', r'mimber me lad th' tale av me dad,

Whin he put in thim few heavy licks:

Jes' kape up y' shpunk as he done at Bunker Hill,

Back in "Sivinty Six."

THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE

By Capt. J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., Personnel Section U. S. Marine Corps

RESERVE TRAINING

Plans for reserve training, if they can be carried out, will permit the largest gathering of reserve officers and men since the World War. At this early date it is, of course, impossible to state whether Congress will grant the necessary appropriation to carry out training plans, but the best is hoped for in view of the comparatively small sum required.

DATES

Two camps of instruction—July 9th to 21st and July 30th to August 11th have been authorized at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and at each it is hoped to have an attendance of approximately one hundred and thirty-five officers and five companies Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, with possibly an additional company made up of experienced Class Six men not attached to companies of the Fleet Reserve, whose previous experience will permit their training as instructors for training recruits in time of emergency.

At San Diego one camp—July 9th to 21st—has been authorized. At this camp there will be approximately fifty officers and the 307th Company, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve with the possible addition of one temporary company of sixty men, members of Class Six who are now attached to the 3rd Regiment, Marine Corps Reserve.

ORDER OF TRAINING

Quantico, Va., July 9th to 21st

(a) Officers of the Fleet Reserve in the grade of major, captain and first lieutenant and volunteer officers of these grades who are recommended by their Reserve Area commanders as alternates to receive orders in case of failure of fleet officers to report for training.

(b) 301st Company, F. M. C. R., Boston, Mass., Captain Arthur Lyng, 2nd Lt. Samuel D. Irwin.

305th Company, F. M. C. R., Philadelphia, Pa., 1st Lt. Howard S. Evans, 2nd Lt. George Sheldon, 2nd Lt. C. Egerton Warburton.

306th Company, F. M. C. R., Detroit, Mich., 1st Lt. William V. Calhoun, 2nd Lt. Stephen E. Gillis.

310th Company, F. M. C. R., New Orleans, La., 2nd Lt. Alfred A. Watters, 2nd Lt. Eugene B. Diboll.

and if funds permit, sixty experienced enlisted men of the 7th, 8th and 9th Regiments who can be trained, taking into consideration their previous experience, as instructors for duty in this capacity in time of emergency.

SAN DIEGO

(a) Officers in the grade of major, captain and first lieutenant Fleet Reserve and officers of these grades, volunteer Reserve, who are recommended by their Reserve Area commander to fill vacancies caused by failure of fleet officers to attend camp, and second lieutenants Fleet and Volunteer.

(b) 307th Company, F. M. C. R., Los Angeles, Captain Guy Lewis, 1st Lt. Allan I. Schmulian, 1st Lt. James M. Burns, Jr.

(c) Provisional Company of approxi-

mately sixty men, Class Six, who are now members of the Third Regiment.

JULY 30TH TO AUGUST 11TH

Quantico, Va.

(a) Officers of the Fleet and Volunteer Reserve in grade of second lieutenant.

(b) 302nd Company, FMCR, Rochester, N. Y., 1st Lt. Edward F. Doyle; 303rd Company, FMCR, New York, N. Y., Capt. Philip DeRonde, 1st Lt. Robert B. Fisher; 304th Company, FMCR, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1st Lt. Frank V. McKinless, 2nd Lt. Milton V. O'Connell; 308th Company, FMCR, Richmond, Va., Capt. Nimmo Old, Jr.; 309th Company, FMCR, Philadelphia, Pa., 2nd Lt. Howard N. Feist.

(c) Provisional Company of approximately sixty men Class Six, made up of members of the 7th, 8th and 9th Regiments whose previous record of service show them fitted for training as instructors, for use in this capacity in time of emergency.

LENGTH OF TOUR OF ACTIVE DUTY

It is expected to issue orders to all officers and men that will place them on active duty at such a time as will permit their arrival at Quantico or San Diego the Sunday preceeding date of training. In other words those assigned the first camp will be expected to arrive at Quantico or San Diego Sunday, July 8th. Those assigned at second camp, Sunday, July 29th.

This will permit training to begin promptly Monday morning, giving more time to actual training than has heretofore been possible.

TRAINING

The Division of Operations and Training, Marine Corps has drawn up a progressive schedule of training taking into consideration the experience of the officers in various grades and the training at home station of the Reserve Companies.

An advanced course prepared along the lines of the Field Officers' Course at Marine Corps Schools, going deeply into practical work, terrain exercise, and problems of Field rank has been prepared for Majors and Captains of wartime commissioned experience.

Company Officers' Course.—This course, progressive in nature, based on the needs of a company officer, has been prepared for the less experienced Captains and First Lieutenants. It is expected to take up problems of the Company Officers giving him practical experience in his duties.

Basic Course for Second Lieutenants.—This course is an elementary one and is designed to fit officers as instructors in time of war. Handling infantry weapons will be stressed and as much experience given each officer.

Fleet Reserve Companies.—Very little drill or instruction in close order, with the exception of the necessary parade and ceremonies, is scheduled. The time will be devoted to the handling of infantry weapons of all description with as much firing as time permits.

Provisional Companies.—Made up of

men who have served in the Marine Corps. Training will be along lines to fit these men to be used as instructors in the event of mobilization. A record of these men will be made, those qualified given additional training in the next and future years and the list added to until the number required for this work is obtained.

MEMBERS OF FLEET RESERVE REQUIRED TO TRAIN

The law requires members of the Fleet Reserve to train for a period of 15 days annually and in the event that appropriations are made to cover training as planned for this next fiscal year, all officers and members of Fleet Reserve Companies will be ordered to training. Those in this class who feel unable to fulfill the obligation they incurred when they entered the Fleet Reserve should request transfer to the Volunteer Reserve at once, as it is not believed that orders once issued will be cancelled.

UNIFORM

Officers reporting for training are required to have articles of uniform and equipment of regulation issue. Several changes have been made in uniform, caps, etc., since some officers have had training duty. These should check up and bring this equipment up to date. Khaki as shown in circular letter No. 45, dated February 4, 1928, is required at Quantico, for field work. Whites should be brought to camp by those who have or can get them, as this uniform is used on all social occasions and embarrassment sometimes results when officers are not so equipped. For this purpose two suits of whites are sufficient.

ATTENDANCE AT CAMP

It is believed that under the present plan any officer of the Volunteer Reserve who desires will be able to attend camp. It is certain that all Fleet Officers and a number of Volunteer Second Lieutenants will be unable to attend. These places can be filled by Majors, Captains and First Lieutenants, Volunteer Reserve on recommendation of their Reserve Area Commanders. There are at present approximately four hundred twenty-five officers in the Reserve. Present plans will permit three hundred fifty to receive training.

ADDITIONAL EQUIPMENT

The issue of automatic rifles, field sketching boards and additional professional books to Fleet Reserve Companies has been authorized to permit them to carry out training requirements at their home station.

ARMORY TRAINING—FLEET COMPANIES

A training policy has been issued by the Major General Commandant covering training subjects to be taken up during the training year at home station of Reserve Companies. This policy points out the requirements of the Reserve, training necessary and outlines courses to be followed. Reserve Area Commanders from this training policy have drawn up schedule of weekly drills showing in detail the subjects to be taken up at

Continued on page 51

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

"My four years in the Corps made a real man of me," said C. H. Silverman to me in Boston recently, "and my position as a salesman was made possible by the excellent courses of instruction I received through the Marine Corps Institute." Silverman is only one of hundreds of men who while in the Corps seized the opportunity to fit himself for the outside by the correspondence courses offered to the enlisted man. Mike Gordon of Newport, R. I., told me the same story and I find similar expressions of grateful thanks from men wherever I go.

Stepping into a motor coach in Boston it was a pleasure to meet Jack Hinton of the 45th Company of the days of 1918, who assured me of his well-being as one of the trusted drivers on the routes of the New England Transportation Company and further said that several others of the "old gang" were also in the employ of the company. In New York you constantly run across "men of the Corps" who occupy positions of trust, and it is really a joy in almost every city to find the same rule observes. A good Marine can be trusted in any place or position and will always make good.

One of the League detachments speaking of a good ex-Marine says, "He is a typical good fellow, who comes out to keep in touch with others of his type; to keep alive the spirit he acquired in the service, and to form acquaintances with others who have seen service in the best branch of Uncle Sam's military establishment. He is a credit to himself and to the Marine Corps League. He is forming and renewing friendships and reviving memories that will last on through life and become dearer as life's shadows lengthen—on down to the last day when he goes West and answers his last call."

It is this spirit that a visitor experiences when he visits a meeting of the Major General Geo. Y. Elliott Camp of United Spanish War Veterans. All are Marines of a type with which it is an inspiration to mingle. Many an old-timer will recognize the names of most of these veterans of twenty-five years ago. Camp Commander, Frank X. Lambert; Senior Vice, Michael Sprowls; Jr. Vice, Frank Colligan; Q. M., Benjamin Duff; Adjutant, Albert H. Lages; Chaplain, Horace C. Akers; O. D., John Toohey; O. G., Michael Duncan; Trustees, John J. Fitzgerald and James Ayling; Color Guards, George Treffinger and Frederick Ernest.

The U. S. S. Cleveland has again left for tropical seas, the Marine Guard being in charge of Lieutenant John H. McQueen. Some of the boys are on their first tour of sea duty, but they appeared in real earnest in their determination to live up to the fine reputation which the detachment has previously enjoyed. Robert (Bob) Stock of the U. S. S. "Southery" has relieved Fred Stinson as First Sergeant, and Lewis D. Miller is police sergeant. Both these men have eleven years to their credit in the Corps. Roscoe H. Miller is property sergeant, while two corporals are on board named George H. "Frenchie" Laroche and Andrew "Goldie" Goldsmith.

The roster of Newport, R. I., is today very small; nevertheless, Lt. Colonel Nelson P. Vulte is not dismayed, for a finer spirited crowd of men could not be found in the service. Their appearance both in the station and in the city is a real credit to the service. Q. M. Sergeant J. P. Gilmur is still in the Post, Norman B. Siegrist, First Sergeant, with a fine quartette of sergeants, viz: Adam Gruntowicz, Charlie Ryerson, Joseph P. Uszko and Ernest Winfrey. Lieut. William E. Burke spoke highly of the sterling character being maintained by the detachment, and the cheerful service being rendered during these days of heavier duty.

A writer in the New York Times under the title of a "Bamboo War under the Tropic Sun" pays a high and well-deserved tribute to our officers and men in Nicaragua. Stating that in their engagements "Every Marine and every Guardia did more than his share, and every one of them did something exceptional. The fighting may be on a small scale compared to activities on the western front in France, but the difficulties of operation make it unique in the experience of veterans of the world war." He goes on to say:

"This country is harder to operate in than the Argonne was," asserted officers of the Fifth Marines recently—men who ten years ago were fighting their way through the forests of France. "In the Argonne we had the whole line advancing, clearing as we went. Here it is a matter of sending small isolated columns through forests naturally far more difficult than the Argonne, with no possi-

bility of flank protection and where you can be within six feet of sudden death and not suspect it.

"Marines seem to be everywhere in Managua, headquarters of the Second Brigade. They centre in barracks and tents at the Campo de Marte, at the edge of the city, alongside the Fortress La Loma, which stands on the rim of a dead, water-filled volcanic crater. This fortress dominates the capital and with it all Nicaragua. There is a Marine guard, of course, at the American Legation day and night. The Marines, in conjunction with Rockefeller Foundation, have purified the city's water supply. If you leave your car standing without lights at night a Marine M. P. will probably knock at your door and warn you about it.

"The Marines have taken over the police work of the city to a large extent. This appears to have been a natural development of the Military Police function. The functions of the M. P.'s quickly widened in the beginning from their normal use of keeping order in their own organization to keeping order when disputes arose between Marines and natives, and then to stopping public brawls between factions of Nicaraguans. The native police have been glad to unload part of their burden on the Marines."

A bundle of programs, from Shanghai and Peking, conveys a splendid idea of the way in which the men of the Marine regiments on the other side of the world take part in the activities of the Y. M. C. A. at these centers. The Legation Guard Church of Peking is conducted entirely by the Marines, their weekly offering of church music and bulletin of service being far in advance of large numbers of churches in the homeland. A Father and Son Sunday brought the ingenuity of the committee into full play by providing from the civilian men of Peking a provisional part as "Fathers" and the Marines as "Sons." The program combined an excellently arranged series of special musical numbers together with a beautifully written set of responsive readings entitled "The Homes of Today and Tomorrow." The committee of Marines responsible for these church services are as follows:

Devotional, Privates Henry L. Archibald and Leslie S. Murphy; music, Private William C. Holonia; flowers, Corporal S. C. Jennette; attendance, Private Chalmer L. Rose; ushers, Privates Leslie R. Bledsoe and Ralph E. Greene.

Mr. Arthur Ellis the Y secretary, is spoken of by all the men who have served at the Legation Guard as "One of God's Noblemen." He believes and carries out the belief that "He that shall come to the best life has, must give to the world his best," and he sure does it.

A letter from Fort Worth proclaims the fact that the K. E. Clark who in 1925 was a Marine at the Yorktown barracks, is now the superintendent of the Wesley Community House and Goodwill Industries of that city and an ordained minister of the Methodist Church. William "Bill" Parks of the 5th Regiment is

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POEM OF THE MONTH
FAITH

By Cora S. Day

I have no rendezvous with death.

No! After all the storm and strife
Far out, beyond the dim shore line,

I have a rendezvous with life!
Death I shall meet upon my way;

His face, his touch, they are not new;
But just beyond his barricade

Life waits to keep our rendezvous.

What, though my sight and hearing fail,
And men shall say that I have died?
I shall be seeing, hearing still—

Though they may never know they
lied—

The sights and sounds they cannot know
While earth's dull round they dumbly
plod,

Living! As I have never lived,
I shall keep rendezvous with God.



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Marine Receives Medal of Honor

THE MARINE CORPS is exceedingly proud of the brilliant exploit of Lieutenant Christain F. Schilt in performing the seemingly impossible feat of rescuing by air the Marines who were wounded at Quilali, Nicaragua. But the Corps is prouder still to know that Lieutenant Schilt has been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery and daring skill. This is the first Medal of Honor that a Marine has received since the World War and is the one hundred seventeenth of such medals to be awarded to Marines.

Congressman Melvin J. Maas of Minnesota, an ex-Marine, commented as follows in a speech delivered before the House of Representatives:

"Mr. Speaker, it gives me a great deal of personal pleasure and pride that Lieut. Christian F. Schilt, of the United States Marine Corps, is to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military award within the gift of the American Government.

"Lieutenant Schilt enlisted as a private in the United States Marine Corps early in the World War and served in the First Marine Aeronautic Company during 1918 in the Azore Islands.

"Lieutenant Schilt and I served together as enlisted men throughout most of the war and I was in very close contact with him and had a splendid opportunity to observe him. He is and always was a very modest, quiet, gentlemanly soldier, but a very capable and fearless one. He is of the type of young American who, but for the exigencies of war which immediately led him into the military service of his country and which service so attracted him, that he chose to remain in it and make it his life work, would today be a successful business executive or professional man. It is to such officers that most of the credit must go for keeping up the morale of the service in the postwar days of the popular pastime of making the Army and Navy the object of attack and constant ridicule and unfair criticism.

"Uncomplainingly, smilingly, and with good-natured tolerance, Lieutenant Schilt has carried on and performed splendid, courageous service in peace as in war.

"Whether as private or lieutenant, Schilt has always performed his duties with such unusual good grace that he has constantly been an inspiration to those with whom he has served.

"Lieutenant Schilt has performed conspicuous service as a Marine aviator, receiving special commendation for service rendered the United States Geological Survey in securing air photographs of coast and rivers of San Domingo and Haiti. He also received special commendation for taking third place in the annual machine gun and bombing matches at Langley Field, Va., in 1926.

"In 1925 he finished in second place in the Detroit News trophy air race, held at Mitchel Field in conjunction with the

Pulitzer race of that year, being just a fraction of a second behind the winner.

"Lieutenant Schilt, one of the foremost aviators of the country, is receiving the medal of honor for a most unusual and daring exploit, performed at the risk of his own life beyond all call of duty."

Only seven Marines have received the Medal of Honor twice. They are as follows: Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, Captain Louis Cukela, Gy. Sgt. Dan Dailey, Gy. Sgt. Ernest A. Jansen, Private John J. Kelly, Sergeant Matej Kocak, and Corporal John H. Pruitt.

Spend your money in your post exchange. When you want money for your post movies, or for your barracks dances, or for your athletic teams, or to make your Christmas dinner menu a little more attractive or for any other post activity you must call on your post exchange to supply the funds. How can the post exchange make any profit if you buy your tobaccos and your toilet articles outside the exchange?

Every time the post exchange contributes a certain sum of money for amusements you are merely drawing your dividends from the profits of the exchange. If you owned stock in a grocery store you would buy your groceries from that store wouldn't you? You would do this to make your stock more valuable and to help increase your dividends. The post exchange is your store and while you do not draw dividends in actual cash you do draw dividends from the various appropriations made by the exchange. Next time you want a package of cigarettes or a tube of shaving cream think this over and purchase it from your exchange.

The Leatherneck makes every effort to keep up with the many changes of station that are now being made by its subscribers. But in spite of our efforts we have a hard time keeping up with all of them. If you are not receiving your copy send us a post card with your new address. Or if you are about to be transferred let us know at once so that we can change our records.

In the absence of an adequate reservoir at home from which to draw replacements for the organizations of the Marine Corps on foreign stations, it has been found next to impossible to keep the force in China at its original strength of 4,400 men. Through attrition in the way of withdrawal of officers and men on account of illness and for other reasons, that force already has been reduced to 3,904, and it is the intention to permit further reduction to 3,704 without attempt to make replacements until the latter strength is reached.

Maintenance of the brigade in Nicaragua at anything like an adequate strength also presents a serious situation. In fact, the Marine Corps, with only 18,000 enlisted men, is confronted with tasks that are straining its personnel, and practically the only relief in sight is the authorization of 2,000 additional men by Congress, as has been requested by Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, commandant of the corps.

Directions of the Secretary of the Navy to Gen. Lejeune to devise ways and means for sending 1,000 additional enlisted men of his corps, and a corresponding number of officers, to Nicaragua places a burden on the corps that now is quite embarrassing. The problem of taking more personnel from posts and stations in the United States for expeditionary service abroad is a perplexing one, for detachments guarding Government property at yards, stations, and elsewhere already have been reduced far below the minimum.

With the refusal of the Nicaraguan congress to pass the bill for the conduct of a presidential election next autumn, as had been agreed to some time ago by the contending elements in that country, and also to legalize the organization of the guardia nacional or native constabulary officered by Marines, which has been going on in accordance with presidential pronouncement, the situation in Nicaragua has reached a stage more serious from a military standpoint than has prevailed since the beginning of the present insurrection, and thus the need for additional Marines appears to be most urgent. About 2,500 men, organized into two regiments, brigade headquarters, aviation and other units, now are in Nicaragua.

ONE THOUSAND MORE MARINES TO NICARAGUA

Nine hundred and fifty enlisted men of the Marine Corps will be sent to Nicaragua to supervise the presidential election in October.

They will be drawn from various barracks on the East Coast, from Guantanamo, Cuba and Coco Solo, Canal Zone, as

well as the Marine detachments with the battleships of the scouting fleet in the Atlantic, and the submarine tender, Camden, of the control force.

The Marine detachments from four of the battleships of the scouting fleet will be carried from Guantanamo to Balboa, Canal Zone, by one of the battleships, and will arrive there March 24. There they will be embarked on a light cruiser for transportation to Corinto, Nicaragua. At the Canal Zone these detachments will be reinforced by the Marine detachment from the "Camden" and eight Marines from Coco Solo, Canal Zone.

The small detachments from scattered stations indicate how greatly expeditionary service is reducing the corps in the United States. It is the first time since the World War that the Navy building guard has been called on to give men.

The Marines will be grouped in two battalions, that are composed of men from the battleships and Guantanamo to be commanded by Maj. Robert E. Messersmith, U. S. S. "Arkansas" and that from the other stations by Maj. H. L. Larsen, Quantico, Va. Officers of the latter battalion are the following: Maj. H. L. Larsen, Capt. K. I. Buse, H. Rose, F. G. Patchen, G. B. Erskine, W. W. Walker, H. D. Linscott; First Lieuts. M. Scott, W. C. Hall, F. L. Buchanan, N. E. Clauson, H. W. Bacon, A. D. Chalcombe, W. J. Whaling, J. N. Frisbie, M. L. Dawson, Jr., Quantico, Va.; Second Lieut. J. R. Lanigan, Washington; First Lieut. L. A. Hohn, Philadelphia; First Lieut. C. W. Meigs, Boston; First Lieut. F. W. Hanlon, Second Lieut. J. F. Shaw and First Lieut. Hakala, Portsmouth, N. H.; Second Lieuts, R. P. Ross, J. Sabater and J. G. Dreyspring, Philadelphia; Second Lieut. E. G. Marks, Lakehurst, N. J.; Second Lieut. P. L. Thwing, New London, Conn.; Second Lieut. R. H. McDowell, New York, N. Y.; First Lieut. W. F. Brown, Hamp-

ton Roads, Va.; First Lieut. M. S. Swanson, Norfolk, Va.; Capt. R. R. Wright and Chief Pay Clerk W. J. Miller, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following named officers will embark on the U. S. S. "Bridge" at the Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., for transportation to Nicaragua:

Capt. C. McL. Lott, Second Lieuts. A. G. Bliesener, M. C. Levie, W. H. Troxell, L. A. Brown, Parris Island, S. C.; Second Lieut. J. M. Ranck, New Orleans, La.; Second Lieuts. T. G. McFarland and T. D. Marks, Pensacola, Fla.; Second Lieut. J. S. Letcher, Key West, Fla.

If there was ever any doubt about the value of the airplane in warfare that doubt should have been dispelled after reading what an important part the plane has been playing not only in dispelling and scattering Sandino's bandit gangs, but also in the less spectacular job of taking supplies over impassable country to the outlying Marine detachments. During the month of January Observation Squadron Seven M put in 551 hours and 45 minutes of flying time. Gy. Sgt. Shepard, pilot of one of the big Fokkers, got in over 115 hours during the month; 137 passengers, 1,789 pounds of mail, and 68,786 pounds of general cargo were carried. The well fortified and well equipped bandit forces in and around El Chipote were reduced from an estimated strength of 1500 to a small band of 150 who are now playing "hide and seek." This squadron of planes, working single handed, scattered Sandino's bandit army and drove them from their much vaunted stronghold—a job that many estimate it would have required a regiment of infantry to accomplish and they would have suffered many casualties too.

The Five Best Reasons for Joining The Marine Corps

Central Division Recruiter Sponsors Contest

The Prize of a Year's Subscription to The Leatherneck and a Victor Record of The Marines' Hymn was Won by Sgt. JAMES W. BARNGROVER

HEALTH, Knowledge, Courage, Ambition, and Independence, says Sergeant James W. Barngrover, are the Five Best Reasons why a man should join the Marine Corps. The judges of the FIVE BEST REASONS Contest sponsored by the Central Division Recruiter agree with him, so he is therefore declared the winner of a free subscription to The Leatherneck. There were so many sets of Five Best Reasons submitted that the task of selecting the BEST called for a great deal of reading, re-reading, comparing and rejecting. This contest was open to the recruiters on duty in the Central Recruiting Division only, and we are glad to announce that with slight exception every District was well represented. Sergeant Barngrover explains in detail just why he believes Health, Knowledge, Courage, Ambition, and Independence to be the Five Best Reasons for joining the Marine Corps:

(1)—HEALTH

HEALTH is the foundation upon which our future rests. Without good health there is no headway for any man. The Marine Corps creates a force of habits among its personnel of regular and healthful exercises which will fit a man for any future life work. Taught to work, and play in the great open, as well as to lead clean lives so essential to the maintaining of good health the Marine develops an iron clad constitution which usually remains through a ripe old age.

(2)—KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE is the most essential thing needed next to good health to make the road to success more smooth, and there is no better place than the Marine Corps

to acquire a World Wide Knowledge, as the Corps is a real school of experience with all of the splendid opportunities for travel, and education that it affords. Many pay dear for these advantages that Marines receive free. As proof of this statement just count the many ex-Marines in civil life who readily acknowledge their success due to these advantages.

(3)—COURAGE

COURAGE is the prime factor that distinguishes military men, and the Marine Corps is today the most distinguished body of military men in the world. Courage is one of the most needed things to carry any man through life. Much has been written and said of the glorious traditions of the Marine Corps. To build those traditions required a staunch tenacity of purpose, and COURAGE.

(4)—AMBITION

Filled with pep and vigor from a life of action, and usefulness that the Corps gives him, he is taught the spirit of the Corps to ever be ready to fill every exigency the service may demand of him, as well as to seek self improvement, and promotion. The laggard the Marine Corps knows not, as they are all men of push and get up, ever seeking to attain greater achievements.

(5)—INDEPENDENCE

After years of service he knows the goal of success is near and he is thankful to the Marine Corps for the opportunities it afforded him to reap the fruits of his labor. He can now settle down with a comfortable income for the remainder of his life, enjoying a well earned independence.



SGT. JAS. W. BARNGROVER
Marine Corps Recruiting Station
26 Pickering Building
Cincinnati, Ohio.

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



"Lou Wylie"

Dear Fellows: It has long been the contention of the chauffeur of this column that the main trouble between the sexes in this present age of commercialism is that the plumage of the male is far too drab. One only has to take a look at Nature to find out that in her primitive realm if the male

does not outshine the female (which is often the case) at least he is in every way as brilliantly colored a creature as she. This is true both of birds and animals and up until some seventy-five years ago also of man. The Courts of the Louis' and Katherine the Great, and Queen Elizabeth glittered with powdered and jeweled wigs, plum colored satin breeches and embroidered vests and coats that were in every way as colorful and as picturesque as the garbing of the women. And this had its effect on the people of those days, lending courtliness to their manner, for one can hardly picture a silver buckled, satin breeched man dashing through a restaurant door ahead of a lady or even another man.

The recent ball given at the Algiers Naval Station on the evening of the 15th for the officers and crew of the U. S. S. "Texas" is responsible for these ruminations. After having seen Capt. Israel and Lieutenants Ranck and Mitchell in full U. S. Marine Corps dress and Ensigns Boyd, Lane, Myers and Southwick looking very much like they had stepped out of an Annapolis movie, we are prone to either promote a return to the fashions of 1775 for men, or else a scheme whereby all men in full dress can be distinguished from head waiters by appearing either in Marine Corps or Naval dress suits. A tux certainly has a funeral appearance beside such uniforms, and we certainly do not blame the young business man we heard telling his best girl that if she went to that ball she was going with someone else as he was not taking a girl to a party and then stand in the stag line the rest of the evening and watch her step out with a flock of gold braid.

It would be most unfair to the ladies were we to pass them up for they were close runners up in regard to loveliness of plumage. There was Mrs. Israel (wife of Capt. Frederick Israel) in old ivory and black; Mrs. J. G. Ware (wife of Commander Ware of the "Texas"), who is an extremely vivacious French woman, in a black lace gown with a red flower, and the little wife of Lt. Ranck looking rather Spanish in black georgette and lace. Of course, there were many handsome uniforms and lovely dresses that we are unable to mention, as, unfortunately the

Leatherneck has not yet gotten to the point where we have a regular social column. But suffice it to say that in regard to brilliancy of color we will match the flashes of gold braid, the glister of silver and scarlet and crimson that whirled and eddied about the dance floor, to the music of an extremely good band, with any of the balls that were thrown back in the days of powdered hair and silver buckled knee breeches. Mrs. Israel and Mrs. Ware held court very like two queens in friendly competition, and many of the little flappers and even some of the city's queenly debutantes were seen to cast envious eyes in their direction.

The affair was certainly a success and we wish to go on record as favoring just such affairs given by any of our military organizations as they go far to dispel the old-time prejudice that the civilian has with regard to the men who make up any of the three great branches of our service.

In closing we might mention that we are extremely sorry for all those who were not invited or who were and did not get there for a good time was had by all.

It might be well in passing to mention a little incident that occurred the first night after the "Texas" steamed majestically up the river and dropped anchor. We were over at New Orleans far famed night court and saw a rather disconsolate and slightly bored young man in sailor uniform, bearing the legend "S. P." upon a white band on his arm. Later we strolled into the press room and found that the night police reporters of New Orleans' four newspapers were in conference so it appeared. They frequently got up, strolled out and about the court room, through the halls and back again, and it was not until court was over and we were in Childs for some coffee that they finally admitted having posted bets as to the probable number of Marines and sailors who would be brought up into night court on this first glorious night of shore leave. "And would you believe it," continued one of the oldest at the newspaper game, "for the first time in my experience there wasn't a single sailor or Marine in night court. Can you beat it? New Orleans at Carnival, a wide open town and all these fellows just off ship and that shore patrol standing first on one leg and then the other all night in the hall—with NOTHING to do. Why, our Navy is turning out to be all gentlemen." So our hat's off to the officers and the men of the "Texas." Ensign Edward Page Southwick 3rd was in charge of the Shore Patrol.

Excited Customer: "Wrap me up two mouse traps. Quick! I've got to catch a train."

The blonde stenog says that she often wonders if it isn't a hard job trying to teach the deaf mutes not to talk while they are eating.

"A'm goin' home," said Rastus after an unsuccessful morning with the dice, "an' if dinner's ready ah ain't goin' to eat. An' if it ain't ready ahm shore goin' to raise a lot H—ll."

Now that "Credos" have become the popular indoor sport, we are listing a few that the general public have about the Marine Corps: they firmly believe—

That any man in full blues is an officer.

That every Marine has had at least five or six amours with ladies in hula hula dresses.

That they dash madly into battle in blue uniforms, white caps, belts and gloves.

That outside of fighting they have nothing to do between wars but act in parades and guard the President.

That they are all killed off by the time they are 30.

That they never get married.

That battleships are kept in peacetime for them to cruise about within southern seas.

AND, some of the things that the Marine believes—

That restaurateurs immediately jump prices on their menu when they see his uniform.

That all women fall for him.

That just as soon as this enlistment expires he will quit the Corps and make a fortune in six months.

That a can of talcum powder is equal to ten shaves.

That he has covered enough miles on parade to reach to the moon and back.

That he can lick any man out of the Corps.

That next to General Lejeune comes God.

That eight years of war are preferable any time to eight hours watch.

That this "hitch" is the last one.

That if he ever gets to be a C. O. there's a coupla guys that he'll etc., etc.

That he had rather face a firing squad than do K. P.

OUR BILL SAYS

By Lou Wylie

If the moon hangs silver, and stars are gold,

And warm winds amorously sigh,

And the girl in the case is exceedingly cold

Or else abominably shy;

Though your date is punk and you wish instead

Of talking around thus aimlessly

You had staid at home and gone to bed.

Love is a matter of chemistry.

If you're deeply in love and haven't a ghost

Of a chance to win your suit,

If your downfall is your rival's boast

And you didn't give him the boot,

If the lady lost is passing fair

And you love her ardently,

It matters little you've got the air,

Love is a matter of chemistry.

If the gods are kind and the answer's "yes"

And the earth whirls 'round in song,

To the measure struck by your happiness

You can bet that it won't be long.

So enjoy the thrill. It's your one best bet

Since it's Nature's sad decree

That romance is at the best all wet

And love is a matter of chemistry.

Martin Johnson, Explorer, Smokes Lucky Strikes In Wildest Africa



"While trailing big game in Africa, I have never been without my Lucky Strike Cigarette. Once on the Abyssinian border my shipment of them from America missed us, and I was miserable until the natives followed our tracks across the Kaisout desert to Nairobi with my precious cargo of Luckies. After four years of smoking Luckies in wildest Africa, I find my voice in perfect condition for my lecture tour in America."

Martin Johnson



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

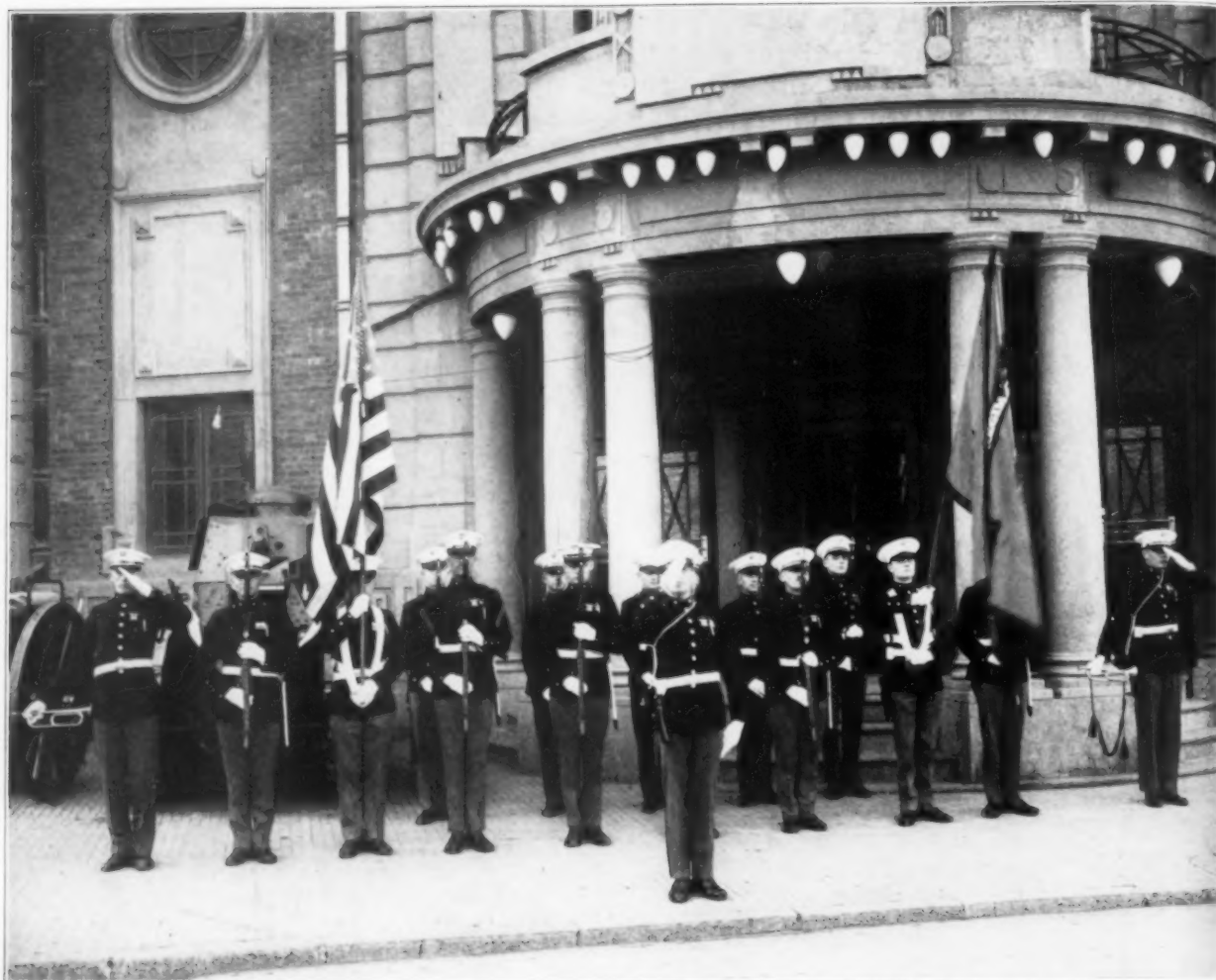
"Buying tobacco for LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes is a matter of selecting the finest grown. It is my duty and instruction to buy 'The Cream of the Tobacco Crop' for this brand. Nothing is omitted or spared in making my purchase just a little better. Quality always tells."

W. L. Osborn

Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

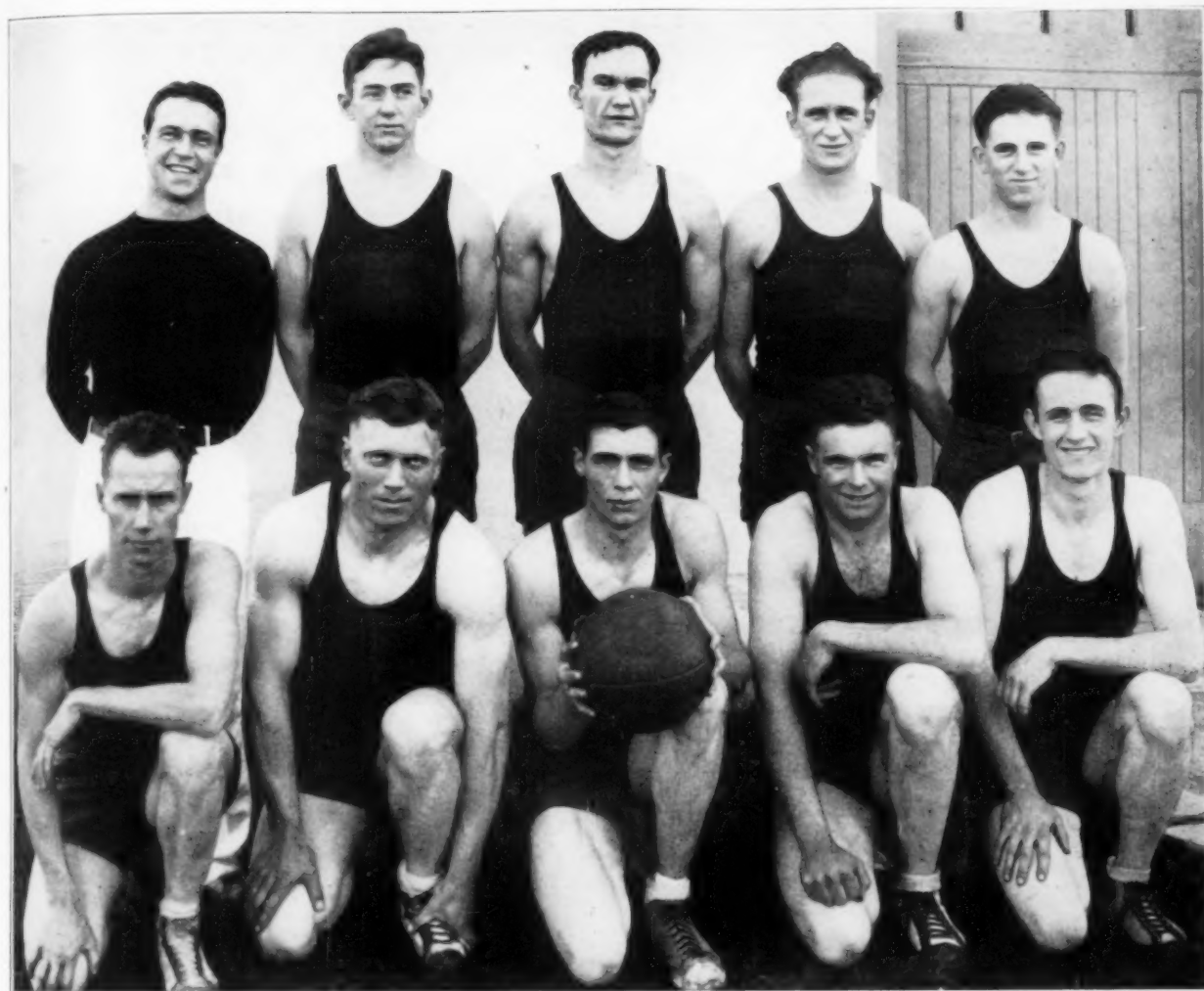
No Throat Irritation-No Cough.



DRILL TEAM THAT PERFORMED ON STAGE WHEN "WHAT PRICE GLORY" WAS SHOWN AT TIENTSIN. In the picture: Hall, Johns, Cain, Crawford, Ritter, Winters, Dimmick, Reid, Hise, Goldsbrough, Lenning, Stearnes, Goff, Day, Queick, Carruthers.



PLATOON C-48, taken at Training Station, Parris Island, S. C., Sergeant Frederick V. Osborn in charge.



SAN DIEGO MARINES, CHAMPIONS 11TH NAVAL DISTRICT. Standing, left to right: Gross, coach; Adams, captain; Donnelly, guard; Michael, forward; Petty, forward. Kneeling, left to right: Goldmeyer, guard; Larson, guard; Ellison, center; Gregory, center; Duey, forward.



FIFTEENTH MACHINE GUN COMPANY, First Battalion, Twelfth Regt., Tientsin, China. Capt. R. H. Jeschke, commanding.



"Don't tell me you never had a chance

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. We were both discontented. Remember the noon we saw the International Correspondence Schools' advertisement? That woke me up. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and I decided to let the I. C. S. help me. When I marked the coupon I asked you to sign with me. You said, 'Aw, forget it!'"

"I made the most of my opportunity and have been climbing ever since. You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more

money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are you one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now more than 18,000 men are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses.

You can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail the coupon, and find out how.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 5280-E, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

Business Training Courses

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

Technical and Industrial Courses

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect's Blue Prints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

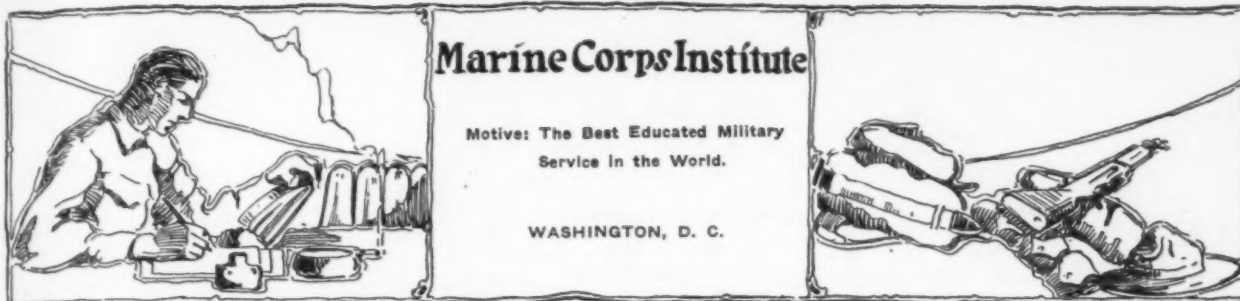
Name

Street Address

City State Occupation

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

The International Correspondence Schools are the oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world.



March 10, 1928—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled.....	7,464
Total number enrolled since last report.....	326
Total number disenrolled since last report.....	446
Number examination papers received during period.....	2,630
Total number graduates to date.....	3,811

Navy Man Appreciates His Course in the Marine Corps Institute

MARINE BARRACKS
Quantico, Va.
DISPENSARY, AVIATION

February 16, 1928.

Marine Corps Institute,
U. S. Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.
Gentlemen:

My current enlistment expires the 27th of this month and before I am discharged I want to thank you for the privilege I have had in enrolling as an M. C. I. student. Your promptness and cooperation during my studies in the Pharmacy course have been such as to enable me to complete the entire course before the expiration of my enlistment as I had desired.

Then, too, as a Navy man I appreciate more fully the opportunity your institution has given me, as it has those of your own Corps. It is with a sincere feeling of gratitude that I write this letter and trust that you will grant the same service to others of the Navy personnel who are attached to the Marine Corps as you have to me.

In closing I remain, most appreciatively yours,

(S) HARRY D. KELLEY, U. S. N.

The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

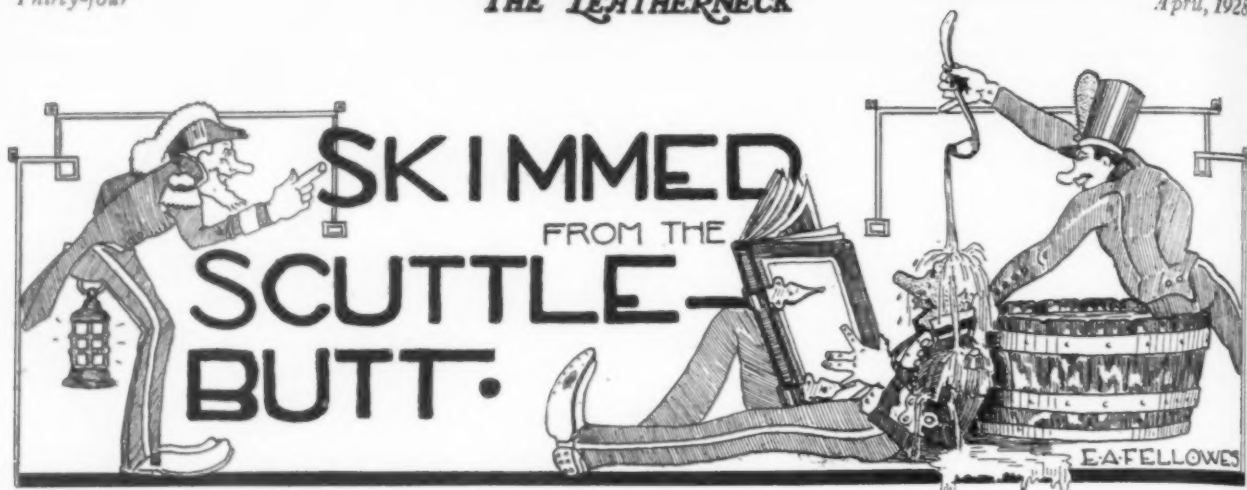
I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE.....COURSE.

Rank

Name

Organization

Place



NO SLACKNESS TOLERATED

An English paper tells this story of a certain martinet of an army captain who was shortsighted, but would not wear glasses.

He was inspecting kits in the barrack room of his company. Some one had left a floor mop leaning against the head of a cot. The captain's eye caught it.

"Sergeant!" he roared.

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, saluting.

"See that that man has his hair cut at once," said the captain, pointing to the mop.—**Youth's Companion.**

"Have you that umbrella I lent you?"

"No; I lent it to a friend."

"That makes it very awkward for me, as the man who lent it to my friend tells him that the owner wants it."—**Tit Bits.**

"Waiter!—hic!—bring me a dish of prunes."

"Stewed, sir?"

"Now, thash none of yer business."

—**Life.**

Johnnie: "Mama, are there Indians in this show?"

Mama: "No, why?"

Johnnie: "Well, who scalped those men in the front row?"

Cabby: "Taxi, Sir?"

Cabbaged: "Thanksh, I wash wunnerin' wot it wash."

"Why do you employ such dumb-looking salesmen?"

"Well, it makes the customers feel that they cannot help but get the best of the bargain."—**Panther.**

Div. Officer to Bos'n Mate: "Why do you ask for three men to scrub paint work? You have two and one is sufficient."

Bos'n Mate: "No, sir; one is Jones and the other is Casey. Sufficient ain't in my gang."—**U. S. N. Weekly.**

A one hundred per cent optimist is a man who would willingly hold a nail for Ben Turpin to drive.

SETTLING MOTHER

He—"Tomorrow morning you will meet me at the Cosy Cafe."

She—"But suppose mother insists on coming with me?"

He—"She won't; I have invited her to meet me at the same time at River restaurant."—**Le Rire.**

Young Man—"I say, waitah! We'll start with some Vittorio Spinosi."

Waiter—"Excuse—zat ees not to eat. Eet ees ze name of ze patron."

The Wife—I took the recipe for this cake out of the book.

Her Husband (sampling the thing)—You did perfectly right. It never should have been put in.—**Hurty-Peck.**



Suitor: "Well, Tommy, congratulate me; your sister has just promised to marry me."

Tommy: "That's old news. She promised mother she'd marry you ages ago."—**Tit-Bits.**

She—Ugh! Look at that man's unkempt beard! He must be almost a wild man.

He—Just about. You see, he's an old-fashioned gentleman, and he always surrenders his turn in the barber chair to waiting ladies.—**Legion Weekly.**

A sailor who had never seen a wind-mill before exclaimed: "Gee, mister! That's some electric fan you've got out there cooling the hogs."

—**U. S. N. Weekly.**

FINANCES AT LOW EBB

Quick action on the question of financial help can sometimes be obtained if the proper method is used.

There was once a country minister who pestered his bishop so with appeals for financial assistance that the bishop was finally forced to tell him that further appeals would be useless. The distressed pastor's next communication read as follows:

"This is not an appeal. It is a report. There will be no services at this church next Sunday. I have no pants."

—**Kablegram.**

Guide: This is one of the greatest sugar factories in Cuba.

Dumb Dora: How nice! Is this where all the Sugar Daddies come from?

—**Judge.**

Allen: "Harrold was held up by two men last night."

George: "Where?"

Allen: "All the way home?"

"You came in awfully late last night this morning."

"That's all right, I am going to sleep until this evening tomorrow."

Joan—"Mummy, was baby sent down from heaven?"

Mother—"Yes, dear."

Joan—"They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"

—**N. Y. C. Lines Magazine.**

Mother: "Doris, your hair is a sight. Did Charlie kiss you against your will?"

Daughter: "He thinks he did!"

—**Tit Bits.**

"How do you find marriage, Tony?" she asked.

"Well," replied Tony, "during the honeymoon I talked and she listened. Then for six months she talked and I listened. Now we both talk and the neighbors listen."—**T. S. News.**

When the battle of life is ended God isn't going to look you over for medals, but for scars.

MAL DE MER!

Crossing the ocean had been too much for Willie's parents, while the boy, immune to seasickness, was running wild aboard ship.

"Father," gasped the mother in a weak voice, "I wish you'd speak to Willie."

Languidly father turned a sea-green face to his rampant son.

"How-de-do, Willie," he murmured almost inaudibly.—Tar.

She: "I'm so sorry I'm stepping on your feet."

He: "S'all right. I walk on them myself now and then."

An Irishman and an Englishman were waiting for a train, and, to pass the time away, the Irishman said: "I will ask you a question, if I cannot answer my own question, I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you cannot answer yours, you buy the tickets."

The Englishman agreed.

"Well," said the Irishman, "You see those prairie dogs' holes out there? How do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around?"

"I don't know," said the Englishman, "That's your question; answer it yourself."

"They begin at the bottom and dig up!"

"How in thunder do they get at the bottom?" asked the Englishman.

"That's your question. Answer it yourself," said the Irishman.

—The Scratch Pad.

A newspaper publisher in another State offered a prize for the best answer to the conundrum: "Why is a newspaper like a woman?"

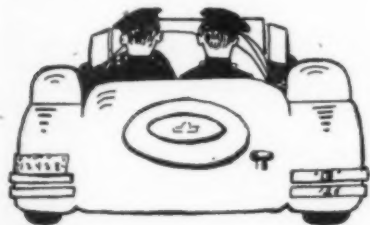
The prize was won by a woman who sent in this answer: "Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbor's."—Hardware Age.

Father left home for his work in the early morning one day, and when his son rose later he saw his father's dinner still lying on the table. He ran after his dad and, after sprinting for two miles, caught him up.

Tommy—"Father, you left your dinner at home."

"Eh, lad, so I have: where is it?"

Tommy—"Home, father."



"Can you tell me where I can get some gas?"

"Hey?"

"No, gas! This isn't a horse; it's an automobile."

HE SUSPECTED A MISTAKE

Roy Simpson, negro laborer, was putting in his first day with a construction gang whose foreman was known for getting the maximum amount of labor out of his men. Simpson was helping in the task of moving the right of way and all day long he carried heavy timbers and ties until at the close of the day he was completely tired out. Came quitting time. Before he went he approached the boss and said:

"Mister, you sure you got me down on the payroll?"

The foreman looked over the list of names he held. "Yes, he said finally, 'here you are—Simpson—Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?'"

"Yass suh, boss," said the Negro, "dass right. I thought maybe you had me down as Sampson."

—N. Y. C. Lines Magazine.

Esther was allowed to accompany her parents to church for the first time. The minister was of the energetic type, and preached from a pulpit railed in above the people. He excelled himself on this occasion. Esther was cowering close to her mother's side, and as he reached a point which he emphasized vigorously, she exclaimed in a horrified audible tone: "Mamma, what would he do if he got out?"—Orient.

A famous doctor once had a tiresome old lady as patient, who was always imagining herself ailing. He became thoroughly bored with her and her visionary diseases, and at last, to get rid of her, ordered a change to Bath.

"Will you please give me a letter of introduction to the best doctor there?" she asked. "And oh, may I beg you to describe my case exactly?"

Her doctor promised he would do as she wished, wrote the letter and handed it to her. Curiosity to know what he said about her overcame the good lady's sense of honor, and she opened it, only to read:

"My dear So-and-so, I send you a fat old goose! When you have well plucked her, send her back to me!"

—Ireland's Own.

Farmer Goodchap, a bluff, cheery old fellow, was on his first visit to London. "Aye, but this 'ere Lunnun be a big place," he muttered to himself as he stood outside Buckingham Palace.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a couple of sentries. He stood for a moment with a deepening frown on his good-natured face, watching the smart, alert figures as they repeatedly walked up to each other and then turned about without exchanging a word.

At last unable to control himself any longer, he strode up to the sentries as they came together, and laying a hand on each man's shoulder, said in his kindly way:

"Come, lads, can't ye shake hands an' make it up?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Mother—"Doris, why are you jumping up and down like that?"

Doris—"Cos I forgot to shake the bottle when I took my medicine."

—Guilty.

REMINDED

"The storm burst upon us so suddenly and violently that we had no warning of its approach," said the tornado victim, relating his experience to a friend. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know! We—"

"G-good gracious!" said Mr. Meeke, jumping to his feet. "That reminds me! I almost forgot to post a letter for my wife!"—Kreolite News.



China: "I showed a handful of diamonds to a jeweler yesterday, but he said they were no good."

Nicaragua: "How come?"

China: "He had a full house."

Little Willie was of an inquiring turn of mind. He was always asking questions.

"Daddy," he asked one day, "is today tomorrow?"

"No, my son, of course it isn't tomorrow," was the reply.

"But you said it was," murmured Willie.

"When did I say today was tomorrow?" asked the father.

"Yesterday," answered Willie.

"Well, it was. Today was tomorrow yesterday, but today is today, just as yesterday was today yesterday, but is yesterday today and tomorrow will be today tomorrow, which makes today yesterday and tomorrow all at once. Now run along and play."—Exchange.

The stout lady on the scale was eagerly watched by two small boys.

The lady dropped in her cent, but the machine was out of order and only registered 75 pounds.

"Good night, Bill," gasped one of the youngsters in amazement, "She's hollow!"—Progressive Grocer.

A trainman returned home late and was greeted with the usual query:

"Where have you been?" from friend wife.

"Radio concert, m'dear."

"Until three in the morning?"

"Most certainly; you see a woman started broadcasting, and it wouldn't have been polite to leave before she got through."—N. Y. C. Lines Magazine.

Thirsty Marine: Say, is there any place in this town where a fellow can get a drink?

Filled-up M. P.: Sure, there's the new Memorial Fountain in front of the town hall.

"SEMPER FIDELIS"

A Ballad of the Marines (Verse) By JOHN CULNAN

"When 'Omer Smote 'is bloomin' lyre!"

A Critical Review by Constantine M. Perkins, U. S. M. C.

"When 'Omer Smote 'is bloomin' lyre!"

A CRITICAL REVIEW

By Constantine M. Perkins, U. S. M. C.

It is not often that we have the pleasing task of reviewing—and commending—service verse, as, in this instance a book of poetry written of, and dedicated to the Marines, under the title, "Semper Fidelis," the motto of the Corps.

Few of our readers probably care for poetry. "The procession of beautiful sounds, that is a poem," as Sir Walter Raleigh expressed it, and, therefore, few will be particularly interested in, or concerned with, this review. But that is not the fault of verse as an art, but because of the high-pressure trend of the Times,—of the encroachment of science and materialism, in this utilitarian age, upon leisure, to the exclusion of sentiment and emotional exaltation. It is quite natural to love the music of verse before you catch the deeper thought. "Music," the poet saith, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Poetry is akin to music: both are expressions of soul sentiment couched in rhythm—one of abstract sound, the other of words; of writing. Poetry may be said to be the symphony of diction, as dancing is of motion. Doggerel and jazz are prostituted forms of each. "Fine poetry is, says Wordsworth, the breath and fine spirit of knowledge."

There comes to us in this little ballad, "Semper Fidelis," written by a former Marine—and every Leatherneck should read it—a bit of true poetry, the rondeau of a troubadour, whose heart is still in the Corps to which he dedicates his book; and the motif which inspired his song, is the memory of a friend and comrade who was killed in France. For both reasons, his book deserves to be read by Marines, but—and this makes it worth while—it has merit of a high order and deserves to be read for itself, by any lover of poetic sentiment. It is distinctly a creditable production and should be read by every Marine, Officer and Enlisted man alike. It tells the story, in poetic form, of two comrades who enlisted at our entry into the World War.

"With the legion of two-fisted
Lads of varied ancestry,
No time then for discourse weighty;
It was merely, 'So-long, matey,
I will soldier till I'm eighty,
But I'll see you once again!'"

One—the author of the lyrical narrative—seems to have been an unencumbered soldier of fortune who drifted into the ranks, lured by the "trumpet's melody" and the glamour of a care-free life of adventure, like many others who—

"Stumbling in by chance
Feel the surge of old romance
For the ranks at dress parade—"

and who found—

"—Alas! there dreams were idle;
There is nothing suicidal
In one every day routine."

of the average Marine, except

"Receiving streams of bandit lead
Aimed devoutly at one's head."

But, in due course, the two friends find themselves in France, where excitement a plenty begins. He observes that—

"The true Marine is, as a rule,
At heart, a planet-riding fool,
That his wages may be spent
In the quest of merriment!"

Citing sketchily numerous varieties of amusement and entertainment such as

"The mystery ships that wander in,"

and

"That paragon of Posts—Pekin"—

and from—

"The Sunsets west of fair LAUZON" to

"The self-refilling demijohn"

But finds the life not all one of play—

"Be it putting down rebellion,
Or the capture of a hellion,
Or the building of a bridge,
Or the storming of a ridge—
"That occasion will arise
For the ancient battle-cries"—

until—

"In the ethics of our sires,
War it is! The old desires
Are fulfilled!"—

Of this he records—

"We are presently to learn
Proper values in their turn.
Into Quanticco we're pouring,
And our hopes are sent a-soaring.
By the swiftness of events
And the mushroom spread of tents."

They bid good-bye to friends and sweet-hearts—

"Just a trifle ache that lingers
From the pressure of fingers—"

But finds himself—

"Fingering his stacking swivel—
In the face of all this drivel."

When, at last, they land in France, and find that

"War is hell"; hence we are devils,
Heedless of all former lends—
Shipmates to Eternity! But
"Waiving all apology!"

After going over the top,

"In a stream of cooling water
They were purified of slaughter,
By each pretty village daughter,"—

He whimsically observes—

"What cared we if their camises,
Full of rents and little creases
Were of multi-colored pieces—
While they covered loving hearts?"

As for his friend, "Hi Wright Perry"—

"At the love game none was faster,
Than was Perry. He was master,
Who 'reckoned it disaster
When refusal quelled his arts."

Perry seems to have been a cheerful combination of Edgar Allen Poe, forever grieving for his lost Lenore, and of Don Juan, ready to console his languishing heart with any new anamorata—

"It was during leave in Paris
That he met the matchless Clarice,
Clung to pure Apollinaris,
And assumed a haggard look."

The chief weakness of the redoubtable "Hi Wright Parry" (sounds like bayonet exercise?) seems to be pretty faces and pretty phrases, the latter manifesting itself in his singing randeans and triplets to the "transcendental lass," Drelaine, who appears to have been a creature of his poetic fancy, much as was "Annabel Lee." This is a sample:

"Barcon, fill my little glass;
I would sing Drelaine's praises.
She's a transcendental lass!
Garcon, fill my little glass
Ere the witching starlight pass
And I lose my lover's phrases,
Garcon, fill my little glass;
I would sing Drelaine's praises."

However, this dirge to his dreamland sweetheart did not deter "Hi" from singing later, in the Estaminet in Paris—

"When I proposed a silken prize,
Too late I'm told by gay papa,
Sweet Clarice answered 'Bas!'"—

(Parenthetically, "Bas" is French for stockings.) Alas, for the fickleness of "Hi Perry!"—of him the author sings—

"War had rendered him a heedless
Buck, intent on living heedless,
On the ground that all is needless,
Though we play a rousing game;
And he steadily grew fonder
Of the active life. To ponder
In dejection was to squander
Moments of the precious flame."

Well, Hi Wright goes "West,"—

"In an early morning raid"—
"Peace. He realized his crowning
Glory, high upon a frowning
Hillock, with a borrowed Browning
And a doubtful hand-grenade."

As we reached his side the rattle
Sought his throat, was all my prattle
Could assist him in his battle
For one long and gasping breath."
"Stay awhile, mon vieux! I said,
For the love that follows war."
"There is no Drelaine," he murmured,
"And my heart is in the Corps—"

And thus passes from the scene the matchless lad from county Kerry, whose debonair and reckless insouciance furnishes the motif for this war poem—"Semper Fidelis."

It is a happy conceit of the author's, the choice of the motto of the Corps as a title for his book, emphasizing, as it does, his fidelity to the memory of his friend, the final tribute to whom he pays, as the transport on which he is embarked turns homeward:

"—The Ship plows on apace,
Churning a momentary base
Of bubbles in the salty deep.
Is it unmanly, then, to weep,
When yonder, just abaft our beam,
Follows the ghost of a triseme?"
Taffrail led with lustrous shades,—

"Semper Fidelis," their refrain;
Warlike faces wax and wane,
And Hi Wright Perry's smiling wraith
Corals a triolet of faith—
"If love were not sweet
There would be no today!"

The ballad ends with the author, who had returned to the tropics, singing—

"And from out the knowing sky
The matchless lad would sigh,
Could he hear the mighty cadence
Of the hep-two-three-four,—
The everlasting cadence of the step."

As to the metrical technique, the less said the better, probably few who read this book and these lines are competent of distinguishing apart the spondee from the amphibrach or the anapest, and to the majority all poetry falls under the letter head—anapest—with the first syllable omitted. We shall not underrate an exposition of the fine points of lyric construction.

It is a pretty story, simply and prettily told, and should appeal to lovers of poetry, and the sentimental, as well as to those who know the chief characters and served with them.

Inevitably, it has a sombre thread of silver and sable, running through it—of

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"SEMPER FIDELIS"

A Ballad of the Marines (Verse) By JOHN CULNAN

"When 'Omer Smote 'is bloomin' lyre!"

A Critical Review by Constantine M. Perkins, U. S. M. C.

"When 'Omer Smote 'is bloomin' lyre!"

A CRITICAL REVIEW

By Constantine M. Perkins, U. S. M. C.

It is not often that we have the pleasing task of reviewing—and commending—service verse, as, in this instance a book of poetry written of, and dedicated to the Marines, under the title, "Semper Fidelis," the motto of the Corps.

Few of our readers probably care for poetry. "The procession of beautiful sounds, that is a poem," as Sir Walter Raleigh expressed it, and, therefore, few will be particularly interested in, or concerned with, this review. But that is not the fault of verse as an art, but because of the high-pressure trend of the Times,—of the encroachment of science and materialism, in this utilitarian age, upon leisure, to the exclusion of sentiment and emotional exaltation. It is quite natural to love the music of verse before you catch the deeper thought. "Music," the poet saith, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Poetry is akin to music: both are expressions of soul sentiment couched in rhythm—one of abstract sound, the other of words; of writing. Poetry may be said to be the symphony of diction, as dancing is of motion. Doggerel and jazz are prostituted forms of each. "Fine poetry is, says Wordsworth, the breath and fine spirit of knowledge."

There comes to us in this little ballad, "Semper Fidelis," written by a former Marine—and every Leatherneck should read it—a bit of true poetry, the rondeau of a troubadour, whose heart is still in the Corps to which he dedicates his book; and the motif which inspired his song, is the memory of a friend and comrade who was killed in France. For both reasons, his book deserves to be read by Marines, but—and this makes it worth while—it has merit of a high order and deserves to be read for itself, by any lover of poetic sentiment. It is distinctly a creditable production and should be read by every Marine, Officer and Enlisted man alike. It tells the story, in poetic form, of two comrades who enlisted at our entry into the World War.

"With the legion of two-fisted
Lads of varied ancestry,
No time then for discourse weighty;
It was merely, 'So-long, matey,
I will soldier till I'm eighty,
But I'll see you once again!'"

One—the author of the lyrical narrative—seems to have been an unencumbered soldier of fortune who drifted into the ranks, lured by the "trumpet's melody" and the glamour of a care-free life of adventure, like many others who—

"Stumbling in by chance
Feel the surge of old romance
For the ranks at dress parade—"
and who found—

"Alas! there dreams were idle;
There is nothing suicidal
In one every day routine."

of the average Marine, except

"Receiving streams of bandit lead
Aimed devoutly at one's head."

But, in due course, the two friends find themselves in France, where excitement a plenty begins. He observes that—

"The true Marine is, as a rule,
At heart, a planet-riding fool,
That his wages may be spent
In the quest of merriment!"

Citing sketchily numerous varieties of amusement and entertainment such as

"The mystery ships that wander in,"
and
"That paragon of Posts—Pekin!"

and from—
"The Sunsets west of fair Luzon" to
"The self-refilling demijohn"

But finds the life not all one of play—
"Be it putting down rebellion,
Or the capture of a hellion,
Or the building of a bridge,
Or the storming of a ridge!"

"That occasion will arise
For the ancient battle-cries!"—
until—
"In the ethics of our sires,
War it is! The old desires
Are fulfilled!"—

Of this he records—

"We are presently to learn
Proper values in their turn.
Into Quantico we're pouring,
And our hopes are sent a-soaring.
By the swiftness of events
And the mushroom spread of tents."

They bid good-bye to friends and sweet-hearts—

"Just a trifle ache that lingers
From the pressure of fingers!"

But finds himself—

"Fingering his stacking swivel—
In the face of all this driv'."

When, at last, they land in France, and find that

"War is hell"; hence we are devils,
Heedless of all former lends—
Shipmates to Eternity! But
"Waiving all apology."

After going over the top,

"In a stream of cooling water
They were purified of slaughter,
By each pretty village daughter."

He whimsically observes—

"What cared we if their camises,
Full of rents and little creases
Were of multi-colored pieces—
While they covered loving hearts?"

As for his friend, "Hi Wright Perry"—

"At the love game none was faster,
Than was Perry. He was master,
Who 'reckoned' it disaster
When refusal quelled his arts."

Perry seems to have been a cheerful combination of Edgar Allen Poe, forever grieving for his lost Lenore, and of Don Juan, ready to console his languishing heart with any new anamorate—

"It was during leave in Paris
That he met the matchless Clarice,
Clung to pure Apollinarius,
And assumed a haggard look."

The chief weakness of the redoubtable "Hi Wright Parry" (sounds like bayonet exercise?) seems to be pretty faces and pretty phrases, the latter manifesting itself in his singing randeans and triplets to the "transcendental lass," Drelaine, who appears to have been a creature of his poetic fancy, much as was "Annabel Lee." This is a sample:

"Baroon, fill my little glass;
I would sing Drelaine's praises.
She's a transcendental lass!
Garcon, fill my little glass
Ere the witching starlight pass
And I lose my lover's phrases.
Garcon, fill my little glass;
I would sing Drelaine's praises."

However, this dirge to his dreamland sweetheart did not deter "Hi" from singing later, in the Estaminet in Paris—

"When I proposed a silken prize,
Too late I'm told by gay papa,
Sweet Clarice answered 'Bas!'"

(Parenthetically, "Bas" is French for stockings.) Alas, for the fickleness of "Hi Perry!"—of him the author sings—

"War had rendered him a heedless
Buck, intent on living creedless,
On the ground that all is needless,
Though we play a rousing game;
And he steadily grew fonder
Of the active life. To ponder
In dejection was to squander
Moments of the precious flame."

Well, Hi Wright goes "West,"—

"In an early morning raid"—
"Peace. He realized his crowning
Glory, high upon a frowning
Hillock, with a borrowed Browning
And a doubtful hand-grenade."

As we reached his side the rattle
Sought his throat, was all my prattle
Could assist him in his battle
For one long and gasping breath."
"Stay awhile, mon vieux! I said,
For the love that follows war."
"There is no Drelaine," he murmured,
"And my heart is in the Corps!"

And thus passes from the scene the matchless lad from county Kerry, whose debonair and reckless insouciance furnishes the motif for this war poem—"Semper Fidelis."

It is a happy conceit of the author's, the choice of the motto of the Corps as a title for his book, emphasizing, as it does, his fidelity to the memory of his friend, the final tribute to whom he pays, as the transport on which he is embarked turns homeward:

"—The Ship plows on apace,
Churning a momentary base
Of bubbles in the salty deep.
Is it unmanly, then, to weep,
When yonder, just abaft our beam,
Follows the ghosts of a triseme?"
Taffrail led with lusty shades."

"Semper Fidelis," their refrain;
Warlike faces wax and wane,
And Hi Wright Perry's smiling wraith
Corals a triolet of faith—
"If love were not sweet
There would be no today."

The ballad ends with the author, who had returned to the tropics, singing—

"And from out the knowing sky
The matchless lad would sigh.
Could he hear the mighty cadence
Of the hep-two-three-four,—
The everlasting cadence of the step."

As to the metrical technique, the less said the better, probably few who read this book and these lines are competent of distinguishing apart the spondee from the amphibrach or the anapest, and to the majority all poetry falls under the letter head—anapest—with the first syllable omitted. We shall not underrate an exposition of the fine points of lyric construction.

It is a pretty story, simply and prettily told, and should appeal to lovers of poetry, and the sentimental, as well as to those who know the chief characters and served with them.

Inevitably, it has a sombre thread of silver and sable, running through it—of

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SHORTS ON SPORTS

By JEFF DANIELS, Sports Editor

ORGANIZED BOXING

Asks Don Williams: "When do you think the Marine Corps will institute a system similar to shooting in the boxing game? That is, post elimination, then coast elimination, and then a grand final at Quantico."

This column cannot answer that question with any degree of exactness, but does believe that the idea of some sort of organization for the mitt business in the Marine Corps is a big one, and one worthy of much thought and consideration. We answer not the question, but do line up with the First Sergeant as supporters of the organized boxing idea.

Our football, baseball and basketball teams meet some of the finest colleges in the country. Why not a boxing team, one composed of the best mittsters in the Corps to meet college teams and individual champions of other branches of the military service? Considering the benefits derived from other sports organized in the Corps we feel sure that a well organized boxing team could become as important—and it's a year 'round sport.

There is civilian opposition to boxing, and by a powerful minority, but the fact remains that the game is greater today than ever before, and continues to grow. The past year has witnessed innumerable additions to the ranks of fans. Men—and women—of position and rank have rallied to the cause of sports which have in them the element of physical contact, that type of sport in which one man pits his physical AND MENTAL prowess against that of another.

At this time Congressman Updike, an ex-Marine, and a considerable group of influential citizens are striving to legalize boxing in the District of Columbia. The game is growing in every way and the writer predicts that it will be in time among the greatest of national sports. It seems that heretofore games popular in the colleges did not get over very well in a professional way and vice versa. Will boxing become the great national sport for both the amateur and professional?

Baseball is called our national sport, but actually it doesn't draw many record crowds in college stadiums. Football packs the greatest college stadiums in the country, but comparatively, professional football doesn't command a corporal's guard. Why? I can explain only in the same manner that I would answer the question, "Why is radio?" I

don't know, but I CAN hear the music. In the same manner we can see boxing growing, but we know not enough about "mob" psychology to explain why.

On the sport page of a metropolitan daily this month there is a half-page banner head reading: GROWTH OF BOXING IN COLLEGES IS AMAZING,

most important indoor sport . . . in all probability it will not be long before most of the professional boxers come from college ranks . . . war added greatly to the prestige of boxing because it was a regular part of the training program for millions of soldiers . . . most amazing development in the whole

history of college athletics . . . factor that makes football the great public spectacle it is probably is the factor which is giving phenomenal growth to boxing. . . .

Here we witness the unusual growth of boxing in our institutions of learning, halls of knowledge where faculties composed of some of the greatest intellects in this country apparently are giving consent to the extension of a sport which they must believe to be on a par if not greater than other indoor sports. This is no brief for the college man, but it must be admitted that they form a large and important part of our population, many of whom are to be the future leaders in these United States. And, if these great institutions consider boxing worthy of organization, surely the Marine Corps should.

It is significant that without any unusual solicitation on the part of this department this edition contains a comparatively large amount of boxing news and pictures, which causes the writer to take up the question asked at the head of this column. It will be noted that the Naval Academy won seven straight bouts from Georgetown recently; that one "Tiger" Snell, Marine, is working up to the championship of the Scouting Fleet; that Sergeant Tommy Donnelly is going strong in New York; that Glenn Huckaby continues to win in China; that one Tommy Lyon in San Diego challenges the world at his weight. All the news this month seems to be concerning boxing.

But the most significant fact to the writer is that he never heard of some of the boxers mentioned above, and does not hesitate to believe that few other Marines have ever heard of them outside of their own outfits. The records of some of these men disclose that they must be good, or at least worthy

of proper training and an opportunity to show their wares to the best advantage. Organization with proper equipment and facilities might do for some of these men what the Corps did for Tunney. Can anyone challenge Tunney's worth? He's the world champion



TOMMY DONNELLY

Tommy's full and correct name is Sergeant Thomas J. Shortell, and he is publicity man for the New York Recruiting District. After winning nine and drawing three out of fifteen bouts, this promising welterweight has acquired considerable popularity in and around New York, where he is steadily working his way to the top in his class.

and following is a story by H. C. Byrd. He writes in part: ". . . last three years has found it growing from a place of insignificance to a commanding position in relationship to other indoor sports . . . boxing in the colleges seems to have come to stay . . . (some) have claimed boxing to be their

—and a gentleman. Have we any more champs "hidden" in our ranks?

This column is for bringing them out, and by some sort of elimination as that suggested by "Top" Williams. A boxing team composed of champions in the various classes, to meet college teams and the individual champs of the other branches of the military service would be well worth the time, endeavor and comparatively small expense.

And who knows what the future might bring?

As a prognosticator of winners in heavyweight fights this column is decidedly damp. Winners in the Delaney-Heeny racket and the Sharkey-Risko affair were not designated in print before the fight, but we must admit that our private opinion was not according to the now well-known outcome of the two battles (?). It would seem now that Dempsey still is the only serious contender for his old crown, now adorning the intellectual dome of Tunney. Had Sharkey won he might have had a shot at Tunney, and we might at least have seen, heard, or read of the champ in action again comparatively soon, but who now, except Dempsey, rates stepping into the same ring with the champ? Looks like a third meeting, and if that comes to pass we boldly prognosticate that Jack will be convincingly eliminated for keeps. And, that being assumed as probable, Tunney may set a record for holding the world title, though not because of any desire on his part to remain idle. Risko? Don't make us laugh!

March was a bad month for fisticuffs in the Petrolle family. Bruce Flowers won a ten-round decision from Billy Petrolle in New York and our own "Tiger" Snell, of the Marine Detachment, U.S.S. "Arkansas," also took a decision from Petrolle's brother, said to be one of the toughest middleweights in the Navy (U.S.S. "Vestal"). Snell's victory gave him the medal emblematic of the championship of the battleship division and as we go to press the "Tiger" is training for his effort for the Scouting Fleet title. His buddies on the Arkansas declare that if there is a middleweight in the Marine Corps that can whip their man, they would certainly like to have ringside seats for the battle.

Navy won, 29 to 17, from the Point in the last basketball game between the two schools, that is, the last between the two service academies until, or unless, they resume athletic relations in the future and forget the football controversy of last fall.

Here's a couple of new records in case you haven't noticed them in the papers. Sabin W. Carr of Yale has shattered his own world record for the pole vault by sailing higher than any other human ever has before in this manner, for a total of 14 feet 1 inch.

Another world indoor record has been tumbled by Herb Schwarze, giant weight man of the Illinois A. C., who tossed the 16-pound shot for a distance of 49 feet 6 7/8 inches. This eclipsed the former mark of 48 feet 9 inches, set in 1923 by Ralph Hills of Princeton.

While in Philadelphia recently your correspondent interviewed Tommy Loughran, world's champion light-heavyweight who, besides enjoying a few weeks' visit in his home town, was doing a vaudeville turn at the local Keith theater. Loughran's sparring partner on the stage was Joe Lill, Marine battler of the navy yard. Lill was one of the champion's chief sparring partners during the preparations for his last three fights and was chosen to appear with him on the stage because (Champ's own words) "he is a good boxer, is clean cut, has a fine physique and makes a fine appearance. Lill played an important part in my training for some of my most important fights."



TOMMY LYON

states in no uncertain terms that he is open to fight anyone in the world at 145 pounds or better, and so as to not be misunderstood has designated the five top notchers chosen by Tex Rickard recently in the Junior Welterweight divisions. He has engaged in many battles and has victories over several sectional champs.

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Winning in seven straight bouts against the mittmen of Georgetown, Naval Academy boxers kept a record clear which they have maintained for nine consecutive seasons.

Condition, as well as cleverness and experience in the ring, were big factors in the victory of the Midshipmen, but in most of the bouts, the Hilltoppers proved worthy opponents.

The match began and ended with technical knockouts, the other five bouts being decided by the judges at the end of the third round.

"When I was young I was a sailor," remarked Charles Seiditz, 67, when he arrived at Miami recently. He had rowed a boat 15000 miles from Battery Park, New York. We repeat, age means nothing if you have the will to do—and keep close tabs on your physical condition.

Ballplayer Jimmy Elliott weighed 230 pounds, too much for him he thought. So he cut out bread, potatoes, went to bed without supper and worked extra hard. He awoke next morning, stepped on the scales, and weighed 235 pounds! What price a girlish figure.

Not to be outdone by other posts and stations during this period of decidedly new interest in the cauliflower business, the Marines of Washington Barracks staged a smoker in the post gym on the seventeenth with "Paddy" Doyle, the local Marines' prototype of Tex Rickard, acting as master of ceremonies—and about everything else.

Three boxing events and a wrestling match comprised the card and so successful was it that there will be smokers at regular intervals from now on. Virtually the entire membership of the post, from the Commanding Officer, Colonel T. E. Backstrom, down attended, and the deafening applause of the command left no doubt as to its satisfaction with boxing as a regular addition to the sports program here.

Results and officials were as follows: Trumpeter McIntosh won 4-round decision from Trumpeter Karouse; PFC. Cafaratti won 4-round decision from PFC. Christianson; Pvt. Peterson won 4-round decision from Pvt. Morris; Cpl. Cardin won the wrestling match from PFC. Childs with three falls; officials: Referee, Major Coyle; Timekeeper, Lt. Gardner; Judges, Capt. Potter and Lt. Luckey; Promoter, P. J. Doyle. A dance followed, but that doesn't come under the head of "Sports"—or does it?

It's safe to say that comparatively few of us have witnessed six-day bicycle races, and so we have wondered what the fans do during such a long period besides watch the monotonous merry-go-round of riders. Here's what a good many did during the recent meet: Ate 70,000 "hot-dogs," 400 cases of fruit, 15,000 bags of peanuts, and drank 70,000 bottles of soda and 40,000 bottles of mineral water. If statistically inclined, you might dope out how many cases of indigestion resulted.

In a 75-foot pool in Manhattan, George Kojac broke the world's record for a 150-yard backstroke swim. His time was 1 minute 39 3-5 seconds.

Howard Hill, archer, using a five-foot bow that weighed 175 pounds, shot a 24-in. birch arrow 391 yards 1 foot 11 inches, in Miami, a world's record.

With bowling claiming so much attention from Marines, at least locally, it is interesting to note that a scientific study is now available to enthusiasts in this pastime. Apparatus has been developed by Dr. L. W. Taylor of Oberlin College to study the motion of the ball in the bowling alley. A recording device registers to the hundredth of a second the passage of the ball at half meter (about 20-inch) intervals, and some accepted theories of the ball's motion have been found to be incorrect.

We never said that Joie Ray, smart little distance runner, couldn't come back, but must admit to mild surprise over his victory for the I. A. C. medly relay team in taking the honors from six rival quartets. Ray carried the baton for the anchor mile in the first race of his comeback campaign and won easily in 4 minutes 24 4-5 seconds.

SAN DIEGO MARINES WIN TITLE

TAKE THIRD CONTEST

FROM SUBMARINE "5"

AFTER UPHILL FIGHT

By Monroe M'Connell

San Diego Union.—Fighting with the courage born of desperation, the Marine Base and Submarine Divisions basketball teams fought it out to a finish in the third and deciding game of the 11th naval district championship series, played on the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. court last night. The Marines finished on the long end of the 30 to 28 score, and today are enjoying to the utmost the discomfiture of their Under-sea rivals.

The fact that the Submarine quintet recently won the Battle Fleet title for the third consecutive time makes the victory all the sweeter for the Devil Dogs, but it also helps the Under-sea cagers to forget a little of the disappointment the district race brought them.

The Submarines took the opening game of the series by a 30 to 27 score, while the Marines took the second, 42 to 39.

Both teams were on edge for last night's contest and showed it the minute they walked out on the floor for the start of the title battle. Both went about their work with the fierce determination that left no doubt in the minds of the spectators as to their deadly purpose.

The Marines had a little the best of the argument in the first half and held the lead by a 12 to 10 score at half time. In the second half, the Devil Dogs showed their mastery a little more by running up a seven point lead, but when Duey, forward, went out of the game on four personal fouls, the advantage disappeared as if by magic, and the Submarines tied the score.

Both teams were in the lead at least five times during the game, and when the score was tied at 28-28 in the last two minutes of play, the gymnasium became a mad house.

Both clubs went to work at fever heat in that final minute, but it was the Marines who scored the last basket and the one that clinched the title. Ellison hit the bucket for the winning goal after a perfect pass from Michael had paved the way.

Duey, forward, played a great defensive game for the Marines, while Petty's fine floor work was not excelled by any of the players on either team. He kept the ball in the Submarine territory and contributed his share of the baskets as well.

Ellison, Marine center, was closely guarded, and had no opportunity to show up as he did in the second game of the series, but led in the scoring with 12 points just the same. Petty scored 11 and Duey seven.

Steele, center, easily was the outstanding star for the Submarines and contributed 16 points, most of which were gathered from shots from the center of the court. Walters also played a flashy court game.

NEW PACIFIC COAST

CHAMPS WON 12 OUT

OF 13 GAMES, 557-324

By "Little George"

The Marines have landed and are the undisputed champs of the Pacific Coast Basketball world. Twelve out of thirteen games, totaling 557 points, against their opponents' 324, makes it decisive.

Besides the official games, the Big Five won ten unofficial games from schools and colleges in Southern California, losing only one game. Second-string men were given opportunities to show their skill in these games. In the outside games the Marines scored 417 points against 220 points.

The major part of the season saw the Marines with no coach, although the athletic officers gave every available minute to helping bang them into shape. Credit must be given each individual player for keeping his mind and body clean for the games. There was also the hazard of being transferred to China or Nicaragua hovering over them all the time. Through the entire season the players have done "Straight Duty," someone having to be replaced for every game.

The season started with a bang! The Big-5 took the first 3 games, then lost one by a 3-point margin to the Submarines, who have held the cup for the last 3 years. Then came a decision to win every game, Subs included, and the team settled down to real work. There were no more losses though the general opinion was that the Subs would take our number in the next scheduled game. Opinion was wrong, for the Subs got the same treatment as the rest.

Shortly after losing to the Subs, it became apparent that the Big-5 must have a coach so Morris Gross, Coach at State College, was secured. He made no changes in the Big-5 but changed their tactics and drilled them to a point of perfection, brooking ill to all who ran up against them. All credit is given "Our Morrie" for a winning team.

Now a few words on the personnel. The Big-5 that played the entire season are:

Duey (F), Hq. & Hq. Co.
Petty (F), Field Music School.
Ellison (C), Recruit Depot.
Adams (G), Base Service Co.
Donnelly (G), Hq. & Hq. Co.

The second-string was drawn from the following, all Class-A cagers: Goldmeyer, Michael, Elrod, Pollack, Gregory, Larson, Poppleman, Lewis, Durant, Lawless, Chenoweth, Price, and several others who were transferred to foreign soil during the season. Much credit for our winning must be given these men for it was from their ranks that substitutions were made and they were the ones capable of furnishing strongest competition to the Big-5.

Continued on next page

A list of the official games and their scores is here given:

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MARINES WIN IN ICE HOCKEY LEAGUE MATCH FROM JAPANESE, 5-4

The Marines sprang a surprise by defeating the Japanese by 5 goals to 4 in an interesting ice hockey game on the Marine rink.

They did well in winning from the Japanese, who were considered superior to them. Both teams put up a good exhibition in this game. The attack of the Marines was better than that of the Japanese, and this was responsible for their victory.

The Marines led in the first quarter by 3 goals to 1. Both teams fought hard in the second, and the score was 4-3 for the Marines at the end of the quarter. No scoring took place in the third. In the last quarter a stiff battle was fought. Tullock got through first to increase the Marines' lead to 5-3, but the Japanese scored one more before the end.

Tullock (Marines) and Ikeda (Japanese) were the best players on the ice, and did most of the work for their sides.

10TH MARINES DEFEAT SIXTH IN FAST GAME

The 10th Regiment Marines defeated the 6th Regiment on the Recreation Hall Court 45-18, in a fast and exciting game, the large score giving no conception as to the class of ball displayed.

Thompson and Conyers, two new additions to the Tenth's team, played an exceptionally good game and without a doubt greatly strengthened their team. Dyer also played a peerless game at center as did Anderson of the Sixth Regiment, Anderson alone making ten of his team's points; all of his field goals were out towards the center of the court.

Summary:

Marines (30)	Pos.	(28) Submarines
Duey (7).....	f.....	(9) Walters
Petty (11).....	f.....	(3) Norton
Ellison (12).....	c.....	(16) Steele
Adams.....	g.....	McClain
Donnelly.....	g.....	Harris
Substitutes: Marines—Michael for Duey. Submarines—Turner for Norton.		
Referee—Todd. Umpire—Mashin.		
Timekeeper—Englehart.		

Joe Lill, Marine Heavyweight, Makes Vaudeville Debut in Act With Champ

PROMOTER SAYS LILL IS IN LINE
FOR GARDEN OPPORTUNITY

On the Last Lap of His Enlistment,
Leatherneck Will Be Sparring Mate
for Loughran in Latter's Train-
ing for Title Bout With
Pierre Charles

By Lew McFarland

Joe Lill, who is now on the last lap of his first enlistment in the U. S. Marines, has elected to do his stuff on the cash register side of the footlights. At least, he is doing so at the present writing, partaking in a vaudeville act with the world's light-heavyweight champion, Tommy Loughran, of Philadelphia. They have been performing to capacity houses and the act received by very appreciative audiences throughout the engagement. The finale of the act shows the champion and Lill in a three-round bout wherein there is a merry exhibition of sock and get the same for your trouble in a ten-foot exhibition ring. There is no fluke or nothing prearranged about the way these two slam each other about to the satisfaction of the audiences, for they are killing two birds with the proverbial single stone—entertaining the public and conditioning themselves for future contests. Lill will act as sparring mate to Loughran for the bouts wherein the champion will defend his title against Pierre Charles, the big Belgian in Detroit, and his next battle against Leo Lomski, who caught Tommy before the champ had a chance to settle down to work in their recent fray at Madison Square Garden in New York. Loughran and Lill make a great team on the stage as they are both of the clean cut type of young American manhood. Both clever to the extent of having engaged in quite a number of battles and yet to have their noses flattened or their ears turned to the cauliflower stage so closely associated with most members of Fisticana.

The Marine, who will soon be discharged from the branch of Uncle Sam's service that developed him into a fighter on land, sea and in the prize ring, leaves the Marine Corps with a feeling of regret, yet hoping to follow directly in the footsteps of that other Devil-dog who succeeded in gaining the highest pinnacle in pugilism by throwing gloved fists at any and all opposition afforded in the heavyweight class. Gene Tunney, we mean.

Joe enlisted in the Marine Corps on April 13, 1924, and has gone through the routine familiar to other members of the Corps. Parris Island was the first stop, or rather, start for this rookie to go through the mill and after participating in all-around sports in conjunction with his other work Lill saw service in Cuba, Haiti, and eventually had the pleasure of doing his bit in Nicaragua. Returning to the United States, Joe was elected to do some home guard duty and also permitted to resume ring activities. He

A LETTER

First Sergeant Donald Williams, who furnishes The Leatherneck with much of the news concerning boxing in China, makes some interesting comments on the situation in general, and as one of the Corps' most enthusiastic boosters for this sport, knows whereof he speaks.

Of Huckaby he says, "is coming along fine and I feel that some day he will be fighting the best of them in the States. He is quiet, reads for recreation and takes the best of care of himself. He has won seven fights, taken three draws and lost but one (to Duncan, then champion) in less than a year here. In his last fight (with Lake) he was full of pep throughout, and astonished the fans by turning a couple of hand springs at the end of the last round to prove it . . . best weight is 133 . . . want to get him back in the States . . . field is too small . . ."

"We have had some good boys show up since we started to work last March, and expect to see some more appear shortly. From the original squad, shown in the accompanying photo, the following have returned to the States: Poley, Cordell, Raho, Oster, Cheslock and Elick. Since their departure only three new faces have been added: Riddle, Harley and Davis.

"I have figured it out that our men have taken part in 64 bouts, ranging from 6 to 10 rounds each, and have won 36, lost 21. They have had 7 draws and lost only one fight via the knockout route, all of which discloses that they have trained faithfully.

"Sergeant Hill, who is well known all over the Corps, has won all his fights and finds his hardest job finding matches . . . is hard worker . . . has handled all the other boys in the ring.

"Braunstein has never been right since he resumed fighting here. He has worked hard and also put up good fights, and is a crowd pleaser, but has never done himself justice. He intends to lay off and try to stage a come-back later that will clean out the welter division here. . . . Sammy is good boy . . . big asset to any boxing stable."

has had a meteoric rise, stacking up against some of the top-notch fighters in the eastern rings in his short career neither giving or asking quarter of any fighter and has never yet refused to meet any opponent selected by the promoters. Since his return from Central America, Lill has engaged the following men in bouts of from six to ten rounds: "Soldier" Joe Green, Len Herring, twice; Will Mathews, three times; Billy Wells, twice; Harry Slaughter, twice; Tony Youknois, twice; Gunboat Williams, Gene Jennette, Jack Martin.

Lill is in line for a chance to box in Madison Square Garden and in the event of victory in his debut under the big tent he will then be launched against some of the outstanding contenders for the heavyweight championship of the world.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

And now the Intercollegiate A. A. A. A. championships are over and some great material for the Olympics was disclosed. Among other features, Lloyd Hahn beat all records for the half-mile with the time of 1:51 2-5. Wright, of Cornell, lowered the 35-pound weight throw, Dave Adelman of Georgetown broke the 16-pound shot put record and Syracuse won the one-mile relay in 3:21 2-10. Cornell won the meet with Georgetown trailing by one-half a point, and Yale pulling up third. Others in line were Harvard, N. Y. University, Penn State, Dartmouth, Holy Cross.

Jack Delaney says he will remain in the heavyweight division despite his elimination as a contender for top honors. According to Jacobs, his manager, Delaney has offers from several promoters and will probably make his next appearance at Toronto against Larry Gaines.

Add a new game to the present extensive curriculum of sports—"Basketball Golf." To play it add two baskets to each side of the basketball court, making a total of six. The players shoot their way around the six-hole course, each "try" counting as a stroke. Shots are made from wherever the ball comes to a rest.

Official statistics compiled at the Sault Ste. Marie bonspiel show that in the major events the thirty-five rinks of curlers moved approximately 600 tons of stone a distance of fifty-nine miles. Curling is called a sport.

Continued from preceding page

Tom Tucker, of the TRIBUNE, and Munroe McConnell, of the UNION, may be quoted in our individual mention of the Big-5—about Adams and Donnelly, our guards: "Always there ahead of the other fellow. . . . We consider them the very best guards in the League." "Duey stars" is getting to be quite ordinary reading on the sports page. Duey it is who shares honors with Petty at the forward position. Not last, but least, in size only, comes Petty, our 5-foot-four-inch forward. Quoted by sports writers, coaches and referees as "the fastest floor-man ever seen on these courts." He is to be seen everywhere you look and can dribble the ball at a "mile-a-minute" clip. Last, but not least, by several inches, comes Ellison, our star center. He has 146 points of the official score to his credit. His 6-foot 3 inches was to be depended on in getting the "Tap" for every signaled play. In conjunction with Petty, sports writers are quoted as naming them "fastest and best in the League."

They are a grand team, the acknowledged leaders of all teams who have played on local courts, and are looking forward to many more games on this coast with, possibly, a tilt with the East coast champs for the "All Service Cup."

The support of Col. Chas. H. Lyman and other officers of the Post, in furnishing transportation and in allowing special liberty to men desiring to see the games, made possible this splendid victory.

HUCKABY WINS ANOTHER; HONGKONG CHAMP FALLS

Marine Welter Smiles Throughout Battle, Always Confident of Victory.

Slamming home hard rights that he drove for the body and chin, Glenn Huckaby, 18-year-old welter pride of the 4th Regiment, United States Marine Corps, outpointed Stoker Percy Lake, boxing flash of H. M. S. "Durban," in the 10-round final of the International Sporting Club's fight card at Carlton Cafe recently. Huckaby got the decision but he had to extend himself in the later rounds to win. Lake piled up a good lead by outboxing his American opponent, but Huckaby connected in the seventh round to slow up the sturdy little Briton and win by a fair margin.

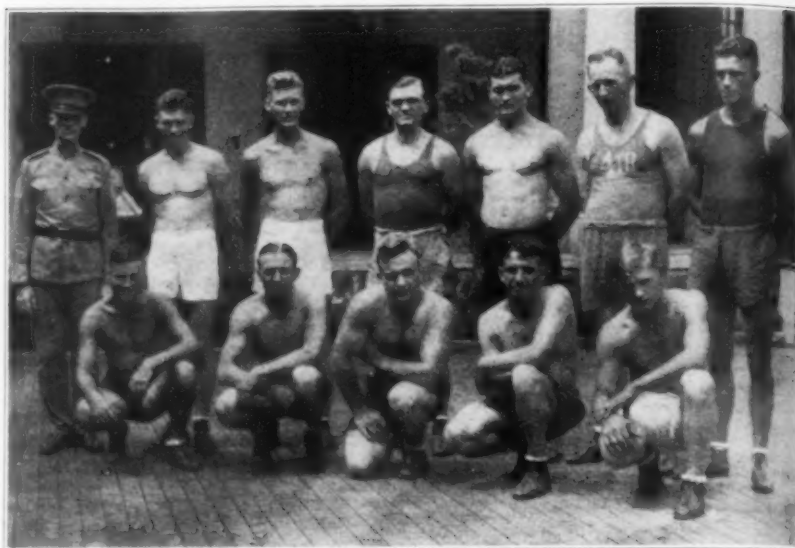
The two showed up well. Huckaby at 140½ pounds was a little overweight. Lake was 134½ and in good shape. They danced through the first round, each feeling the other out and just providing sufficient action to keep the audience interested. Both opened up in the second round. Lake played for solar plexus, where Huckaby's surplus seemed to be. Huckaby was more cautious, timing his punches better, hitting with all his strength in hopes of slipping over the sleeping-potion. Lake was too clever, too fast, and repeatedly slapped Huck in the midriff when the American's swings went wide.

Lake took the second round and the third on snappy rights and lefts he rained to the solar plexus and chin. They stung but lacked steam to down the heavier man. Huckaby kept boring in. In the fourth he turned the tables by shooting rights and lefts to the head and ribs. The exchanges were fast and plentiful. He grinned through it all, confident of victory. Huckaby and Lake again divided honors in the fifth round. Then in the sixth Lake forged well ahead, ducking out of danger to dash in again to rain showers of blows on the American Marine. Huck took it all, waiting for the chance to slip over a knockout.

Huckaby came near finishing his man in the seventh, when he started the drive that brought home the bacon. Three tearing rights to the solar plexus had Lake in serious trouble but the little Briton stalled through to the bell. He came up gamely for more in the eighth and got it. Huckaby, always cool and waiting for the chance to finish the fight, kept driving home stinging lefts that would have brought openings had Lake been less experienced and speedy. Lake was using his head, ducking out of tight corners and seizing every chance to annex a point.

The ninth was Huckaby's biggest round and again he seemed likely to floor the sturdy Lake. The Durban scrapper was tiring but, despite the heavy punishment he was taking, always came back gamely but ineffectively. Huckaby started a big rush in this round and seemed on the point of success when the bell sounded. Huckaby again was on the warpath in the last round, but never could corner the slippery Briton, who was fighting a great losing fight.

ORIGINAL FOURTH REGIMENT BOXING SQUAD



Left to right (standing): First Sergeant Donald E. Williams, Raho, Cordell, Edwards, Poley, Hill, Elick. Kneeling: Huckaby, Cheslock, French, (wrestler), Braunstein, Oster.

Believe it or not, art has been made a part of the Olympic program of 1928, too. The competition opens on May 7 and ends August 12, and the nation which displays the best in architecture, music, literature, painting and sculpture—all of it the product of amateurs—will win the same number of points as would one that triumphed in track and field, boxing, swimming, etc. Now there's competition for which you can train right in your own parlor.

Here is the Olympic program for 1928 which gives an idea of its scope:

Feb. 11 to Feb. 19, inclusive—Winter sports at Moritz.

May 17 to May 26—Field hockey finals.

May 27 to June 15—Football.

July 28 to July 29—Weight lifting.

July 29 to Aug. 6—Track and field games.

July 29 to Aug. 11—Fencing.

July 30 to Aug. 5—Pentathlon.

July 31 to Aug. 4—Yachting.

Aug. 2 to Aug. 9—Rowing.

Aug. 6 to Aug. 10—Cycling.

Aug. 3 to Aug. 5—Swimming.

Aug. 4 to Aug. 11—Boxing.

Aug. 7 to Aug. 11—Gymnastics.

Aug. 8 to Aug. 10—Equestrian sports.

Aug. 9 to Aug. 12—Wrestling.

Aug. 7—Lacrosse.

Aug. 7—Korfball.

The United States will have representation in the following sports:

Winter sports, hockey, track and field, football, boxing, wrestling, swimming, gymnastics, rowing, pentathlon.

COMMERCIALS FIVE LOSE TO TWELFTH MARINES, 17-101

The astounding score of 101 points to 17 was rolled up by the 12th Marines in their match against the Commercials at the "Y." It is the highest score ever made in a basketball game played in Tientsin, many basketball followers here claim.

The record individual score 46 points, 22 field and 2 foul goals, was made by Freeman, the Marine center, in this game.

This was not a league game, although all the Marine players thought it was, as only three of the Commercial players turned up. Two "Y" players were asked to fill up the breach, and the game commenced as if nothing had happened. The Marine players were determined to beat the 61 points made by the 15th Infantry the other day, and they worked like demons to do so. They were told at the end of the game that it was only a friendly match, and the faces of the six players were a sight to watch.

Play was fast and furious, with the Marines scoring field goals in rapid succession. Their average during the forty minutes was 2.5 points a minute. The game was none too one-sided, however, as the Commercial players also had a say in matters. They scored four field goals in the third quarter before the Marines got started, which shows that they were playing their best right through the games.

Freeman, the best shooter of the team, was fed in fine style by the other players, and credit must also be given to the rest of the team for the large score made by him. Brounck was second highest scorer with 25 points (12 field and 1 foul goals).



Tunney's First Year As a "Pro"

By ED VAN EVERY

In this installment the writer relates the remainder of the Champion's unrecorded bouts and those he fought as a Marine, and starts a new series covering the twelve contests engaged in by Tunney during his first year of professional fighting.

THE LEATHERNECK reprints the series through the courtesy of
THE EVENING WORLD (N. Y.)

CHAPTER XI—continued

dium. That same year he started off his professional career by knocking over his first nine opponents.

Tunney His Only Victor

In all Martin, in his first five years as a pugilist, in uniform, and in the professional ring, engaged in 118 contests and fell just two short of registering 100 knockouts. And though, through all his years of boxing for Uncle Sam, he lost but one match, and that to Gene Tunney, it is easy to see why he was more in the limelight than the man who is today the king of the ring. But why Tunney was not given more credit for this particular victory, that is not quite so plain.

At the time of the meeting with Martin in 1918 Tunney gave away close to fifteen pounds in weight to Martin who scaled at around 185. He stood 6 feet, 2 1-2 inches, two inches taller than Gene. But at that there did not seem any special physical superiority for either in their respective appearances as they stripped for action. For two finer samples of athletic youth was not to be pictured as they squared off that day in 1918 over in France.

As was customary in the Martin attack, particularly at that period, he was out after Tunney with a rush like the sweep of a tornado. "Fighting Bob" could certainly put plenty in that first rush which had something of the quality of the old Jack Dempsey charge. It had such a demoniac intensity it was difficult to stave off or break up. But it held no terrors for young Tunney.

And the way he met it was somewhat similar to the way he met the much-feared Dempsey onslaught a year ago last month, in Philadelphia, when he won the title. At least one former buddy of Gene's who witnessed both contests pointed out this identical detail. Gene did not fall back from Dempsey's rush as was the habit of those who had been facing the Tiger Man. Nor did Gene fall back when Martin came tearing in. In each case the attack was hardly under way when Gene, instead of falling back, stepped in and smashed over a right for the jaw.

At the time of his bout with Martin Gene's hands were not in the bad shape that they were soon after, and which injury became so serious it prevented his competing in the Inter-Allied

matches. In fact, it was in this clash with "Fighting Bob" that he developed the fracture that was to almost spell ruin of his ring career.

Fighting Mad

Such a trifle as a heavy right hand wallop to the head could not dull the tremendous fighting spirit such as was owned at that time by Bob Martin. It served to make him more fighting mad than ever. And here was where he showed that he was shy one asset that has counted so much in Tunney's success in the ring—coolness under fire. Gene was as cold and steady as a man who had been tried by years of desperate boxing. As a result he was able to pile up points with an accurate and nicely timed straight left.

In the second, "Fighting Bob" did manage to get over that terrific right of his with a clean smash for the head. As a rule Martin needed to land only one like this and the fight was either over or his man was primed for the finisher. But Gene could stand up under a heavy blow then as well as now, and he took the heavy blow with hardly a quiver, steadied, and a moment later was jabbing and outboxing his man calmly and proficiently.

So it was probably only a matter of pounds and opportunity that prevented Gene Tunney coming back with the title so proudly borne by "Fighting Bob" Martin.

Chapter XII

On the afternoon in July, 1919, when Jack Dempsey battered his way to the heavyweight championship over the giant hulk of Jess Willard, then for the first time did Gene Tunney give serious thought that he might some day become the champion of the world. There have been various stories as to how Gene came to set himself to the task of winning the title from Dempsey.

One of the stories is that Tunney, who started boxing around his home town about the same time that Jack Dempsey made his debut in New York, saw him in action in one of these fights and was not over-impressed with the former champion. It was around 1916 that Dempsey fought Wild Burt Kenny and John Lester Johnson here in ten-round no-decision contests, which are,

SOME MONTHS before Gene Tunney had won the A. E. F. title in the light heavyweight class he had demonstrated his pugilistic worth in what was even more impressive fashion than his winning in the championship battle with Ted Jamison. And it is worth note that this same Jamison did very well professionally the following year in 10-round bouts with Harry Greb, Rob Roper, Jack Renault and others. But previous to his victory over Jamison, Tunney had outpointed Bob Martin, the man who was regarded as the greatest heavyweight in the ranks and who loomed as the coming heavyweight champion of the world.

"Fighting" Bob Martin of Albright,

W. Va., certainly made a ring name for himself a little less than ten years ago, and it is hardly to be wondered at that he overshadowed Gene Tunney, for he had color, a sensational fighting style and a knockout wallop. And they won for him not only the A. E. F. heavyweight crown but



ED VAN EVERY

the inter-allied championship, which was battled for by the boxing representatives of eighteen nations from June 22 to July 6, 1919.

Starting at Camp Shelby he had rung up quite a string of K. O.'s, and in his bouts for the Welfare Organization in 1918 he had stopped all of his opponents in short order, with the exception of Sgt. Ray Smith, who held him to a four-round draw, and Gene Tunney, who outpointed him in a four-round encounter.

Fighting his way through the qualification rounds for the A. E. F. championships in that same year, "Fighting Bob" knocked out twenty-eight of his thirty-two opponents, and then hung up nine more K. O.'s in winning the inter-allied crown, for which he stopped Capt. Gordon Congill of Australia in the first round of the final at Pershing Sta-

And it so happened that on the same night Bob Martin, who was regarded as the real A. E. F. star, fought in St. Louis and knocked out in three rounds Arthur Pelky, a fairly well known heavy.

CHAPTER II

WHEN GENE TUNNEY made his second appearance in the ring after he had been mustered out of service he had the privilege of boxing on the same program with a champion of the world and with other fistic stars of that day. It was about two weeks after his engagement with Dan O'Dowd and in the 4th Regiment Armory, Newark, where Dave Driscoll had arranged an attractive boxing show for the night of December 29, 1919.

Johnny Kilbane, who had won the 126-pound title eight years previous from Abe Attel, opposed Andy Chaney in the main bout. Al Reich and Tom Cowler clashed in a heavyweight tussle. Alzeimer, a pupil of Kilbane's, boxed Joe Smith and Jeff Smith took on Joe Coyne. Harry Greb and Augie Ratner were to have fought in place of the last mentioned pair. It was as part of this card that Gene Tunney, A. E. F. light-heavyweight champion, had been pitted against Bob Pearce.

Who was Bob Pearce? Well, according to more or less veracious press notices, he hailed from Chicago and had gained fame as a terror in the "sticks" and had proved himself a dangerous scrapper in fights at Tulsa, Okla., and other points South and West. This was to be his first appearance in the East.

Tunney, who weighed in at 175 for this match, had nine pounds on Pearce. Whether Billy Roche, who was then handling young Tunney, had picked a soft one, or Pearce was made to look the part because of Tunney's fine ability, the Chicago boxer started out in a fashion that indicated that he had no special respect for the A. E. F. champion.

Keeps Out of Danger

Pearce tore out after Tunney as though he was bent on showing up the Greenwich Village hope. Tunney had no chance to get started in the first minute, but he did not seem at all flustered by the swift attack of his opponent. Gene's footwork and blocking kept him out of danger, and it was not long before he managed to find openings through which he started to shoot a series of left hooks.

It was with a left hook to the jaw that Pearce was nailed at the end of the first round and sent sprawling to the canvas. Harry Ertle, who was third man in the ring, was counting over the fallen man when the bell sounded the end of the round. The finish came in the next session.

Pearce came up in good shape in the second round, but he didn't stay that way very long. Early in this round he was found with a stiff left to the mid-section and down went Pearce again. He was apparently pretty badly hurt by this shot, but at nine he gamely struggled to his feet. Gene lost little time in driving over a right to the jaw, and down went Pearce for the third time. This knockdown brought the towel from the beaten boxer's corner.

This victory was greeted in various ways by the critics. Some thought Tunney had acquitted himself creditably,

and Vincent Treanor, in particular, who covered the bout for The Evening World, was very much pleased with the way the A. E. F. champion handled himself. In his account of the contest he gave it as his opinion that "Gene Tunney made himself with this one fight."

Criticism for Gene

Others criticized Tunney as being too slow and deliberate. Two reporters found fault with the way he used his left. According to one boxing editor: "Tunney will have to learn to use his left if he figures to get very far in the fistic racket."

All things considered, Tunney must have learned how to use his left, or maybe he had a pretty good one at that time. Gene thought so, particularly as it happened to be with a left to the stomach that he practically finished Pearce.

Incidentally, this card of bouts on which Tunney appeared the night of his second fight as a professional drew a gate of \$16,622. It was thought to be very good, but the heavyweight champion, a little less than a month ago, got almost this amount for half a minute in the ring.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the occasion of Tunney's second bout after his return from overseas was that Jeff Smith and Harry Greb, who were to play such an important part in the Greenwich Village boy's climb to the heavyweight throne, were both billed for appearance. It was a victory over Smith that first opened the eyes of the latter's manager, Jimmy Bronson, to the fact that Tunney was a much greater fighter than he had ever realized when he had seen Gene in action in France. And it was in fights with Harry Greb that Gene Tunney uncovered the steel of his championship ability.

CHAPTER III

ON January 1, 1920, Gene Tunney started the glad New Year by scor-

ing another two-round K. O. This was his third professional fight following his return home with the title of A. E. F. light heavyweight champion. This bout came within three days after the present champion had toppled Bob Pearce in the second round of a match in the Newark Armory. This time Whitey Allen was the victim, and the Bayonne A. A., which held forth in the Greenville Scheutzen Park, Bayonne, was the scene of action.

By a strange coincidence, Al Reich, who had been "white hoping" quite a bit, and who had been on the card with Tunney in Newark, also figured on the card in Bayonne. Reich was to have fought Mexican Joe Lawson in the feature spot on January 1, but unfortunately for Reich, in his bout with Tom Cowler, the canvas came up and said, "You know me, Al," and he had been disqualified in the third round when his manager, Jimmy Johnston, endeavored to revive Al with the aid of the water bucket, or rather, with the contents thereof.

Reich's Stock Drops

As a result Reich's stock had taken something of a drop. And as Tunney had received some favorable mention for his victory over Pearce, and also made his debut in Bayonne with some success against Dan O'Dowd several weeks previously, the management put the Reich bout on in the semi-final, and so it came about that Gene was a headliner on the occasion of his third appearance as a recognized professional.

Concerning Gene's opponent, this Whitey Allen was boosted as the toughest opposition that the Greenwich Village boxer had yet been called on to face. Maybe he was, at that. Though one of the press notices which dwelt on the fact that Allen had recently returned from Sweden, "where he had scored three quick knockouts over dangerous Swedish heavyweights," didn't sound so good. Swedish heavyweights

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in those days figured about as prominently as the Swiss navy joke.

Still, Whitey was conceded to have considerable on young Tunney in experience. He had fought Jim Coffey and Battling Levinsky—I've forgotten how he fared in those bouts—but he had fought quite a number of fairly good men. Considerable was made over the fact that Allen had proved rather tough picking for the late Bill Brennan, just when Bill was being boomed as a prospective opponent for Jack Dempsey.

Greenwich Village turned out strong for this contest, for Gene's old neighbors were quite enthused over the way their hero was coming along. Eddie O'Brien, who had been in Gene's corner in all his fights before his enlistment, was on the job, as usual. Reich had no sooner put over the K. O. on Lawson in the sixth round of the semi-final than O'Brien was right up in the victor's corner laying claim to the same for his man. That was a little specialty of Eddie's and any time he said a certain corner belonged to Tunney, well, it just belonged.

Gene surprised at the bell by taking the aggressive. As a rule, even in his early days, he was in the habit of studying his rival at the start before picking his spots for his counter punches. But the bell had hardly sounded when Gene was on top of Whitey with a jarring left to the head, and before Whitey knew what it was all about he was popped with two more lefts.

It seemed as though Tunney had taken to heart the criticism of one of the boxing reporters, who had gone on record in his paper to the effect that Gene would have to learn how to use a left effectively if ever he expected to get very far in the boxing game. So by way of proving that he had both expectations and a left he demonstrated the latter at the expense of his opponent.

Couldn't Dodge Left

Allen, it seemed, couldn't get away from that left of Gene's, and the latter was all over his opponent all through the opening round, piling up points in a fashion that made him look like a busy one-armed boxer. In the second round Tunney kept up his work with the left hand in a way that soon had his man dizzy.

Half way through this second round Gene followed up a series of lefts with one more hook with the same hand, but this one was a little different from the others. It was fired with more venom and accuracy and nailed Allen flush on the point of the jaw. Down went Whitey and it was all over.

Such is fame, however, that one of the morning papers credited the victory to the winner under his right name, which didn't happen to be much of a boost for the boxer who was to win the crown from Jack Dempsey within less than seven years after he had hung up this particular K. O. "Jim Tunney Knocks Out Whitey Allen in Two Rounds," read the headline.

Although James J. Tunney was the given name of our hero, and much was made of the fact that two other heavyweight champions, Corbett and Jeffries, had also been christened "James J.," still "Jim" had practically never been fastened on young Tunney. Very early in his boyhood a baby sister had turned the Jim into Gene, and Gene he has

always been to every one. Even in his bouts in France he had been introduced as—Gene Tunney.

CHAPTER IV

GENE TUNNEY was knocking 'em over so fast in the first few months of his professional ring work following his return from overseas that even the record books have lost track of one of these victories. Inside of one week toward the end of January, 1920, the A. E. F. light heavyweight champion scored two one-round knockouts. Bud Nelson and Jimmy Monohan were the victims, but a careful search of the record books shows no mention of the bout with Nelson.

The bout with Nelson was fought in the Bayonne A. A., of which Charley Dosserick was the matchmaker, and it was the third trip over to the club of young Tunney and his Greenwich Village legion. It happened on the night of Tuesday, January 20.

About this Bud Nelson, it has been necessary to refer to the records of Johnny Pollock to get the low down on this knock-over. According to John's advance story, Nelson was a heavyweight from Kansas City and was a hope discovered by no less a personage than Sam Fitzpatrick. It also seems that Bud had fought on the other side while in service, but, apparently, this was the first time that he and Gene had met either socially, pugilistically or otherwise.

Nelson Down for Count

Nelson did not stay in the ring long enough with Tunney for the pair to get very well acquainted. The bout lasted about two minutes and the finish came about in this way: There was a fast exchange of blows, during which the A. E. F. champion hooked over a heavy left to the chin and down went Bud for a count of nine. He struggled up gamely, only to be smashed down for a second time, and for this one the finisher was a right flush to the jaw that toppled Nelson for the full count and then some.

On the Monday night following, January 26, Tunney was on the bill in the Newark Armory. Gene was doing all his ring work then with the Bayonne A. A. and the Newark Armory. Young Bob Fitzsimmons was fighting in the feature spot that night. It was the second ring appearance of the son of the famous Freckled Bob, and Dave Driscoll, the matchmaker, had it all planned to match Gene and Young Fitz, if they came through, for the star bout one week later.

However, it was decreed that the much discussed match between Ruby Robert's boy and the pride of Greenwich Village was never to materialize. Young Fitzsimmons forced his opponent, an unknown, named Eddie West, to retire in the seventh round, but the victor's showing was disappointing, to say the least. Tunney showed up so impressively by way of contrast that a Tunney-Fitzsimmons match was out of the question for the time being.

About Jim Monohan, there doesn't appear to be much known either. According to the press agent's notice, "most Monohans are good fighters, and this one is very tough." Anyway, he was badly outclassed and it was all over in about two minutes.

Tunney jumped inside of a left lead and planted a right to the face and

Monohan was practically out on his feet, then and there. Monohan at least was game, so maybe that was his right name at that. He struggled to his feet at the count of two, but he had been badly weakened by body blows in the first minute of fighting and a right to the chin sent Jim reeling to the ropes.

Withholds the Finisher

There was no doubt of it being over. Monohan tried to raise his hands but couldn't, and Gene, sensing his helpless condition, withheld the finisher. At the same time the referee stepped in between the men and just then the towel came sailing into the ring from Monohan's corner. There seemed to be a sort of universal agreement that Monohan had enough for that evening.

Bob Martin, who had won the heavyweight title both in the A. E. F. and Inter-Allied tests, was also sought as an opponent for Tunney in event of Young Fitzsimmons failing to come through. But it also happened that on that same night Martin fought Sergt. Ray Smith, a man he had beaten in France. In this match, which was fought in Toledo, Smith sprang a surprise by outpointing Martin. However, an opponent was found for Tunney for the following week. It was no less a foeman than—

CHAPTER V

ABOUT that sixth fight in which Gene

Tunney engaged upon his return from France there is still considerable discussion, though it occurred as far back as the night of February 2, 1920. Up until the seventh round of the heavyweight champion's last bout with Jack Dempsey it has always been claimed for Tunney that he has never been knocked down by a punch. Exception has been quite often taken to this statement, and the contest I am now about to touch on was the one in which it has been claimed that Al Roberts hit Gene and Gene hit the canvas.

Another interesting point in connection with this contest was that it was one of the first in which a really dangerous opponent was taken on by Tunney in his first year of "pro" fighting. While he had taken some money for the half-dozen bouts which he engaged in previous to his enlistment, boxing was not then a means of livelihood for young Tunney. That pugilism was paying him far better than the job of rate clerk in a steamship office, which he had deserted for the ring, it is worthy of note that Gene was reported to have been paid a guarantee of \$750 by Dave Driscoll, the matchmaker for this bout with Roberts.

While Roberts had been beaten by Charley Weinert and Al Reich, the Staten Island light heavyweight certainly was proving his right to rating as a tough one. In fact, he was a battler of such promise for a time that Billy Gibson, who has managed Gene into the big title, handled Roberts for a time, thinking Al had the makings of a possible contender for Jack Dempsey's laurels. Roberts didn't possess much in the way of science and skill, but he certainly did pile in and fight, and he was also strong and as game as they come.

It is claimed by many, who insist that they were eye-witnesses of the incident, that Tunney was knocked off

Continued on page 47

his feet with a heavy right to the head in the first seconds of the contest. I was among those present at the bout, and while I do recall that Gene was nailed with a heavy wallop right off the reel, I have no recollection of the Greenwich Village boxer being floored. Moreover, I have examined the files in which this match was reported and not one of them makes any mention of Tunney being dropped. These accounts include the reports of Vincent Treanor, for The Evening World, and Hype Igoe, for The Morning World.

Tunney's Version of Bout

Here is Gene's own version of what happened in that first minute of his engagement with Roberts:

"We did not shake hands following the instructions of the referee, as is now customary. Instead, we were instructed to shake hands as we came out with the starting bell. Instead of touching my glove when I extended my hand, Roberts cut loose with a right swing and walloped me on the chin. The blow surprised me, but still it hardly even jarred me back. But the unfairness of this punch certainly made me fighting mad, and then there was a knockdown. I stepped in with a right to the head that floored my man."

Treanor's story of the fight tells how Tunney dropped Al with a slashing right to the jaw before the fight had gone forty-five seconds. Igoe relates how Tunney began by flooring Al, almost before the echo of the starting bell had died away, with a short right to the jaw.

So it seems pretty safe to go on record that if Tunney was ever knocked down previous to his experience with Jack Dempsey, it didn't happen on the night that he fought Al Roberts in the Newark Armory, almost eight years ago.

That was quite a hectic bout, and easily the best fight of the night, although there was a spectacular ending to a contest between Charley Beecher and Battling Reddy, when the pair pitched out of the ring and both crashed heavily to the floor, head first. Eddie Fitzsimmons and Jimmy Duffy fought that night, and Benny Valger trounced Joie Fox, claimant of the English featherweight title.

Trying for K. O.

Roberts hopped right up after hitting the canvas and proceeded to give a plucky exhibition. He stood gamely to his guns while Tunney punched him almost at will. Gene was still angry and trying for a quick K. O., and time and again it seemed as though the brave Staten Island battler must go down, but he kept his feet through it all, though he was in bad shape when the bell came to his rescue.

Roberts came back in admirable style in the second round and carried the fighting to Tunney through this and the third. Gene, who had already sensed the value of rating himself and of maintaining a cool head, had recovered his poise and was boxing carefully. In the fourth Tunney took the aggressive and started out to cut his opponent down in a scientifically workmanlike manner. While Al managed to make a strong bid in the sixth, when he got over some good rights to the head, still the finish was looming plainly.

In the seventh Tunney cut loose and floored his opponent three times. Game to the core, Roberts came up each time and was just about saved by the bell. The start of the eighth found Roberts not yet recovered, and while he hung on like grim death, his cause was now hopeless. Slim Brennan, the referee, finally pried the beaten man loose, and then Gene shot a clean, hard right to the jaw that sent Roberts over flat on his back. He was still struggling vainly to come up once more as he was counted out.

The Greenwich Village hope was indeed coming along. It was his fifth straight K. O. victory.

To be continued.

Grantland Rice says that 1928 will probably go down in sport as Protest Year. So far almost every event that has been opened has carried a frenzied protest of one sort or another. Practically every one concerned protested the decision in the Olympic skating race. Dodge protested that Peltzer fouled in their New York meeting and Lloyd Hahn protested that Conger fouled him in Kansas City. Pennsylvania protested Dartmouth's basketball victory when it appeared as if the two scorers were discussing a contract bridge problem when Penn chucked another goal.

As these protests have all broken out in amateur circles it will be interesting to see what happens when the professional campaign opens in full blast. Or perhaps the amateurs are more sensitive than the pros. It has happened this way before.

The answer of course is that sport for recreation, exercise, fun, etc., is now largely a ghost from a dim and distant past.

We add: excepting in the Marine Corps.

Winner of Contest No. 3

Continued from page 11

"Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps when every man thought he was twins 'cause he met himself going on and coming off watch so much?"

"Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps whin the only way to git a day off wuz by speshil order of the Major General Commandant?"

"Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps when we had a Lieutenant Commandant a man would go on guard with a bow and arrow and walk post for thirty days without being relieved and the next day he would go on guard again!"

"Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps 'Pig Iron' Jones was our Top Kicker? Lord, wouldn't you like to hear him tell this Bozo where he got off at? Beefin' about havin' a whole day off guard! He'd be lucky if he ever got off again long enough to get discharged before he said 'Buenos Dias' to Old Saint Peter!"

"Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps when we done 'day on and stay on?' Many's the recruit we remember that mounted guard a fuzzy-faced music an' never got relieved till he was a grizzled old Sargent! An' them was the days when you didn't even make Actin' Corporal till you'd done a four year cruise."

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Lt. Col. Harold F. Wirgman.
Maj. E. T. Lloyd.
Capt. J. A. Tebbs.

1st Lt. Wm. E. Lee.

Officers last to make number in the
grades indicated:

Col. R. Y. Rhea.
Lt. Col. J. A. Russell.
Maj. A. De Carre.
Capt. J. H. Fellows.
1st Lt. J. E. Curry.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

February 16, 1928

No changes were announced.

February 17, 1928

Major T. E. Thrasher, Jr., AQM, upon the
reporting of his relief, and upon completion
of turnover, detached MB, NYd, New York,
N. Y., to duty with the Guardia Nacional
of Nicaragua.

Captain C. B. Bates, detached Headquar-
ters Recruiting District of Omaha, Omaha,
Nebraska, to duty with the American Battle
Monuments Commission, Washington, D. C.

Captain A. Dickerson, detached Headquar-
ters Recruiting District of Houston, Houston,
Texas, to Headquarters Recruiting District
of Dallas, Dallas, Texas.

Captain W. Woodworth, resignation ac-
cepted to take effect March 1st.

Second Lt. P. M. Rixey, 3rd, detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via
the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail
from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about
March 2nd.

February 18, 1928

Colonel W. H. Pritchett, detached Head-
quarters Southern Recruiting Division, New
Orleans, La., to MB, NYd, Mare Island,
Calif.

Major M. S. Berry, detached MB, Quantico,
Va., to Headquarters Recruiting District of
Omaha, Omaha, Nebraska.

Major C. L. Gawne, assigned additional
duty as OIC, Southern Recruiting Division,
and CO, Southern Reserve Area, with Head-
quarters at New Orleans, La.

Captain J. D. McLean, detached MB, NYd,
Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, New York,
N. Y.

February 20, 1928

Second Lt. J. S. Cook, Jr., detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua,
via commercial steamer scheduled to sail
from New Orleans, La., on or about February
25th.

Second Lt. A. E. O'Neill, detached MB,
NYd, Norfolk, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicara-
gua, via the U. S. S. "Sirius," scheduled
to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or
about February 24th.

Chf. Pay Clk. B. E. Neel, detached First
Brigade, Haiti, to Office of the Assistant
Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mar. Gnr. W. Keogh, detached MD, RS,
NYd, New York, N. Y., to Second Brigade,
Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Sirius," sched-
uled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or
about March 8th.

February 21, 1928

Second Lt. J. C. Burger, upon discharge
from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Wash-
ington, D. C., detached Headquarters Marine
Corps to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Qm. Clk. W. J. Cahill, died on February
18th.

February 23, 1928

No changes were announced.

February 24, 1928

Colonel P. M. Bannon, retired from Marine
Corps with rank of colonel as of March 12,
1928.

Capt. H. Paul, AQM, upon reporting relief,
Capt. F. C. Cushin, detached MB, Guam, to
Asiatic Station.

First Lt. J. D. Swartwout, detached MB,
Parris Island, S. C., to Obs. Sqd. 8-M, NAS,
San Diego, California.

First Lt. W. H. Lee, on March 1, 1928, de-
tached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to Asiatic
Station, via first conveyance from San Fran-
cisco, Calif.

First Lt. L. E. Marie, on March 1, 1928,
detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Sta-
tion, via first conveyance from San Fran-
cisco.

Second Lt. M. S. Newton, detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via U. S. S.
"Chaumont," scheduled to sail San Fran-
cisco, Calif., March 13, 1928.

Second Lt. M. A. Cramer, detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via U. S. S.
"Chaumont," scheduled to sail San Fran-
cisco, Calif., March 13, 1928.

Second Lt. S. E. Levensky, detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via U. S. S.
"Chaumont," scheduled to sail San Fran-
cisco, Calif., March 13, 1928.

Second Lt. R. B. Luckey, detached MB,
Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via
U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail San
Francisco, Calif., March 13, 1928.

Second Lt. R. N. Jordahl, detached MB,
Parris Island, S. C., to Asiatic Station, via
U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled sail San
Diego, Calif., March 15, 1928.

Second Lt. W. C. Lemly, on March 1, 1928,
detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic
Station, via first conveyance from San Fran-
cisco.

Second Lt. C. L. Pike, on March 1, 1928,
detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic
Station, via first conveyance from San Fran-
cisco.

Ch. Qm. Clk. R. L. Willis, detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via U. S. S.
"Chaumont," scheduled sail San Francisco,
Calif., on or about March 13, 1928.

February 25, 1928

No changes were announced.

February 27, 1928

First Lt. F. C. Hall, detached Second Bri-
gade, Nicaragua, to Naval Hospital, Boston,
Mass., for treatment, and to MB, NYd, Bos-
ton, Mass., for duty.

First Lt. C. H. Hassenmiller, detached
Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Naval Hospi-
tal, Boston, Mass., for treatment, and to
MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., for duty.

Second Lt. J. T. Harris, died February 21st
as the result of an airplane crash in Haiti.

Second Lt. J. C. Harmon, detached MB,
Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti, via the
U. S. S. "Kittery," sailing from Hampton
Roads, Va., on or about March 2, 1928.

The Third Brigade, Marine Corps, given
permanent station on Asiatic Station effec-
tive March 1st. Following named officers
on special temporary duty with the Third
Brigade detached from stations indicated to
Asiatic Station:

Detached from MB, Quantico, Va.—Colonel
H. Lay, Major H. L. Parsons, Major E. C.
Long, Captain H. V. Shurtleff, AQM, Cap-
tain J. F. Talbot, Captain M. Cox, Captain
O. C. Snyder, Captain L. G. Wayt, Captain
C. H. Medaury, Captain A. G. Rome, Captain
R. H. Jeschke, Captain L. Cukela, Captain
N. E. Landon, Captain R. E. Mills, Captain
F. M. Howard, Captain P. S. Geer, Captain
S. C. Cumming, Captain H. O. Martin, Cap-
tain C. S. Schmidt, Captain C. T. Beecher,
Captain E. D. Kalbfleisch, Captain J. W.
Webb, Captain W. S. Gaspar, Captain C. A.
Larkin, Captain J. B. Wilson, Captain F. J.
Kelly, Captain J. P. Smith, Captain J. E.
Nettekovon, Captain L. S. Swindler, Captain
B. G. Jones, Captain E. E. Williams, Cap-
tain W. A. Worton, 1st Lt. O. B. Osmond-
son, 1st Lt. R. W. Conkey, 1st Lt. J. D.
Waller, 1st Lt. C. H. Hartsel, 1st Lt. W. F.
McDonnell, 1st Lt. J. W. Flett, 1st Lt. G.
Hall, 1st Lt. M. E. Fuller, 1st Lt. M. V.
Parsons, 1st Lt. E. G. Kirkpatrick, 2nd Lt.
R. D. McAfee, 1st Lt. J. C. Grayson, 1st Lt.
E. Selby, 1st Lt. O. A. Inman, 1st Lt. H. A.
Carr, 1st Lt. P. R. Cowley, 1st Lt. J. F.
Connaughton, 1st Lt. W. J. Livingston, 1st
Lt. F. W. Biehl, 1st Lt. G. L. Maynard, 1st
Lt. E. G. Hagen, 1st Lt. W. S. Fellers, 1st
Lt. J. T. Selden, 1st Lt. J. R. Streett, 1st
Lt. J. W. Lakso, 1st Lt. E. H. Price, 1st Lt.
C. R. Wallace, 1st Lt. A. Stahlberger, 1st
Lt. J. Kaluf, 1st Lt. C. W. Martyr, 1st Lt.
F. S. Gilman, 1st Lt. G. A. Williams, 1st Lt.
S. O. Kemon, 1st Lt. M. D. Smith, 1st Lt.
R. S. Biebusch, 1st Lt. C. W. McLeod, 1st Lt.
R. S. Pendleton, 1st Lt. D. Byfield, 1st Lt.
J. C. Grayson, 2nd Lt. E. H. Steenberg, 2nd
Lt. A. L. Gardner, 2nd Lt. J. P. Stillman,
2nd Lt. F. J. Uhlig, 2nd Lt. F. P. Pysick,
2nd Lt. E. J. Trumble, 2nd Lt. W. O. Thomp-
son, Mar. Gnr. H. Boschen, Mar. Gnr. R. C.
Allan, Chf. Mar. Gnr. W. T. Crawford, Chf.
Mar. Gnr. R. C. Vardy, Qm. Clk. A. O. Wood-
row, Chf. Qm. Clk. W. R. Affleck.

Detached from MCB, NOB, San Diego,
Calif.—Brig. Gen. S. D. Butler, Lt. Col. F. D.
Kilgore, Lt. Col. E. B. Miller, Major A. A.
Vandersgrift, Major A. B. Drum, Major T. A.
Secor, Major J. L. Doxey, Major J. L. Under-
hill, Captain R. J. Bartholomew, 1st Lt. W.
J. Stamper, 1st Lt. C. G. Stevens, 1st Lt.
G. E. Monson, 1st Lt. W. E. Lee, 1st Lt. J.
C. Wemple, 1st Lt. R. E. Forsyth, 1st Lt. L.
C. Whitaker, 1st Lt. W. Ulrich, 1st Lt. R.
McC. Pate, Captain C. C. St. Clair, APM,
Captain R. A. Robinson, Captain J. E. Betts,
Captain R. L. Iams, Captain R. R. Robin-
son, Captain T. E. Watson, Captain G. C.
Cole, Captain R. H. Pepper, Captain L. R.
Jones, AQM, Captain A. B. Hale, Captain
P. D. Cornell, Captain C. E. Rice, Captain
W. T. Clement, Captain L. P. Hunt, Captain
W. H. Davis, 1st Lt. J. M. Smith, 1st Lt.
R. W. Luce, 1st Lt. H. B. Liversedge, 1st
Lt. T. J. Crawford, 1st Lt. H. E. Leland,

2nd Lt.
Lt. J.
2nd Lt.
1st Lt.
Lt. R.
H. E.
1st Lt.
Blanc
J. Cu
A. J.
A. J.
Lt. J.
Mar.
F. E.
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Colon
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Det.
Roads
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Va.—
MB
Dyer,
Snow
Goud
Davis
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D. C.
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Febr
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Briga
Cap
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1st Lt.
2nd Lt.
ford,
Hudn
Gnr.
Chf.
The
have
Chic
Qm.
R. Mo
W. I
Powel
Pay
J. Do
Zarra

2nd Lt. L. N. Utr, 2nd Lt. J. H. Griebel, 2nd Lt. J. H. Coffman, 2nd Lt. E. T. Peters, 2nd Lt. L. R. Kline, 1st Lt. F. M. Wulbern, 1st Lt. E. F. Carlson, 1st Lt. C. Foote, 1st Lt. D. W. Davis, 1st Lt. I. E. Odgers, 1st Lt. R. R. Deese, 1st Lt. C. C. Brown, 1st Lt. H. E. Dunkelberger, 1st Lt. W. D. Bassett, 1st Lt. J. G. Clausing, 1st Lt. J. T. Thornton, 1st Lt. D. G. Oglesby, 2nd Lt. J. D. Blanchard, 2nd Lt. I. M. Bethel, 2nd Lt. F. J. Cunningham, 2nd Lt. J. O. Brauer, 2nd Lt. A. V. Gerard, 2nd Lt. W. M. O'Brien, 2nd Lt. A. J. Mathieson, 2nd Lt. A. R. Bourne, 2nd Lt. J. D. Muncie, 2nd Lt. R. J. Godin, Chf. Mar. Gnr. W. S. Robinson, Chf. Mar. Gnr. J. F. Evans, Chf. Pay Clk. F. J. Klingenhagen. Detached from MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.—Colonel H. C. Davis, Captain L. C. Shepherd, 1st Lt. S. W. King, Chf. Mar. Gnr. P. H. Benz.

Detached from Depot of Supplies, Hampton Roads, Va.—Qm. Clk. W. E. Yaecker. Detached from MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.—1st Lt. J. D. O'Leary.

MB, Parris Island, S. C.—Lt. Col. J. F. Dyer, Major A. J. White, Captain J. E. Snow, 1st Lt. W. N. McKelvey, 2nd Lt. L. C. Goudeau, 2nd Lt. N. H. Nelson, 2nd Lt. E. S. Davis, Qm. Clk. C. A. Burton, Qm. Clk. R. Ellis.

MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.—Major C. Ancrum, 1st Lt. G. B. Beatty. MB, NAS, Pensacola, Florida.—1st Lt. J. C. Donehoo, 2nd Lt. B. F. Kaiser. MB, NS, New Orleans, La.—1st Lt. M. Watchman.

MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.—Colonel H. C. Snyder, Captain S. A. Woods, Captain R. L. Montague, Captain G. D. Jackson, 1st Lt. B. L. Bell, 2nd Lt. C. B. Graham, 2nd Lt. J. L. Wolfe, 2nd Lt. C. D. Sillard, 2nd Lt. E. J. Ashton, 2nd Lt. R. M. Gulick, 2nd Lt. T. A. Wornham.

Detached from Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.—Major S. W. Bogan, APM, Major D. M. Randall, AA&I, Major J. Potts, AQM, Captain C. T. Brooks, Qm. Clk. B. D. Goodwin, Chf. Pay Clk. J. S. McGuigan.

MB, Washington, D. C.—1st Lt. C. W. Legette, 1st Lt. E. McC. Callaway, 1st Lt. W. W. Wensinger, 1st Lt. E. B. Enyart. MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.—1st Lt. G. W. Walker.

MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.—Major A. B. Miller, 1st Lt. H. C. Bluhm. MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.—2nd Lt. L. R. Henderson.

MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.—Captain L. W. Putnam, Captain F. R. Armstead, 1st Lt. L. G. Miller, Chf. Mar. Gnr. F. F. Wallace.

NPD, NYd, Mare Island, California.—Captain J. P. Adams, Captain F. Flisk, 1st Lt. L. E. Power.

MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Washington.—Captain C. C. Gill, 1st Lt. W. W. Davies. MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.—1st Lt. J. H. Fitzgerald, 2nd Lt. M. B. Twinning, 2nd Lt. V. H. Dartt.

Aviation

Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.—Lt. Col. T. C. Turner.

MB, Quantico, Virginia.—Captain J. F. Moriarty, Captain J. T. Moore, Chf. Mar. Gnr. J. Roeller.

NAS, NOB, San Diego, California.—Captain A. H. Page, Captain W. G. Farrell, 1st Lt. C. C. Jerome, 1st Lt. W. J. Wallace, 1st Lt. P. E. Conradt, 1st Lt. J. N. Smith, 2nd Lt. T. B. White, 2nd Lt. F. B. Loomis.

February 28, 1928

Captain T. J. Curtis, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. R. C. Battin, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. F. W. R. Brown, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. W. G. Manley, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

The following named officers on duty Asiatic Station are attached to the Third Brigade:

Captain W. L. Harding, Captain E. L. Russell, Captain J. Waller, 1st Lt. J. F. Burke, 1st Lt. H. E. Rosecrans, 1st Lt. J. M. Greer, 2nd Lt. T. A. Holdahl, 2nd Lt. R. J. Mumford, 2nd Lt. R. S. Viall, 2nd Lt. J. H. N. Hudnall, 2nd Lt. A. W. Kreiser, Chf. Mar. Gnr. J. E. Stamper, Mar. Gnr. F. O. Lundt, Chf. Qm. Clk. H. H. Rethman.

The following named Warrant Officers have been appointed to the grades indicated:

Chief Marine Gunner M. Wodarczyk, Chief Qm. Clerk H. Halladay, Chief Qm. Clerk J. R. Morris, Chief Qm. Clerk A. E. Potts, Chief Qm. Clerk C. Wiedmann, Chief Qm. Clerk W. E. Yaecker, Chief Pay Clerk F. R. Powers, Chief Pay Clerk F. H. O'Neill, Chief Pay Clerk J. D. Erwin, Chief Pay Clerk E. J. Donnelly, Jr., Chief Pay Clerk A. A. Zarracina.

February 29, 1928

No changes were announced.

March 1, 1928

Major H. C. Judson, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Sirius," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about March 8, 1928.

Captain J. T. Walker, upon the reporting of his relief detached MD, U. S. S. "West Virginia," to duty on the staff of the Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. H. B. Alban, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. J. P. Riseley, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Gendarmerie d'Haiti, Haiti.

March 2, 1928

No changes were announced.

March 3, 1928

Captain R. B. Price, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. G. O. Van Orden, appointed a second lieutenant and ordered to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., for assignment to the next class of the Basic School.

March 5, 1928

No changes were announced.

March 6, 1928

No changes were announced.

March 7, 1928

Major D. M. Randall, AA&I, redetailed as an assistant adjutant and inspector.

Captain G. B. Reynolds, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. R. J. Godin, promoted to the grade of first lieutenant.

Qm. Clk. C. T. Lytle, promoted to the grade of chief quartermaster clerk.

March 8, 1928

No changes were announced.

March 9, 1928

Capt. T. A. Tighe, detached 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, to East Coast of the U. S. in accordance with recommendation by a Board of Medical Survey. Upon transfer of the Recruit'g Dist. of Denver, Denver, Colo., to the Western Recruit'g Div., to the Central Recruit'g Div., detached Western Recruit'g Div., to Central Recruiting Division.

1st Lt. E. W. Ojerholm, detached 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, to East Coast of the U. S. in accordance with recommendation by a Board of Medical Survey. Upon transfer of the Recruit'g Dist. of Denver, Denver, Colo., from the Western Recruit'g Div., to the Central Recruit'g Div., detached Western Recruit'g Div., to Central Recruiting Division.

2nd Lt. M. A. Cramer, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brig., via the S. S. "Venezuela," scheduled to sail from New York on March 31st.

2nd Lt. S. E. Levinsky, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brig., via the S. S. "Venezuela," scheduled to sail from New York on March 31st.

2nd Lt. R. E. Jordahl, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to 2nd Brig., via the S. S. "Columbia," scheduled to sail from Los Angeles, Calif., on April 16th.

2nd Lt. R. B. Luckey, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to 2nd Brig., via the S. S. "Venezuela," scheduled to sail from New York on March 31st.

March 10, 1928

No changes were announced.

March 12, 1928

No changes were announced.

March 13, 1928

Captain W. C. James, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MD, NP, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Chf. Qm. Clk. A. F. Schonefeld, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

March 14, 1928

Captain T. M. Luby, dismissed from the Marine Corps.

Captain H. N. Potter, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 4th.

Captain D. Spicer, upon the reporting of Captain James detached MB, NP, MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., authorized delay one month enroute.

1st Lt. C. D. Baylis, detached 2nd Brig., to East Coast of the U. S. in accordance with recommendation by a Board of Medical Survey.

Chf. Qm. Clk. R. W. Jeter, detached 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to West Coast of the U. S. in accordance with recommendation by a Board of Medical Survey.

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DEATHS

HARRIS, John T., 2nd Lt., died February 21, 1928, as result of airplane crash at Port de Paix, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Fannie Harris, mother, 301 Tony Avenue, Greenfield, Mo.

CAHILL, William J., Qm. Clk., died January 18, 1928, at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna E. Cahill, wife, 3603 Baring Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PERHAM, Frederic E., Pvt., died February 5, 1928, from injuries received by accidental discharge of grenade, at Ocotal, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Perham, parents, Clinton street, Keeseville, N. Y.

HIGHTOWER, Adrian M., Pvt., died February 6, 1928, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Gwendoline Hightower, mother, Box 160, Warren, Arkansas.

PIERCE, Leonard E., Pvt., died February 6, 1928, of disease, in China. Next of kin: Mr. Walter Clark, guardian, Brocton, N. Y.

COHEN, Abe, Pvt., died February 9, 1928, of disease, at San Albino, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mr. Joseph Cohen, father, 1931 Wylie Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MYERS, Earl E., Pvt., died February 9, 1928, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Ollie Myers, mother, c/o Francis Tyson, 522 West 12th Street, Pueblo, Colorado.

STONE, Henry, Tpr., died February 11, 1928, at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. Israel Stone, parents, 20 Glenarm Street, Dorchester, Mass.

CONLEY, Corliss E., Pvt., died February 13, 1928, at Juigalpa, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Lois Conley, mother, 404 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PUMP, John C., Pvt., killed in action February 27, 1928, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mr. Emil A. Pump, father, 2527 Avenue "A," Council Bluffs, Iowa.

ROBBINS, George E., Pvt., killed in action February 27, 1928, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Agnes D. Robbins, mother, 518 1/2 Sherman Street, San Antonio, Texas.

SCHLAUCH, Albert, Pvt., killed in action February 27, 1928, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Ida Klundt, sister, 614 W. Main Street, Jamestown, North Dakota.

MOTT, Curtis J., Pvt., died February 28, 1928, of wounds received in action in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Ida S. Mott, mother, c/o William Tethrow, Tieton, Washington.

AUSTIN, Cicero D., Cpl., died February 28, 1928, of wounds received in action in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Miss Erna L. Austin, sister, Box 93, Crockett, Texas.

BURTON, Charles A., Pvt., 1st Cl., died February 28, 1928, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Isabel I. Burton, wife, 1926 New Hampshire Avenue, N. W., Apt. 44, Washington, D. C.

DRULARD, John F., Pvt., died February 29, 1928, of disease, at Juigalpa, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mr. Frank M. Drulard, father, 9629 Forest Avenue, East, Detroit, Michigan.

SULLIVAN, Harry J., Pvt., died February 29, 1928, of disease, at Clondaga, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Ida M. Sullivan, mother, 303 Harris Street, Kent, Ohio.

ELMS, John F., Sgt., retired, died January 12, 1928, of disease, at Vinton, Iowa. Next of kin: Mrs. Malisa J. Elms, wife, 803 4th Street, Vinton, Iowa.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Lt. Commander Joseph H. Durrett, U. S. N.—French.

Captain Andrew E. Creesy—French.

Captain Leo F. S. Horan—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

First Lieutenant Henry T. Nicholas—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

First Lieutenant William B. Onley—Spanish.

First Lieutenant Windsor B. W. Stroup—Spanish.

Second Lieutenant Arthur G. Bliesener—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lieutenant Will H. Lee—Spanish.

Second Lieutenant St. Julian R. Marshall—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Quartermaster Sergeant Henry W. Wandt—Complete Gas Engines.

Sergeant Oscar J. Aure—Commercial Correspondence.

Sergeant Kenneth F. Curtis—Selected English Subjects.

Sergeant Stephen MacLean—Carpenter's Special.

Corporal Dorn E. Arnold—Mathematics and Mechanics for Civil Engineers.

Corporal John C. Hopper—Building Contractor's.

Corporal Herman L. Lay—Market Gardening and Truck Farming.

Corporal Harold R. Lee—Electrical Engineering.

Pvt. First Class Russell L. Massena—Motorman's.

Pvt. First Class Olin H. Rives—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Jack A. Bingham—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Myron B. Mellor—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private David S. Page—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Ralph H. Woodard—Railway Postal Clerk.

Mr. Nathaniel Goldsmith—Spanish.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Mare Island. Will leave Mare Island 12 March for the Asiatic Station on the following itinerary: Arrive San Francisco 12 March, leave 13 March; arrive San Pedro 14 March, leave 14 March; arrive San Diego 15 March, leave 16 March; arrive Honolulu 22 March, leave 23 March; arrive Guam 1 April, leave 2 April; arrive Manila 6 April.

HENDERSON—Operating temporarily with the Asiatic Fleet. Arrived Shanghai 1 March. Will leave Manila 7 April for San Francisco on the following schedule: Arrive Guam 13 April, leave 13 April; arrive Honolulu 25 April, leave 27 April; arrive San Francisco 4 May.

KITTERY—Sailed Hampton Roads 2 March for West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 7 March, leave 8 March; arrive Port au Prince 9 March, leave 10 March; arrive Cape Haitien 11 March, leave 12 March; arrive San Juan 14 March, leave 14 March; arrive St. Thomas 15 March, leave 15 March; arrive Hampton Roads 20 March. Will leave Hampton Roads 4 April for another voyage to the West Indies.

NITRO—At Navy Yard, New York, under overhaul. Date of completion of repairs 15 March. Will leave New York 23 March on the following itinerary: Arrive Iona Island 23 March, leave 31 March; arrive Boston 3 April, leave 4 April; arrive Newport 5 April, leave 6 April; arrive Philadelphia 7 April, leave 12 April; arrive Hampton Roads 13 April, leave 23 April; arrive Guantanamo 27 April, leave 28 April; arrive Canal Zone 30 April, leave 3 May; arrive Corinto 5 May, leave 5 May; arrive San Diego 13 May, leave 16 May; arrive San Pedro 17 May, leave 18 May; arrive Mare Island 19 May, leave 23 May; arrive Puget Sound 1 June.

RAMAPO—Sailed San Pedro 27 February for Canal Zone. Due Canal Zone 10 March, leave 12 March; arrive Guantanamo 15 March, leave 19 March; arrive Canal Zone 22 March, leave 24 March; arrive San Pedro 6 April.

SALINAS—Sailed Balboa 28 Feb. for Yorktown. Due 7 March. Will leave Hampton Roads about 26 March for San Pedro.

SAPELO—Arrived Guantanamo 20 February. Scheduled to leave Guantanamo 7 March; arrive Canal Zone 10 March, leave 12 March; arrive San Pedro 24 March. Will leave San Pedro 28 March for Yorktown on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 9 April, leave 11 April; arrive Yorktown 19 April.

SIRIUS—Arrived Brooklyn Navy Yard 1 March. Will leave New York 8 March for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 15 March, leave 19 March; arrive Corinto 21 March, leave 21 March; arrive San Diego 29 March, leave 30 March; arrive San Pedro 31 March, leave 2 April; arrive Mare Island 3 April, leave 10 April; arrive Bremerton 14 April.

VEGA—Arrived Hampton Roads 2 March. Will proceed to Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul until 20 April.

BRAZOS—Sailed Guantanamo 2 March for Port Arthur.

BRIDGE—Arrived Guantanamo 4 March.

ARCTIC—Sailed San Pedro 5 March for San Diego.

CUYAMA—Sailed San Pedro 2 March for Balboa, due Canal Zone 14 March, leave 19 March; arrive San Pedro 30 March.

KANAWHA—Arrived San Diego 16 February.

NECHES—Arrived Bremerton 25 January for overhaul.

PECOS—Arrived Southeast Knoll 3 March.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Continued from page 24

each regular meeting of the Companies located in their Area.

RESIGNATION OF 1ST LT. BAYARD VASEY, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

First Lt. Bayard Vasey, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve of Philadelphia, Pa., has tendered his resignation from the Marine Corps Reserve due to pressure of business which makes it impossible for him to devote necessary time to reserve activities.

Lieutenant Vasey enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private 14 April, 1917, and after a period of training at Parris Island was assigned to the 8th Machine Gun Company, 5th Regiment, for service overseas.

He participated in the battles in Belleau Wood, where he was wounded, and in the Argonne, where he participated in the capture of Landres, St. Georges, Landreville, Heights of Bagonney, Hill No. 299 Foret de Jaulney, Buzaney and in operating along the Meuse River and as a member of the Army of Occupation in Germany.

He served in various noncommissioned grades and was commissioned a First Lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps, 28 March, 1919, which rank he held in the Reserve.

CLASS III

Members of Class III should keep their Reserve Area Commander informed of their address at all time. In case of change of residence this report should be made at once.

In reporting change of address it is not necessary to write a formal letter, a post card will do, but both old and new address should be given.

Failure to comply with regulations requiring this report has caused the discharge in January of fourteen men and in February eight men, thus causing them to lose pay for the year and for the balance of assignment, as once discharged from Class III a reservist cannot be again obligated in this Class.

PERCENTAGE OF ATTENDANCE AT DRILL—FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE COMPANIES

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Avg. for 3 Mths.
306th Company,				
1st Lt. Wm. V. Calhoun	83	86	—	84
303rd Company,				
1st Lt. R. B. Fisher	78	82	83	81
305th Company,				
1st Lt. H. S. Evans	76	79	79	78
310th Company,				
2nd Lt. A. A. Watters	72	85	•	78
301st Company,				
Capt. A. A. Lyng	72	80	78	77
304th Company,				
1st Lt. F. V. McKinless	66	86	73	75
302nd Company,				
1st Lt. E. F. Doyle	72	73	72	72
309th Company,				
2nd Lt. H. N. Feist	74	67	75	72
307th Company,				
Capt. Guy Lewis	33	37	•	35
308th Company,				
Capt. Nimmo Old, In process of organization.				

*Reports for drill attendance for February for 306th, 307th and 310th Companies not received up to press date—average in these cases taken for December and January only.

The following commissions have been issued in the Marine Corps Reserve:

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

Continued from page 25

the assistant superintendent of a similar organization in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lieut. Carl W. Meigs commands the detachment aboard the U. S. S. "Southery" in Boston, with Ernest W. Beck as first sergeant. Sergeant James A. Canavan, as warden of the brig, has as his assistant, Corporal Daniel A. Hussey. Corporal Harold K. Jackson is the husky clerk, John P. Yancey looks after the laundry and, with Geo. W. Brandt, completes the list of non-commissioned officers.

A detachment of Coast Guardsmen at Parris Island recently received instruction in the use of small arms. The men so instructed in the handling and care of the same and in workmanship are to be later used as instructors in the Coast Guard. W. Morrison, gunner's mate first class, from the destroyer "Patterson," writes to the new "Coast Guard Magazine" as follows:

"Since coming into the outfit I have heard a lot about Marines. I'm for them from now on and so is everyone who has been in their hands here at Parris Island. The gang here extends to the Marines most sincere thanks for their obvious interest and kindness during our stay at Parris Island. We really received some valuable instruction in small arms. Gunnery Sergeants Tucker and Bedke, particularly, went out of their way to show us what it is all about. We wish them all the luck in the world and this is to tell our shipmates in the Coast Guard that the Marines treated us in A-1 style. They are real he-guys and what they don't know about the handling and care of rifles isn't printed yet. That's that.

"Gunnery Sergeant George Walski, once of the 23rd Machine Gun Co., is a chief gunner's mate in the Coast Guard service and at present on recruiting duty in Boston. I also found several of our old Marine Bandmen in the Army band at Fort Adams when paying them a visit, while one of the professors in the Newport schools also was 'one of ours.'"

Pete Potter, remembered by many when corporal of the guard at Philadelphia and especially known for his un-failing courtesy and good nature at the Navy Yard gate, is now living in Chicago and latest news says "Very happily married." Hearty congratulations, Pete! They say that Ted Pace, late of the Chaplain's office in Quantico, is also anticipating a similar fate. Ted is in Philadelphia.

FLEET

2nd Lt. Richard N. Johnson, 321 Lytton St., Palo Alto, Calif.

VOLUNTEER

2nd Lt. George W. Bryce, 643 West Evans St., Florence, S. C.

2nd Lt. Paul M. Grover, 812 Farmington Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

2nd Lt. Alton P. Sparkman, 600 Linden Ave., Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Donald M. Hamilton, 1427 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.

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FEDERAL FINANCE CORPORATION EXTENDS SCOPE OF BUSINESS

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Federal Services Finance Corporation, the Board approved the arrangements made by the officers for offering an issue of five year, six per cent debentures in denominations of \$300 and \$500 to be ready for delivery about March 1st, to be offered to the Military-Naval Services on such monthly payment plan as will enable them to make purchases out of their monthly savings. The proceeds from the sale of these debentures will be used in extending their business of making loans to officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and in financing the purchase of automobiles and other commodities bought on the deferred payment plan.

This company has been in operation about four years, during which time it has loaned more than \$2,000,000 to the officers of the services and has charged off their books as losses only about \$1,200. They have just closed a very satisfactory year's business during which they made total contracts of \$1,315,895.67 from which there was derived a gross revenue of \$119,003.00 which, after deducting expenses, paying interest, and making liberal provisions for reserves, left a net profit of \$46,696.71. The usual dividend of 7 per cent on the preferred and \$2.00 per share on the common stock was paid, leaving a very substantial balance to be passed to the undivided profits.

At the annual meeting the following officers were reelected:

Francis E. Pope, president; David S. Stanley, vice-president; Lewis W. Cass, secretary-treasurer; Wm. H. Garrison, Jr., vice-president.

In addition to the officers, the following were reelected on the board of directors: Capt. Clay Anderson, U. S. A.; William G. Wheeler, Herbert H. Votaw.

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The "Ever-Faithfuls" on "Old Ironsides" (1807)

(Continued from page 8)

that a single false move meant an ineradicable stain on the quarterdeck of "Old Ironsides?"

At a sign from the Commanding Officer, the midshipmen in plain view of the crew, rammed home their charges, removed the leaden aprons, and lighted their matches. Swiftly came the order of the Marine officer, "Load with ball cartridge!" The gravity and menace of the situation instantly impressed itself on the mind of every officer, seaman, and Marine present. Particularly did the crew observe that they were facing muzzles of two loaded twelve-pounders, with burning matches in the hands of the midshipmen, flanked by bristling steel bayonets on loaded muskets in the hands of a body of Marines, whom they knew could be relied upon by the officers for loyal support and unswerving obedience to command.

"The Boatswains and their mates, step forward," was the next order. The group advanced one step, saluted and stood with their eyes riveted on the Captain's. The Captain turned to Mr. Ludlow and said:

"Mr. Ludlow, repeat the order to man the bars and get under way. Let the Boatswain and his mates pipe the men to perform that duty in the customary manner." Then turning toward his crew he said, "And now my lads, for the peace and good will of all here assembled, I earnestly trust there will be no further mutinous demonstrations coming from among you. No refusal of obedience to lawful commands. For until you are regularly relieved from service—and I have good reasons for adding that you will not be kept much longer for what is your just due—obedience, prompt and implicit, I say, must and will be enforced on the deck of this frigate. Let the sacrifice be what it may, the outcome now rests with you. There will be no further word from the quarterdeck."

Lieutenant Ludlow waved his trumpet and sang out in decided tones "All hands up anchor. To your stations men!" Without a moment's hesitation, the trills and notes from the boatswain's silver pipes pierced the air. Up went the hand of every man in respectful salute to the quarterdeck, and away bounded the crew to their respective stations. (It is known that in a crowd, whose attention is riveted on a tense situation, the law of mass psychology—lowered individual consciousness—prevails and must be played upon for success. In consequence a positive command is far more effective than an indirect appeal to reason. The effective tactics and calm bearing of Captain Campbell showed his fitness for the command of our best frigate then afloat.)

In a few short years many who that day stood "at the parting of the ways" on the deck of "Old Ironsides" gave their lives for the flag—so nearly dishonored—so loyally defended by the officers and that armed "ever-faithful" guard of Marines.

The Situation in Nicaragua (Continued from page 10)

at the arms and ammunition in the other end. They then decided to leave the town, the senior officer (a corporal of Marines) and some of the Guardia going off to the right with the idea of getting word to the nearest detachment by telephone. The others, among whom were two Marines, went into a house on a hill. The two Marines had their rifles and 120 rounds of ammunition each and the other two had pistols and about 30 rounds each and, with about 20 civilians, crossed the river and attacked them. In order to conserve their small supply of ammunition, the defenders waited until the mutineers were quite close. The Marines then picked off the two leaders with their first shots, then killed a couple more of the mutineers and one of the civilians. The rest ran. The five remaining mutineers went over into Honduras, although the reports state they did not bring their arms with them. We have never been able to find out what they did with the machine gun and their other arms, although it seems probable that they hid them. The defenders then went back into the town and took possession of the barracks and were later relieved by another detachment.

This is the only instance of disaffection in the Guardia and is an isolated case. It is really remarkable that there have not been other cases of the same sort, as in many places the Guardia detachments are off by themselves. Chinandega province, which has always been one of the most disorderly provinces, is under control of the Guardia, and they are also policing the city of Leon. They have taken over the National Penitentiary and it was recently reported that they had taken over the policing of Managua. The Marines are not doing the work of policemen in Nicaragua. Each of the little communities has its own police force, and the Marines are there to preserve order and afford protection, but they are not a police force in the ordinary sense. They are rather a reserve in case of any serious disturbances.

The political situation there is very bitter, and that is really the cause of all the trouble in Nicaragua. Politics there is very much more serious than it is in this country. The electoral law, which they are trying to get enacted, passed the Senate in January, but was held up in the House, and the latter body then passed a substitute which is really a new law. The original law, which they call the McCoy Law, provided for the election being held under the supervision and control of the United States, while the new law provides for its being held under the observation of the United States—quite a different matter. Congress adjourned about a month ago and is to reconvene next Monday.

The people in Western Nicaragua have a great deal of Indian blood in them. Some families are pure Spanish descent, but the majority have Indian blood. They are a very courageous race of people; nothing cowardly about them. The bands of outlaws still loose in the mountains will, I am afraid, be able occasionally

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WILLIAM WARD BURROWS

Continued from page 6

permanent Marine Corps was established, having a personnel of eight hundred eighty-one officers, non-commissioned officers, privates and musicians, all under the command of a major. The President appointed William Ward Burrows as the first commandant of the Marine Corps, July 12, 1798.

The position was no sinecure. First, a headquarters (under canvas) was selected and a staff was organized. Captain George Memminger was made Adjutant; Second Lieutenant Thomas Wharton was chosen Quartermaster; and Second Lieutenant James Thompson was designated Paymaster. Contemplate the gigantic task that confronted the soldier-lawyer. On the 7th of July, 1798, all treaties with France had been abrogated. We were at war with a powerful nation; Marine guards had to be furnished for the ships in commission, and a reserve force had to be prepared for the authorized ships then on the stocks. It was an appalling task to set before a man whose life had been so long spent in placid circles. Practically the entire Marine Corps personnel had to be recruited in a very short time. There were about a half-dozen officers already commissioned, and about one hundred men enlisted for one year, serving aboard the frigates. With this as a nucleus, he had to secure Marine complements for the twenty-two ships that were already afloat. It is nothing short of amazing to realize that he not only enlisted the necessary personnel, but that he secured the services of men who laid down unbeatable traditions of loyalty, bravery, and sacrifice. It is not our intention of enumerating the various sea battles in which Marines were engaged; in fact, the list is too long to mention in an article as short as this. However, the Marines who fought in the war of 1798-1801 ably followed in the footsteps of the authentic "Old Marine Corps" of the Revolution. On the 3rd of February, 1801, a treaty of peace which had been under negotiation for some time, was ratified by the Senate. By the terms of the treaty, all government vessels of war captured on either side were to be returned. This two and a half-year naval war with France had been conducted in a manner that was highly creditable to the little navy of the United States. Eighty-four armed French vessels, nearly all of them privateers, had been captured. Nearly all of these captures had been made by Government cruisers, as few American privateers got to sea during this war. Only one vessel of our navy was captured by the enemy; certainly, an enviable record.

Retracing our steps a little, we find that several events of moment had taken place at home. Due to the unusual success that had attended his work in organizing the Corps, Burrows had been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. The Headquarters of the Corps had been moved to Washington, following, as it did, the seat of the national government. As early as August, 1800, we find the already famous Marine Band "Serenading the public" upon the knoll where the

Naval Hospital now stands. On the 4th of July, 1801, President Jefferson held a review of all the Marines in the capital, from "commanding officer down to ship's cook," on the White House grounds. The National Intelligencer (no longer in print) comments, "Lieutenant-Colonel Burrows at the head of the Marine Corps (a palpable mis-statement) saluted the President while the Marine Band played with great precision and with inspiring animation, the President's March, as the Marines went through the usual evolutions in a masterly manner, fired sixteen rounds in platoon, and concluded with a general feu de joie." Evidently the Marines struck a picturesque note in the city, then called the "Capital of Miserable Huts."

With the peace after the naval war with France, both the Navy and Marine Corps were reduced in personnel and equipment. Hardly had this been accomplished when we found ourselves at war with Tripoli. Again we find Marine hands getting busy. The squadron that left for the Mediterranean in 1802 carried with it more than five hundred Marines. From then until the close of this strange episode in American history, the sea-soldiers saw a great deal of action.

In Washington, Lieutenant-Colonel Burrows had been a very busy man. Most of his time was spent in perfecting the organization that he guided through two wars. Aside from this the Commandant was a zealous civic worker. Major McClellan says of him, in his "History of the U. S. M. C.," "he was member of every committee of any importance that interested itself in civic affairs." He was at his best whenever a difficult problem lay before him. He worked for the Corps and the city so untiringly in his years in office, that his health began to break under the strain. On March 6th, 1804, he tendered his resignation, which was regretfully accepted by President Jefferson. He returned to the heart of his family for but a short time; he died exactly a year after his retirement from public office, March 6th, 1805. He now rests among the others who gave their lives "that this country shall not perish from the earth."

Although Colonel Burrows never fought in action, his son, William Burrows, more than atoned for this. The tragic and yet glorious story of this intrepid seaman should be familiar to every American. William Burrows was born in Kinderton (now incorporated in the city of Philadelphia) on the 6th of October, 1785. In early life he evinced that reserve which in later years developed into a strong aversion for society. He seemed to aspire to an independence of mind, to scorn the old fashion of life, and depending entirely on his own resources, to strike out into original methods and new expedients. As he showed a decided inclination for the sea, a midshipman's warrant was obtained for him, and in 1799 (at the same age that his father had left for London) he made his first cruise in the sloop of war Portsmouth. In 1803 he was under Captain

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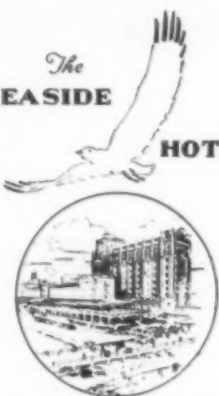
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Preble of the Constitution, and on this frigate he was made Acting-Lieutenant for his efficient services in the Tripolitan War. Returning to the United States, he was occupied in various capacities. While in the Hornet as First-Lieutenant, he so distinguished himself by skillful seamanship during a violent gale, that the officers attributed the preservation of the sloop entirely to his presence of mind and ability. Feeling that he had been unjustly outranked by some junior officers whom he had commanded in the Tripolitan War, Lieutenant Burrows attempted to resign from the service. His resignation was not accepted, but after some difficulty he obtained leave of absence. He then sailed as first mate, in a merchantman, bound for Canton. On the return voyage the vessel (Thomas Penrose) was captured by a British ship and the officers were made prisoners, but Lieutenant Burrows was permitted to return home on parole. Being exchanged soon afterward, he was appointed to the command of the Enterprise. On the 1st of September, 1813, he set sail from Portsmouth, and on the 3rd gave chase to a schooner. On the 4th he stood out to sea in quest of several privateers that had been reported in the vicinity of Monhegan, and while he was nearing Penguin Point on the following morning, a brig was discovered getting under way. The stranger was soon made out to be a British brig-of-war; Lt. Burrows cleared for action. It was then about noon and a fresh breeze from the southwest gave the vessels an opportunity to close. The Enterprise displayed three flags and stood out to sea, while the enemy fired several guns by way of challenge, and hoisting four ensigns followed her.

While the two vessels were standing out, so as to clear the land, Lt. Burrows ordered one of the long guns be run out of a stern port. This made it necessary to cut away some timbers, and the men, who were as yet unacquainted with their commander, got the impression that he was going to turn tail. As they were burning with impatience to engage, they requested the young officer in charge of the forecabin, Midshipman John H. Aulick, to go aft and express to their commander the desire of the crew to fight. Lt. Burrows assured the men that he had no intention of avoiding the engagement; the answer was satisfactory, and the crew awaited the contest with renewed eagerness.

At 3 p. m. the Enterprise shortened sail and awaited her antagonist. At 3.20 p. m. the brigs were within half-pistol shot and the battle began, the Enterprise using her port battery and the enemy his starboard. At the first broadside, while Lt. Burrows was assisting his men in running out a carronade, he was mortally wounded by a musket ball, but he refused to be carried below, that the flag might not be struck. The Enterprise soon drew ahead and crossing her antagonist's course, managed to get in one or two raking shots from the long gun that had been run out of the stern port. The combatants had now changed batteries, the Americans using their starboard and the English their port guns, the two vessels running along side by side, the Enterprise keeping just off the enemy's bow. By 3.30 p. m. the Englishman had lost both main topmast and fore topsail yard. Lt. McCall, who had succeeded to the command of the ship, now

set his foresail, ran around the enemy's bow, and poured in several raking fires, which at 4 p. m. compelled the Englishman to call for quarter, saying that his colors were nailed to the mast and could not be hauled down. The prize was the British brig Boxer, captained by Samuel Blythe, who was killed at the first broadside by an 18-lb. shot through his abdomen. When the British commander's sword was placed in the hands of the dying Burrows, he exclaims, "I am satisfied, I die content."

(Acknowledgments: Major E. N. McClellan's "History of the U. S. Marine Corps" and Maclay's "History of the U. S. Navy.")

Situation in Nicaragua

Continued from page 52

to ambush our men, such as recently happened to a pack train; but I am confident that we will eventually clean them out. It is a big job, however, and I feel very strongly that no one in this country ought to criticize what is going on down there. The people there are on the spot and are doing their very best, and we are not in a position to properly criticize anything that may happen. We ought rather to defend anything that is done. The people of Nicaragua universally believe that if the Marine detachment which used to be at Managua, had stayed there, this whole trouble would never have happened. The disturbance began a week after that detachment left. We will keep the force in Nicaragua at full strength and even a little over strength in order that the full number of men may be available for duty. The morale of our men is splendid. I did not hear a complaint, and questions asked the men about living conditions, food, etc., invariably brought the answer that everything was "fine." General Lane had the same experience, and Major Thacher, who went around a great deal among the men, said he saw nothing but the best of morale. The men in the mountains are pretty well played out, however, and that is why we relieved them and why we are putting the newly arrived regiment in the mountains in their stead. There is very little sickness. The last day I was there I saw a report of the sick cases and there were only 46 in the whole brigade.

Lt. Schilt—Medal of Honor

Continued from page 9

mandant, J. A. Lejeune, for service rendered the United States Geological Survey in securing air photographs of coast and rivers of Santo Domingo and Haiti in May, 1921. He also received a letter of commendation from Secretary of War Davis for taking third place in annual machine gun and bombing matches at Langley Field, Va., in 1926.

He piloted a DT-4 plane, powered with a Wright T-3A engine in the Detroit News trophy race held at Mitchell Field on October 13, 1925, in conjunction with the Pulitzer race of that year. He finished in second place with an average speed of 118.9 miles per hour, being just a fraction of a second behind the winner, Lieut. Harmon, whose speed was 119.9.

THE YELLOW - BACK

Continued from page 2

of a wild song the seven groups of men rushed to seven pairs of props and tore them away. The great carcasses swayed in mid-air, bent slowly over their spits, and then crashed into the snow fifteen feet from the fire. About each carcass five men with razor-sharp knives ripped off chunks of the roasted flesh and passed them to eager hands of the hungry multitude.

First came the women and children, and last the men.

On this there peered forth from a window in the factor's house the darkly bearded, smiling face of Reese Beaudin.

"I have seen him three times, wandering about in the crowd, seeking someone," he said. "Bien, he shall find that someone very soon!"

In the face of McDougall, the factor, was a strange look. For he had listened to a strange story, and there was still something of shock and amazement and disbelief in his eyes.

"Reese Beaudin, it is hard for me to believe."

"And yet you shall find that it is true," smiled Reese.

"He will kill you. He is a monster—a giant!"

"I shall die hard," replied Reese.

He turned from the window again, and took from the table a violin wrapped in buckskin, and softly he played one of their old love songs. It was not much more than a whisper, and yet it was filled with a joyous exultation. He laid the violin down when he was finished, and laughed, and filled his pipe, and lighted it.

"It is good for a man's soul to know that a woman loves him, and has been true," he said. "Mon pere, will you tell me again what she said? It is strength for me—and I must soon be going."

McDougall repeated, as if under a strain from which he could not free himself:

"She came to me late last night, unknown to Dupont. She had received your message, and knew you were coming. And I tell you again that I saw something in her eyes which makes me afraid! She told me, then, that her father killed Bedore in a quarrel, and that she married Dupont to save him from the law—and kneeling there, with her hand on the cross at her breast, she swore that each day of her life she has let Dupont know that she hates him, and that she loves you, and that some day Reese Beaudin would return to avenge her. Yes, she told him that—I know it by what I saw in her eyes. With that cross clutched in her fingers she swore that she had suffered torture and shame, and that never a word of it had she whispered to a living soul, that she might turn the passion of Jacques Dupont's black heart into a great hatred. And today—Jacques Dupont will kill you."

"I shall die hard," Reese repeated again.

He tucked the violin in its buckskin covering under his arm. From the table he took his cap and placed it on his head.

In a last effort McDougall sprang from his chair and caught the other's arm.

"Reese Beaudin—you are going to your death! As factor of Lac Bain—agent of justice under power of Police—I forbid it!"

"So-o-o-o," spoke Reese Beaudin gently. "Mon pere—"

He unbuttoned his coat, which had remained buttoned. Under the coat was a heavy shirt; and the shirt he opened, smiling into the factor's eyes, and McDougall's face froze, and the breath was cut short on his lips.

"That!" he gasped.

Reese Beaudin nodded.

Then he opened the door and went out.

Joe Delesse had been watching the factor's house, and he worked his way slowly along the edge of the feasters so that he might casually come into the path of Reese Beaudin. And there was one other man who also had watched, and who came in the same direction. He was a stranger, tall, closely hooded, his moustached face an Indian bronze. No one had ever seen him at Lac Bain before, yet in the excitement of the carnival the fact passed without conjecture or significance. And from the cabin of Henri Paquette another pair of eyes saw Reese Beaudin, and Mother Paquette heard a sob that in itself was a prayer.

In and out among the cefourers of caribou-flesh, scanning the groups and the ones and the twos and the threes, passed Jacques Dupont, and with him walked his friend, one-eyed Layonne. Layonne was a big man, but Dupont was taller by half a head. The brutishness of his face was hidden under a coarse red beard; but the devil in him glowered from his deep-set, inhuman eyes; it walked in his gait, in the hulk of his great shoulders, in the gorilla-like slouch of his hips. His huge hands hung partly clenched at his sides. His breath was heavy with whisky that Layonne himself had smuggled in, and in his heart was black murder.

"He has not come!" he cried for the twentieth time. "He has not come!"

He moved on, and Reese Beaudin—ten feet away—turned and smiled at Joe Delesse with triumph in his eyes. He moved nearer.

"Did I not tell you he would not find in me that narrow-shouldered, smooth-faced stripping of five years ago?" he asked. "N'est-ce pas, friend Delesse?"

The face of Joe Delesse was heavy with somber fear.

"His fist is like a wood-sledge, m'sieu."

"So it was years ago."

"His forearm is as big as the calf of your leg."

"Oui, friend Delesse, it is the forearm of a giant."

"He is half again your weight."

"Or more, friend Delesse."

"He will kill you! As the great God lives, he will kill you!"

"I shall die hard," repeated Reese Beaudin for the third time that day.

Joe Delesse turned slowly, doggedly. His voice rumbled.

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"The sale is about to begin, m'sieu. See!"

A man had mounted the log platform raised to the height of a man's shoulders at the far end of the clearing. It was Henri Paquette, master of the day's ceremonies, and appointed auctioneer of the great wakao. A man of many tongues was Paquette. To his lips he raised a great megaphone of birchbark, and sonorously his call rang out—in French, in Cree, in Chippewan, and the packed throng about the caribou-fires heaved like a living billow, and to a man and a woman and a child it moved toward the appointed place.

"The time has come," said Reese Beaudin. "And all Lac Bain shall see!"

Behind them—watching, always watching—followed the bronze-faced stranger in his close-drawn hood.

For an hour the men of Lac Bain gathered close-wedged about the log platform on which stood Henri Paquette and his Indian helper. Behind the men were the women and children, and throughout the cordon there ran a babiche-roped pathway along which the dogs were brought.

The platform was twenty feet square, with the floor side of the logs hewn flat, and there was no lack of space for the gesticulation and wild pantomime of Paquette. In one hand he held a notebook, and in the other a pencil. In the notebook the sales of twenty dogs were already tabulated, and the prices paid.

Anxiously, Reese Beaudin was waiting. Each time that a new dog came up he looked at Joe Delesse, but as yet Joe had failed to give the signal.

On the platform the Indian was holding two malamutes in leash now and Paquette was crying, in a well simulated fit of great fury:

"What, you cheap kimootisks, will you let this pair of malamutes go for seven mink and a cross fox. Are you men? Are you poverty-stricken? Are you blind? A breed dog and a male giant for seven mink and a cross fox? Non, I will buy them myself first, and kill them, and use their flesh for dog-feed, and their hides for fools' caps! I will—"

"Twelve mink and a Number Two Cross," came a voice out of the crowd.

"Twelve mink and a Number One," shouted another.

"A little better—a little better!" wailed Paquette. "You are waking up, but slowly—mon Dieu, so slowly. Twelve mink and—"

A voice rose in Cree:

"Nesi-tu-now-unisk!"

Paquette gave a triumphant yell.

"The Indian beats you! The Indian from Little Neck Lake—an Indian beats the white man! He offers twenty beaver—prime skins! And beaver are wanted in Paris now. They're wanted in London. Beaver and gold—they are the same! But they are the price of one dog alone. Shall they both go at that? Shall the Indian have them for twenty beaver—twenty beaver that may be taken from a single house in a day—while it has taken these malamutes two and a half years to grow? I say, you cheap kimootisks—"

And then an amazing thing happened. It was like a bomb falling in that crowded throng of wondering and amazed forest people.

It was the closely hooded stranger who spoke.

"I will give a hundred dollars cash," he said.

A look of annoyance crossed Reese Beaudin's face. He was close to the bronze-faced stranger, and edged nearer.

"Let the Indian have them," he said in a low voice. "It is Meewee. I knew him years ago. He has carried me on his back. He taught me first to draw pictures."

"But they are powerful dogs," objected the stranger. "My team needs them."

The Cree had risen high out of the crowd. One arm rose above his head. He was an Indian who had seen fifty years of the forests, and his face was the face of an Egyptian.

"Nesi-tu-now Nesoo-sap umisk!" he proclaimed.

Henri Paquette hopped excitedly, and faced the stranger.

"Twenty-two beaver," he challenged. "Twenty-two—"

"Let Meewee have them," replied the hooded stranger.

Three minutes later a single dog was pulled up on the log platform. He was a magnificent beast, and a rustle of approval ran through the crowd.

The face of Joe Delesse was gray. He wet his lips. Reese Beaudin, watching him, knew that the time had come. And Joe Delesse, seeing no way of escape, whispered:

"It is her dog, m'sieu. It is Parka—and Dupont sells him today to show her that he is master."

Already Paquette was advertising the virtues of Parka when Reese Beaudin, in a single leap, mounted the log platform, and stood beside him.

"Wait!" he cried.

There fell a silence, and Reese said, loud enough for all to hear:

"M'sieu Paquette, I ask the privilege of examining this dog that I want to buy."

At last he straightened, and all who faced him saw the smiling sneer on his lips.

"Who is it that offers this worthless cur for sale?" Lac Bain heard him say. "P-s-s-st—it is a woman's dog! It is not worth bidding for!"

"You lie!" Dupont's voice rose in a savage roar. His huge shoulders bulked over those about him. He crowded to the edge of the platform. "You lie!"

"He is a woman's dog," repeated Reese Beaudin without excitement, yet so clearly that every ear heard. "He is a woman's pet, and M'sieu Dupont most surely does lie if he denies it."

So far as memory went back no man at Lac Bain that day had ever heard another man give Jacques Dupont the lie. A thrill swept those who heard and understood. There was a great silence, in that silence men near him heard the choking rage in Dupont's great chest. He was staring up—straight up into the smiling face of Reese Beaudin; and in that moment he saw beyond the glossy black beard, and amazement and unbelief held him still. In the next, Reese Beaudin had the violin in his hands. He flung off the buckskin, and in a flash the instrument was at his shoulder.

"See! I will play, and the woman's pet shall sing!"

And once more, after five years, Lac Blain listened to the magic of Reese Beaudin's violin. And it was Elise's old love song that he played. He played it

smiling down into the eyes of a monster whose face was turning from red to black; yet he did not play it to the end, nor a quarter of it, for suddenly a voice shouted:

"It is Reese Beaudin—come back!"

Joe Delesse, paralyzed, speechless, could have sworn it was the hooded stranger who shouted; and then he remembered, and flung up his great arms, and bellowed:

"Oui—by the Saints, it is Reese Beaudin—Reese Beaudin come back!"

Suddenly as it had begun the playing ceased, and Henri Paquette found himself with the violin in his hands. Reese Beaudin turned, facing them all, the wintry sun glowing in his beard, his eyes smiling, his head high—unafraid now, more fearless than any other man that had ever set foot in Lac Bain. And McDougall, with his arm touching Elise's hair, felt the wild and throbbing pulse of her body. This day—this hour—this minute in which she stood still, unbreathing—had confirmed her belief in Reese Beaudin. As she had dreamed, so had he risen. First of all the men in the world he stood there now, just as he had been first in the days when she had loved his dreams, his music, and his pictures. To her he was the old god, more splendid—for he had risen above fear, and he was facing Dupont now with that strange quiet smile on his lips. And then, all at once, her soul broke its fetters, and over the women's heads she reached out her arms, and all there heard her voice in its triumph, its joy, its fear.

"Reese! Reese!—my sakeakun!"

Over the heads of all the forest people she called him beloved. Like the fang of an adder the word stung Dupont's brain. And like fire touched to powder, swiftly as lightning illumines the sky, the glory of it blazed in Reese Beaudin's face.

And all that were there heard him clearly:

"I am Reese Beaudin. I am the Yellow-back. I have returned to meet a man you all know—Jacques Dupont. He is a monkey-man, a whipper of boys, a stealer of women, a cheat, a coward, a thing so foul the crows will not touch him when he dies—"

There was a roar. It was not the roar of a man, but of a beast—and Jacques Dupont was on the platform!

Quick as Dupont's movement had been it was no swifter than that of the closely hooded stranger. He was as tall as Dupont, and about him there was an air of authority and command.

"Wait," he said, and placed a hand on Dupont's heaving chest. His smile was cold as ice. Never had Dupont seen eyes so like the pale blue of steel. "M'sieu Dupont, you are about to avenge a great insult. It must be done fairly. If you have weapons, throw them away. I will search this—this Reese Beaudin, as he calls himself! And if there is to be a fight, let it be a good one. Strip yourself to that great garment you have on, friend Dupont. See, our friend—this Reese Beaudin—is already stripping!"

He was unbuttoning the giant's heavy Hudson's Bay coat. He pulled it off, and drew Dupont's knife from its sheath. Paquette, like a stunned cat that had recovered its ninth life, was scrambling from the platform. The Indian was already gone. And Reese Beaudin had



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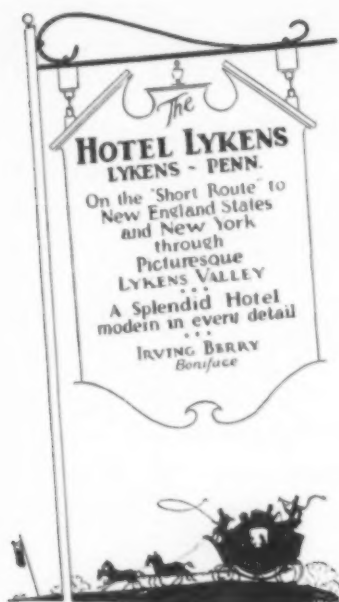
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tossed his coat to Joe Delesse, and with it his cap. His heavy shirt was closely buttoned; and not only was it buttoned, Delesse observed, but also was it carefully pinned. And even now, facing that monster who would soon be at him, Reese Beaudin was smiling.

For a moment the closely hooded stranger stood between them, and Jacques Dupont crouched himself for his vengeance. Never to the people of Lac Bain had he looked more terrible. He was the gorilla-fighter, the beast fighter, the fighter who fights as the wolf, the bear and the cat—crushing out life, breaking bones, twisting, snapping, inundating and destroying with his great weight and his monstrous strength. He was a hundred pounds heavier than Reese Beaudin. On his stooping shoulders he could carry a tree. With his giant hands he could snap a two-inch sapling. With one hand alone he had set a bear-trap. And with that mighty strength he fought as the cave-man fought. It was his boast there was no trick of the Chipewyan, the Cree, the Eskimo or the forest man that he did not know. And yet Reese Beaudin stood calmly, waiting for him, and smiling!

In another moment the hooded stranger was gone, and there was none between them.

"A long time I have waited for this, M'sieu," said Reese, for Dupont's ears alone. "Five years is a long time. And my Elise still loves me."

Still more like a gorilla Jacques Dupont crept upon him. His face was twisted by a rage to which he could no longer give voice. Hatred and jealousy robbed his eyes of the last spark of the thing that was human. His great hands were hooked, like a beast's. Through his red beard yellow fangs were bared.

And Reese Beaudin no longer smiled. He laughed!

"Until I went away and met real men, I never knew what a pig of a man you were, M'sieu Dupont," he taunted amiably, as though speaking in jest to a friend. "You remind me of an aged and over-fat porcupine with his big paunch and crooked arms. What horror must it have been for my Elise to have lived in sight of such a beast as you!"

With a bellow Dupont was at him. And swifter than eyes have ever seen man move at Lac Bain before, Reese Beaudin was out of his way, and behind him; and then, as the giant caught himself at the edge of the platform, and turned, he received a blow that sounded like the broadside of a paddle striking water. Reese Beaudin had struck him with the flat of his unclenched hand!

A murmur of incredulity rose out of the crowd. To the forest man such a blow was the deadliest of insults. It was calling him an Iskwa—a woman—a weakling—a thing too contemptible to harden one's fist against. But the murmur died in an instant. For Reese Beaudin, making as if to step back, shot suddenly forward—straight through the giant's crooked arms—and it was his fist this time that landed squarely between the eyes of Dupont. The monster's head went back, his great body wavered, and then suddenly he plunged backward off the platform and fell with a crash to the ground.

A yell went up from the hooded stranger. Joe Delesse split his throat. The crowd drowned Reese Beaudin's

voice. But above it all rose a woman's voice shrieking forth a name.

And then Jacques Dupont was on the platform again. In the moments that followed one could almost hear his neighbor's heart beat. Nearer and still nearer to each other drew the two men. And now Dupont crouched still more, and Joe Delesse held his breath. He noticed that Reese Beaudin was standing almost on the tips of his toes—that each instant he seemed prepared, like a runner, for sudden flight. Five feet—four—and Dupont leaped in, his huge arms swinging like the limb of a tree, and his weight following with crushing force behind his blow. For an instant it seemed as though Reese Beaudin had stood to meet that fatal rush, but in that same instant—so swiftly that only the hooded stranger knew what had happened—he was out of the way, and his left arm seemed to shoot downward, and then up, and then his right straight out, and then again his left arm downward, and up—and it was the third blow, all swift as lightning, that brought a yell from the hooded stranger. For though none but the stranger had seen it, Jacques Dupont's head snapped back—and all saw the fourth blow that sent him reeling like a man struck by a club.

There was no sound now. A mental and a vocal paralysis seized upon the inhabitants of Lac Bain. Never had they seen fighting like this fighting of Reese Beaudin. Until now had they lived to see the science of the sawdust ring pitted against the brute force of Brobdingnagian, of Antaeus and Goliath. For Reese Beaudin's fighting was a fighting without tricks that they could see. He used his fists, and his fists alone. He was like a dancing man. And suddenly, in the midst of the miracle, they saw Jacques Dupont go down. And the second miracle was that Reese Beaudin did not leap on him when he had fallen. He stood back a little, balancing himself in that queer fashion on the balls and toes of his feet. But no sooner was Dupont up than Reese Beaudin was in again, with the swiftness of a cat, and they could hear the blows, like solid shots, and Dupont's arms waved like tree-tops, and a second time he was off the platform.

He was staggering when he rose. The blood ran in streams from his mouth and nose. His beard dripped with it. His yellow teeth were caved in.

This time he did not leap upon the platform—he clambered back to it, and the hooded stranger gave him a lift which a few minutes before Dupont would have resented as an insult.

"Ah, it has come," said the stranger to Delesse. "He is the best close-in fighter in all—"

He did not finish.

"I could kill you now—kill you with a single blow," said Reese Beaudin in a moment when the giant stood swaying. "But there is a greater punishment in store for you, and so I shall let you live!"

And now Reese Beaudin was facing that part of the crowd where the woman he loved was standing. He was breathing deeply. But he was not winded. His eyes were black as night, his hair wind-blown. He looked straight over the heads between him and she whom Dupont had stolen from him.

Reese Beaudin raised his arms, and where there had been a murmur of voices there was now silence.

For the first time the stranger threw back his hood. He was unbuttoning his heavy coat.

And Joe Delesse, looking up, saw that Reese Beaudin was making a mighty effort to quiet a strange excitement within his breast. And then there was a rending of cloth and of buttons and of pins as in one swift movement he tore the shirt from his own breast—exposing to the eyes of Lac Bain blood-red in the glow of the winter sun, the crimson badge of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police!

And above the gasp that swept the multitude, above the strange cry of the woman, his voice rose:

"I am Reese Beaudin, the Yellow-back. I am Reese Beaudin, who ran away. I am Reese Beaudin—Sergeant in his Majesty's Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and in the name of the law I arrest Jacques Dupont for the murder of Francois Bedore, who was killed on his trap-line five years ago! Fitzgerald—"

The hooded stranger leaped upon the platform. His heavy coat fell off. Tall and grim he stood in the scarlet jacket of the Police. Steel clinked in his hands. And Jacques Dupont, terror in his heart, was trying to see as he groped to his knees. The steel snapped over his wrists.

And then he heard a voice close over him. It was the voice of Reese Beaudin.

"And this is your final punishment, Jacques Dupont—to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. For Bedore was not dead when Elise's father left him after their fight on the trap-line. It was you who saw the fight, and finished the killing, and laid the crime on Elise's father. Mukoki, the Indian, saw you. It is my day, Dupont, and I have waited long—"

The rest Dupont did not hear. For up from the crowd there went a mighty roar. And through it a woman was making her way with outreaching arms—and behind her followed the factor of Lac Bain.

AMBUSH

Continued from page 5

had been an excellent animal, and he regretted that it was also a casualty. As for Don Elisio and the main body, he knew that no power on earth could force those fellows forward, with that sound in their ears. It now remained judiciously to annoy him the rest of the day. He might pick up Don Elisio's cattle, and a few sacks of rice. Food, after all, was your hardest problem. He called his men off, leaving what he left to the black zapolitos, that were already wheeling down from the hot sky. He sent forward points, with connecting files, and threw out picked machete-men to work through the jungle on either flank. He considered it disgraceful to be surprised, and he regarded his own military reputation too highly to run any risk of ambush.

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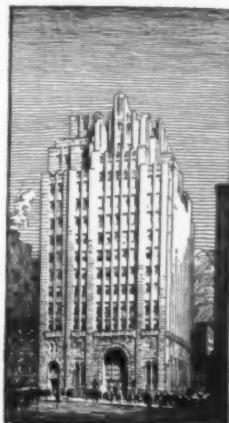
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NEEDS BOOKS TO STUDY IN, AND APPLIES TO FIRST SERGEANT FOR LOAN OF OFFICE COPIES. FIRST SERGEANT SAYS IF HE WANTS ANY PAY TO GET OUT AND LEAVE HIM BE. PAY-ROLL NOT FINISHED AND OUGHT TO BE IN THE PAYMASTERS OFFICE RIGHT NOW.



TAKES LIFE IN HAND AND DRAVES IMMEDIATE ANNihilation BY GOING INTO CAPTAIN'S OFFICE AND MAKING REQUEST FOR NECESSARY LITERATURE. CAPTAIN SAYS AMBITION TO BECOME A CORPORAL IS VERY LAUDABLE, BUT TO COME AROUND TOMORROW, AS HE IS BUSY.



IN DESPERATION, FINALLY FINISHES TRAINING REGULATIONS, INTERIOR GUARD DUTY, AND LANDING FORCE MANUAL FROM COMPANY OFFICE AND SEES SECLUDED NOOK IN WHICH TO CRAM BRAIN WITH KNOWLEDGE.



GETS ALL SETTLED, AND COMFORTABLE. OPENS TRAINING REGS., CHAP. I. "POSITION OF SOLDIER." NOW LESSON: --- HIPS LEVEL AND DRAWN BACK, SLIGHTLY, KNEES STRAIGHT WITHOUT STIFFNESS, ARMS HANGING NATURALLY---



DECIDES BRAIN DOESN'T WORK SO WELL AFTER YEARS OF NEGLECT, AND CRAVES CIGARETTE. FINDS HE HAS NONE, DROPS BOOKS AND GOES OUT TO BUY ONE. MATERIAL MAN MUST BE SATISFIED BEFORE BRAIN WILL FUNCTION.



RETURNS AFTER SPENDING FIFTEEN MINUTES LOOKING FOR MAN WILLING TO PART WITH SMOKE. SETTLES DOWN AGAIN, AND BRACES HIMSELF FOR INTENSIVE BONING. DECIDES SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER NOT EXCITING ENOUGH, AND TURNS TO "THE REGIMENT IN OFFENSIVE COMBAT."



MUSIC OF RADIO FLOATS UP FROM THE CANTER. THE STUDENT IS LOST IN REVERIE. IMAGINES HIMSELF A REGIMENTAL COMMANDER LISTENING TO STRAINS OF REGIMENTAL BAND.



SNAPS OUT OF IT SUDDENLY, AND REMEMBERS THAT CORPORAL IS FIRST STEP ON WAY TO SILVER EAGLES. MAKES HEAVY EFFORT TO CONCENTRATE ON THE POSITION OF RIGHT GUIDE AT "TAKE" INTERVAL.



STRAIN IS TOO GREAT. FALLS UNCONSCIOUS AMONG LITTER OF BOOKS. SNORES BLISSFULLY AND PEACEFULLY FOR HALF AN HOUR.



HE COMES TO SLOWLY AND RE-ANIZING HE IS STILL REAR RANK, HUNTS PRACTICALLY FOR PLACE.



OH, WELL--

"TAPS" SOUNDS, AND LIGHTS GO OUT, THUS RENDERING FURTHER SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE IMPOSSIBLE, AND FOREVER BLIGHTING A BUDDING CAREER.

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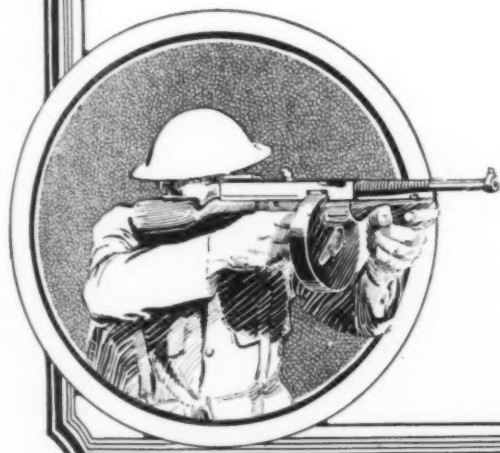
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